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ENDING
MAR. 12, 1932

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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

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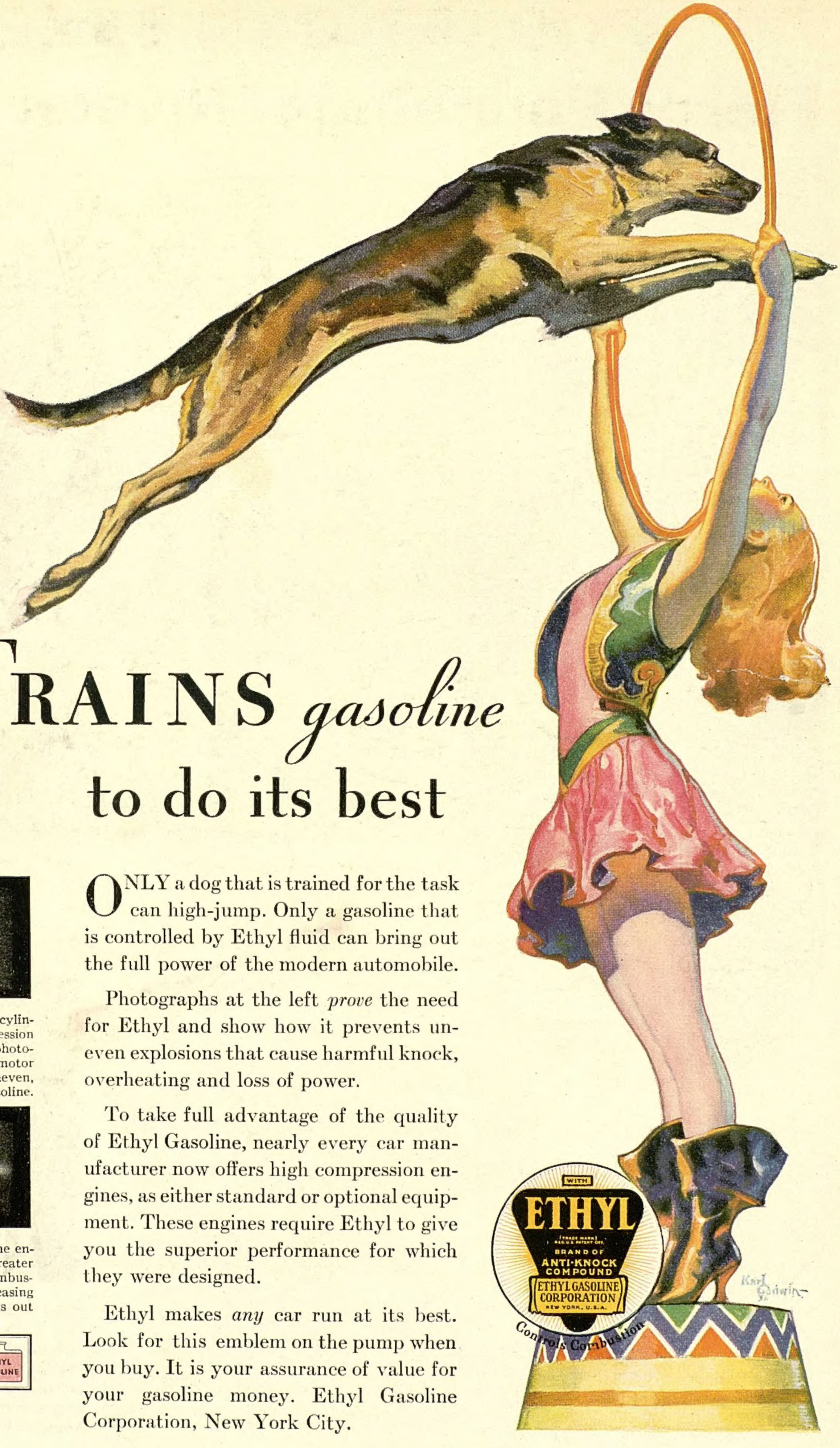
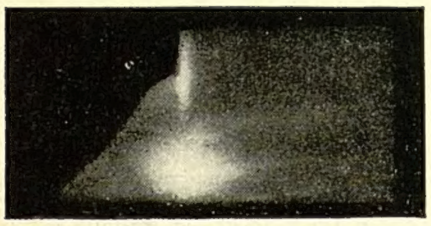
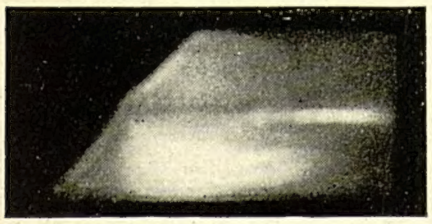


Ethyl TRAINS *gasoline* to do its best



Through a quartz window in the cylinder head of a modern high compression motor, engineers took high-speed photographs of the actual combustion of motor fuels. Picture above shows the uneven, wasteful explosion of ordinary gasoline.



Now Ethyl Gasoline is in the same engine. Note the *even* burning, the greater spread of power. Ethyl *controls* combustion; delivers a smoothly increasing pressure to the piston that brings out the best performance of *any* car.

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE

Ethyl fluid contains lead

ONLY a dog that is trained for the task can high-jump. Only a gasoline that is controlled by Ethyl fluid can bring out the full power of the modern automobile.

Photographs at the left *prove* the need for Ethyl and show how it prevents uneven explosions that cause harmful knock, overheating and loss of power.

To take full advantage of the quality of Ethyl Gasoline, nearly every car manufacturer now offers high compression engines, as either standard or optional equipment. These engines require Ethyl to give you the superior performance for which they were designed.

Ethyl makes *any* car run at its best. Look for this emblem on the pump when you buy. It is your assurance of value for your gasoline money. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

WITH
ETHYL
(TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.)
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Controls Combustion

Buy ETHYL GASOLINE

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POCKET BEN TAKES
Fierce Pounding *of* Riveter's "Gun"

Above—Seventy stories up. The test is on! Pocket Ben on riveting gun atop new Cities Service Building—built by James Stewart & Company, and one of three tallest in the world.

In circle—On time to the second—after thirty minutes, pounding on riveting gun! "Nes" Hietanan, daring riveter for the Taylor Fichter Steel Company, checks the time.

Still Keeps Accurate Time Despite More Than 7,000 Terrific Jolts

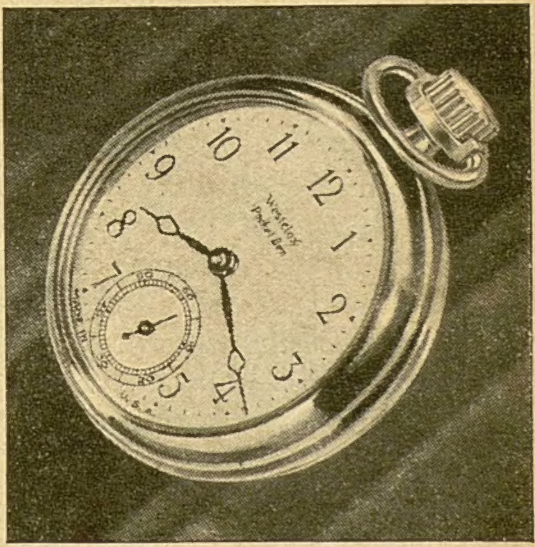
NEW YORK, N. Y. (*Special*) Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat . . . Clamped to the barrel of a violently jittering riveting gun seventy stories above New York's busy streets, Pocket Ben begins his latest "stunt" to prove his right to be called "the shock-proof watch."

"Nes" Hietanan, care-free champion riveter, leans perilously close to the edge of the giant steel beams that form the tower of the new Cities Service Building in lower Manhattan. The riveting gun with Pocket Ben on the barrel is thrust against a vertical beam—ready to go. The hands on the watch point to 11:06 a.m.—and with a deafening rat-tat-tat-tat the test is on!

Can even this sturdy watch withstand such tremendous vibration? Fifteen minutes pass, and the dial shows not a second lost or gained. Twenty minutes, and Pocket Ben is still ticking away right on the dot. Twenty-five minutes, and the riveter himself begins to tire, for that merciless stroking is a test of man as well as watch! At last, the thirty minute goal is reached.

The steady rat-tat-tat stops. The gun is handed back to the platform. Workmen and photographers gather around—to find Pocket Ben exactly on time. Again he has won! Strong, dependable, handsome—Pocket Ben is at home wherever he goes!

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois
In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd.
Peterborough, Ontario



Thinner, smaller, and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial and attractively pierced hands. Convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family. $1.50

POCKET BEN

Made by the makers of Big Ben

MAR. 12, 1932
Liberty
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America's Best Read Weekly

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

LET'S MAKE THE DEPRESSION UNLAWFUL

President Hoover has had to bear some heavy loads. He has been made the "goat" for a large part of our financial difficulties. Legal measures are adopted as a remedy for troubles of all kinds, but as yet there has been no bill introduced to make the depression unlawful.

That may seem ridiculous, but we have many laws on our statute books that are just as foolish.

President Hoover has had to face a business depression that has had no parallel. He has had to bear the brunt of caustic criticism. All sorts of legislative procedures have been recommended to remedy our present serious situation; many legislators have definite views as to the measures that should be adopted to cure our financial ills. Many people are looking to Washington for assistance in the form of huge public improvements and other measures to create work for the jobless.

Now, legislative measures can do but little to permanently remedy our present difficulties. It is doubtful if laws of any kind will create any change for the better—we have too many laws already—although if a law were passed to stop our lawmakers from meddling with business in all its various phases, that would doubtless be helpful.

Our government should leave business absolutely alone. It should maintain its official capacity as a governmental force and stop interfering with commercial affairs. Then business would gradually find its normal place, and we would get away from artificial stimulation and be guided entirely by the law of supply and demand, which would ultimately stabilize our business difficulties.

Artificial price fixation, creation of jobs that serve no constructive purpose to give work to the unemployed, may be of temporary aid; but such procedures are rarely permanent in value.

Whenever the law can step in and prevent our citizens from being victimized by unfair competition, it is certainly commendable. As we have pointed out in this column again and again, the farmers should be protected from scheming middlemen who compel them to take starvation prices for their products.

Labor in the various fields of industry has created wage levels that have materially raised their standard of living. The laboring class can buy the comforts of life and many of the luxuries.

Whenever possible it is desirable that wage rates be maintained, but wages can be paid only from profits. When any business becomes a financial loss, cost of some kind must be reduced if the business is to be continued. The railroads faced this situation recently. Wages had to be reduced or these organizations would have faced bankruptcy.

In wages, we have the human element to deal with. But competition will ultimately and automatically regulate wages as it does the price of other commodities. The recent effort at Washington, through a huge corporation, to stabilize some of our great industries with financial assistance is commendable.

But there is no legislative panacea for our present troubles; we will have to work them out by degrees. We will have to create new standards that are adjustable to the business situation as it is today. There is small likelihood of our again enjoying the "palmy days" and the reckless buying that followed the war.

Doubtless one of our gravest difficulties is our inclination to hoard our money. We are afraid to invest or spend it. We are apprehensive of the future, and as long as this attitude holds sway the depression will undoubtedly continue.

But if our banks can be stabilized by legislative or other means and we can regain our old-time confidence, a gradual readjustment will doubtless be continued constructively and effectively.

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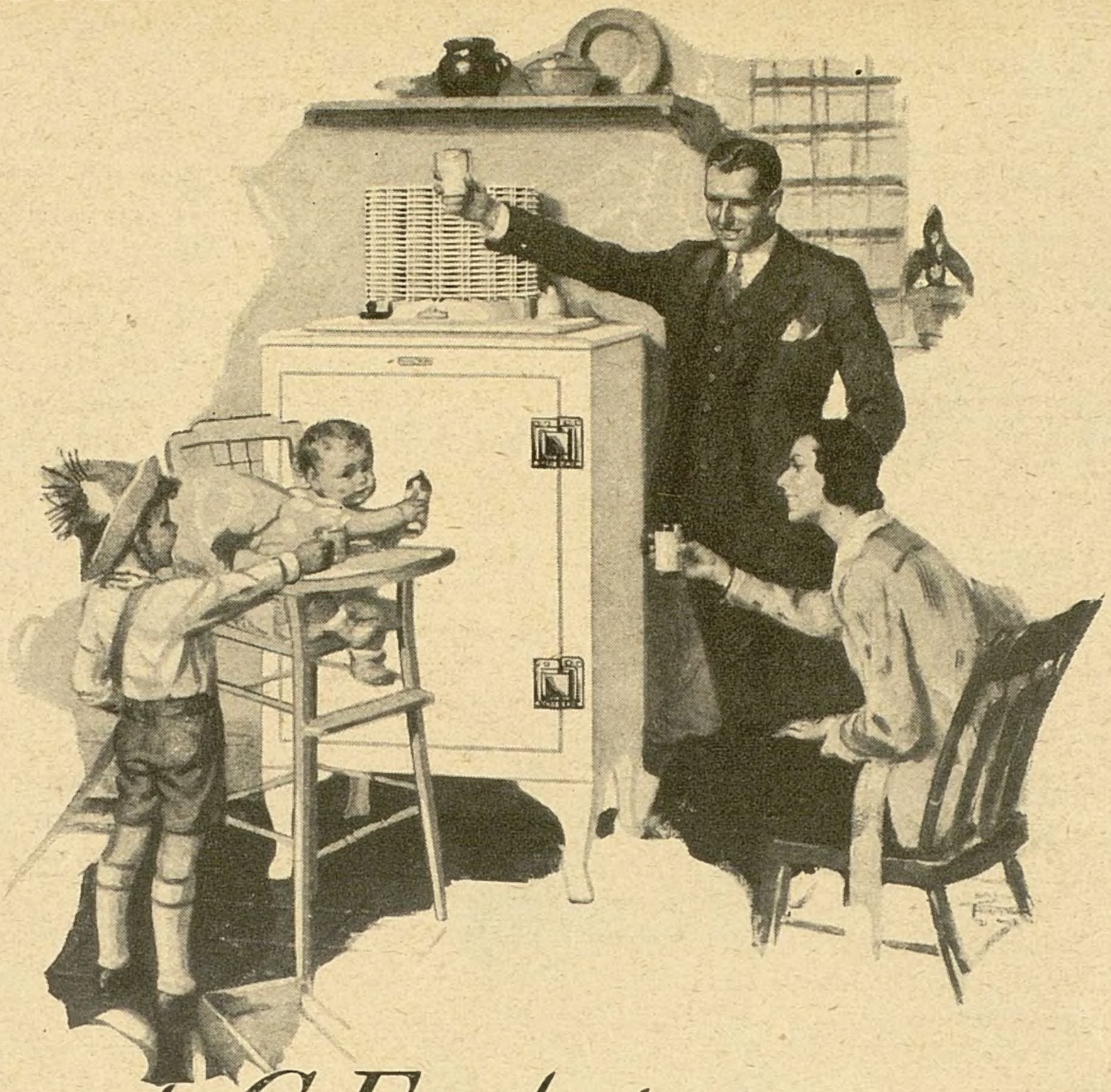
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

THE MODERN REFRIGERATOR IS ELECTRICAL



INVEST IN AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

...and G-E pledges a long life of care-free service

YEARS FROM NOW you'll date the end of your refrigeration cares from the day your General Electric is installed. Have the enjoyment of General Electric convenience now. Each month's delay means dollars wasted. Your G-E will actually pay its own way into your home. It can save from 20% to 30% of your monthly food bills.

Quiet, dependable, year after year the General Electric will perform its important duty of keeping food fresh and expenses down. It requires no attention—not even oiling. Dust, moisture or tampering fingers cannot harm the General Electric, for all its simple, current-saving mechanism is hermetically sealed-in-steel in the Monitor Top. Additional features include rugged *All*-Steel cabinet; sliding shelves; the open, all-porcelain super-freezer; acid-resisting porcelain interiors, and a complete guarantee against any service expense for three years. A small down payment will put a General Electric in your kitchen tomorrow.

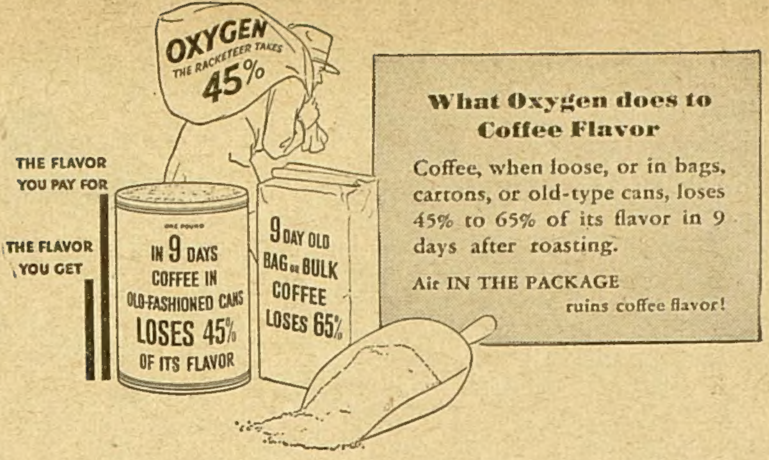
Write for a copy of our magazine "The Silent Hostess," it will be sent to you free. Each issue contains delightful recipes, household hints, health talks, entertainment ideas by noted authorities. Address, General Electric Co., Electric Refrigeration Department, Section L3, Hanna Building, 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Join the G-E Circle. A special program for women every day at noon (except Saturday). On Sunday at 5:30 P. M. a program for the whole family. (Eastern Standard Time). N. B. C. coast to coast network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

DOMESTIC, APARTMENT HOUSE AND COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS, ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS


OXYGEN
THE RACKETEER TAKES
45%
THE FLAVOR YOU PAY FOR
THE FLAVOR YOU GET
ONE POUND
IN 9 DAYS COFFEE IN OLD-FASHIONED CANS LOSES 45% OF ITS FLAVOR
9 DAY OLD BAG OR BULK COFFEE LOSES 65%

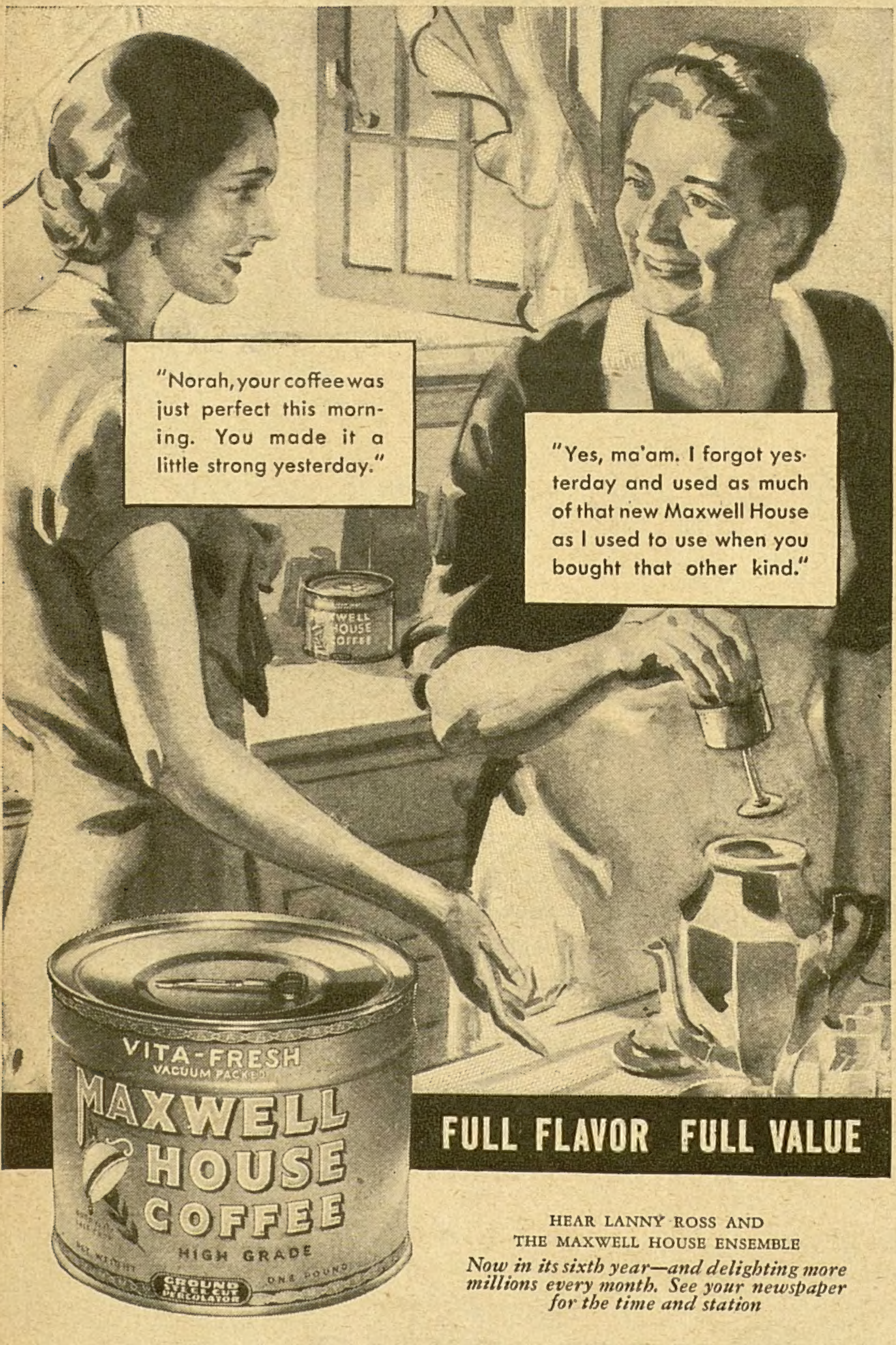
What Oxygen does to Coffee Flavor

Coffee, when loose, or in bags, cartons, or old-type cans, loses 45% to 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.

Air IN THE PACKAGE ruins coffee flavor!

Don't let Oxygen steal the coffee flavor you PAY for!

Maxwell House, packed by the Vita-Fresh Process prevents this theft of flavor


"Norah, your coffee was just perfect this morning. You made it a little strong yesterday."
"Yes, ma'am. I forgot yesterday and used as much of that new Maxwell House as I used to use when you bought that other kind."
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
VITA-FRESH
VACUUM PACKED
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
HIGH GRADE
ONE POUND
FULL FLAVOR FULL VALUE

HEAR LANNY ROSS AND THE MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE

Now in its sixth year—and delighting more millions every month. See your newspaper for the time and station

THE destroyer of coffee flavor is Oxygen in the air. It begins its work of flavor-robbing the moment coffee leaves the roaster.

So, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-fashioned cans or vacuum, remember this important question if you want the full flavor you pay for:

IS THERE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't—coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

There is only ONE coffee that contains no Oxygen. Only one coffee that reaches you with its full flavor always completely protected—because all trace of Oxygen is removed and excluded from the sealed can.

That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

Enjoy a flavor revelation

Maxwell House has long been famous throughout the world for the incomparable perfection of its Southern blend. But no matter how much you have enjoyed it in the past, a new treat awaits you at your first sip of Maxwell House as it comes to you protected by the Vita-Fresh Process.

This new protection plus the famous Maxwell House blend is winning thousands of new friends each week.

Ask your grocer today for a pound, sealed and marked with the words "Vita-Fresh." Its smooth full-flavored deliciousness will delight you more than any coffee you have ever tasted.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Good to the last drop

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The TEST

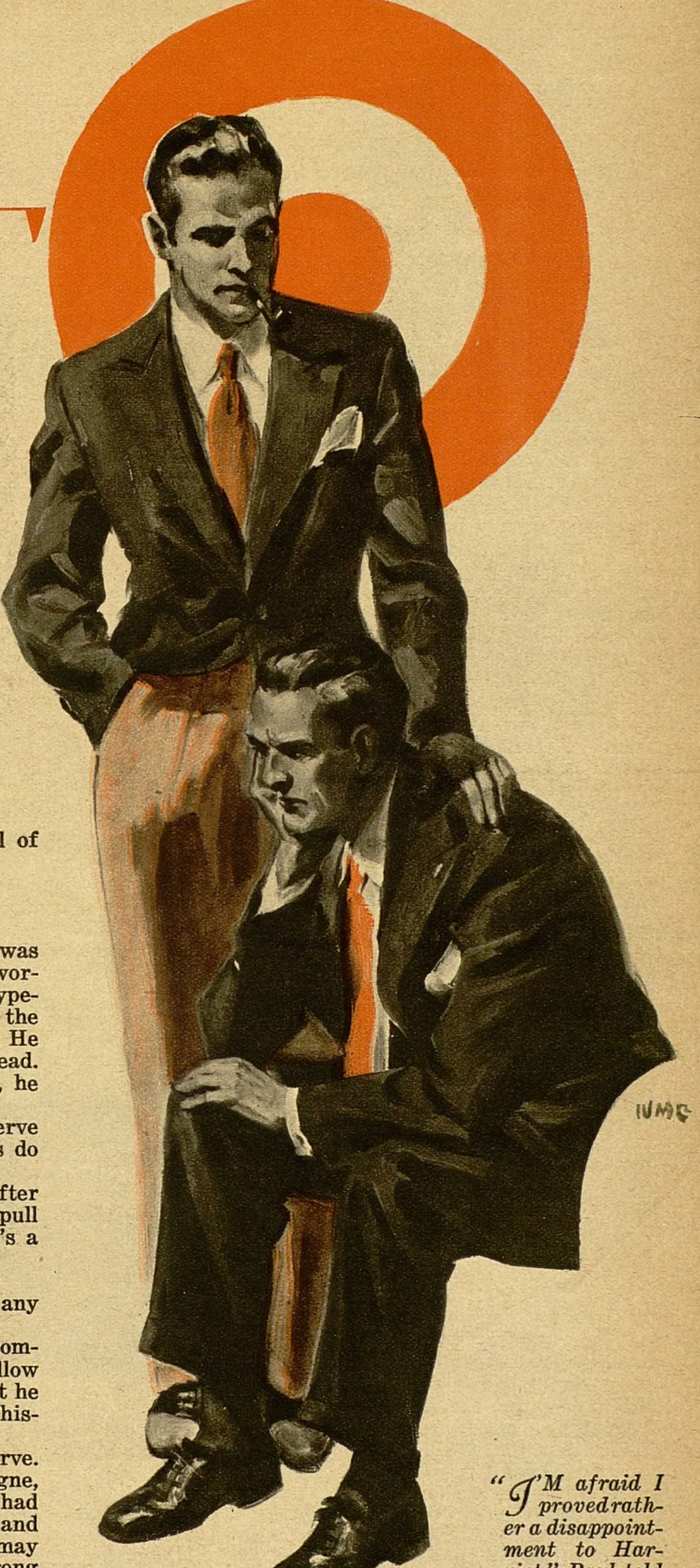
The Story of a Man Who Quit Running Away from Women

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by William MacCrea Gillies

(Reading time: 23 minutes 45 seconds.)



"I'M afraid I proved rather a disappointment to Harriet," Paul told me.

I WAS interrupted in my reading by the arrival of Carol Banks.

"Hello," he said. "What are you reading?"

"A book about gangsters," I told him.

"Any good?"

"There are some very interesting facts in it. I was just reading here that the big shots are constantly worried for fear the gorillas will lose their nerve. A typewriter rod man who's gone cuckoo may be slow on the trigger and not play his ukulele music fast enough. He may fail to apply the heat and take it on the lam instead. Then it's the wrong muscler on the spot. Besides, he may sing when it's time to take the rap."

"Yes," Carol agreed. "A fellow who's lost his nerve isn't much good in a fight. What do the big shots do about it?"

"When they see a gorilla lighting one cigarette after another without smoking any of them and failing to pull his tie up snugly, they give him the test, and if he's a punk they take him for a ride."

"What's the test?"

"They take him on a party. If he doesn't show any interest in the molls, then he's due to be torpedoed."

"You sound like a citizen of Chicago," Carol commented. "Well, it's a good test. I remember a fellow who had such a bad case of nerves at twenty-one that he developed senile dementia. You remember Paul Chisholm, don't you?"

"Yeah, but there was nothing wrong with Paul's nerve. I saw him the last of September at a hospital in Boulogne, and he had a hole in his left hand where a Fokker had drilled him. He was rearing to go back for revenge and was telling a little nurse all about it. His left hand may have been *hors de combat*, but there was nothing wrong with his right."

"That was Paul all over," Carol agreed. "He was a handsome devil and a Don Juan with the ladies. One night he had a girl for dinner at the Savoy in London. She thought Paul was just what made war so much hell. That was the night the Germans dropped a bomb on the Savoy bar, which was right next to the dining room. The bar had been closed for half an hour and no one was hurt, but the explosion caused quite a commotion among the diners. As soon as the 'All Clear' sounded, Paul's girl insisted that he take her home. She was scared stiff and had no more interest in Paul. A half an hour before she was so thrilled that she had hardly been able to catch her breath. One bomb exploded and she got her mind off her work."

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THE TEST
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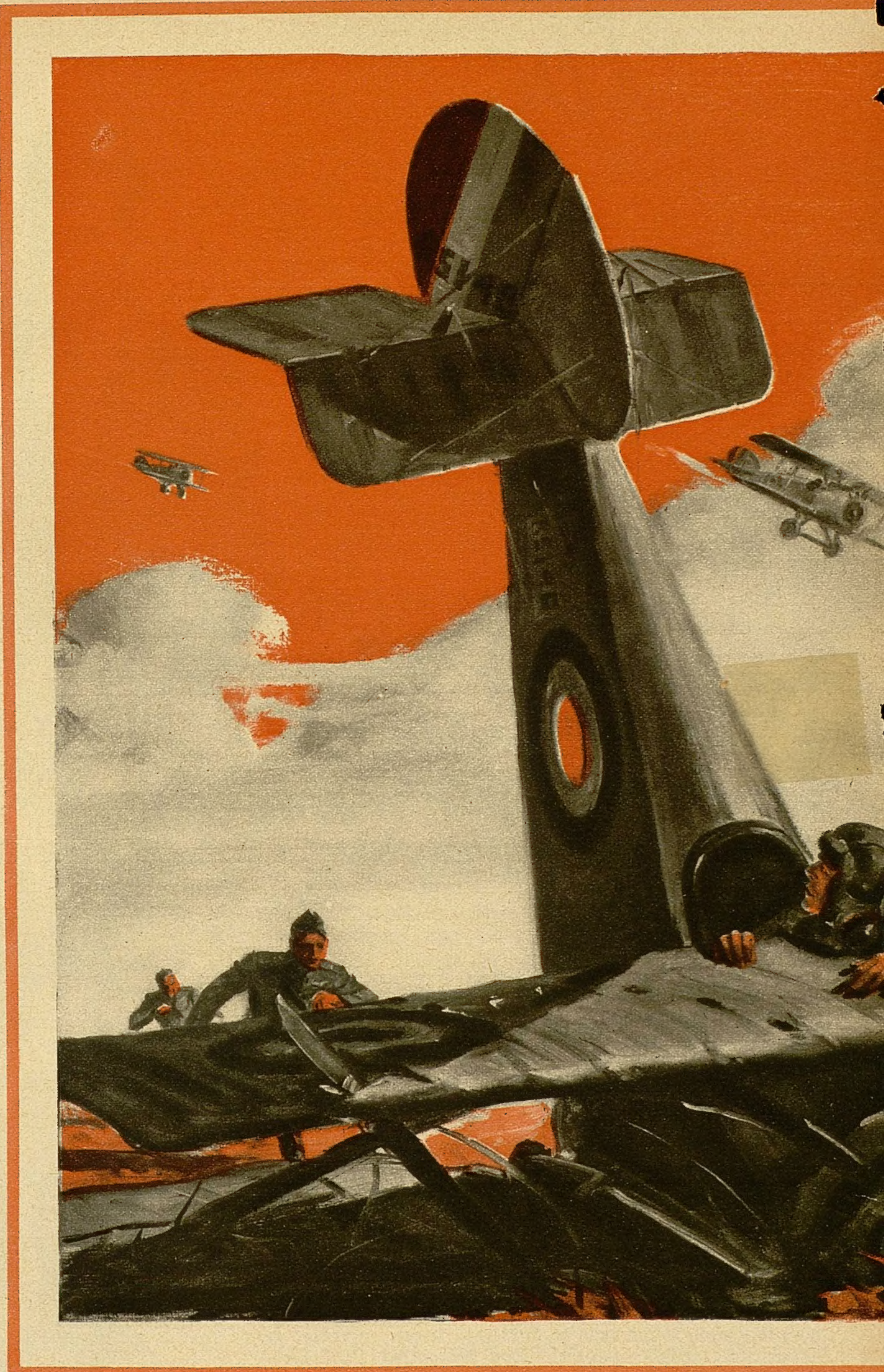


Paul glided back, but when he landed behind the lin

"What about Paul?"

"Oh, he came back in a few minutes and joined the crowd. Bombs didn't mean anything to him then. But later it was different. I'll tell you about it."

And here is the story as Carol told it to me:

PAUL came back up to the front before the bandages were off his hand and began leading patrols again with his fingers still stiff. We needed him badly, as the squadron had been pretty badly shot about and good Camel pilots were scarce. As you know, the Camels were badly outclassed by the Fokkers.

Now, when a man hears the bullets whistle by his head the first time, he may or may not be scared. But each time it happens to him it leaves an invisible scar. He begins flinching before he knows it. And in the end the strain cuts into his nerves. Then a man either gets so nutty that he goes wild and begs for danger like dope, or gets the wind up and loses control of himself.

He may have all the nerve in the world, but when his nerves—his actual ganglia—go back on him, he's no more good. It's what's called shell shock and can prove fatal. It may cause local paralysis or anæsthesia. But always it leaves a scar in the nervous system.

Some men killed themselves on account of it years after the war.

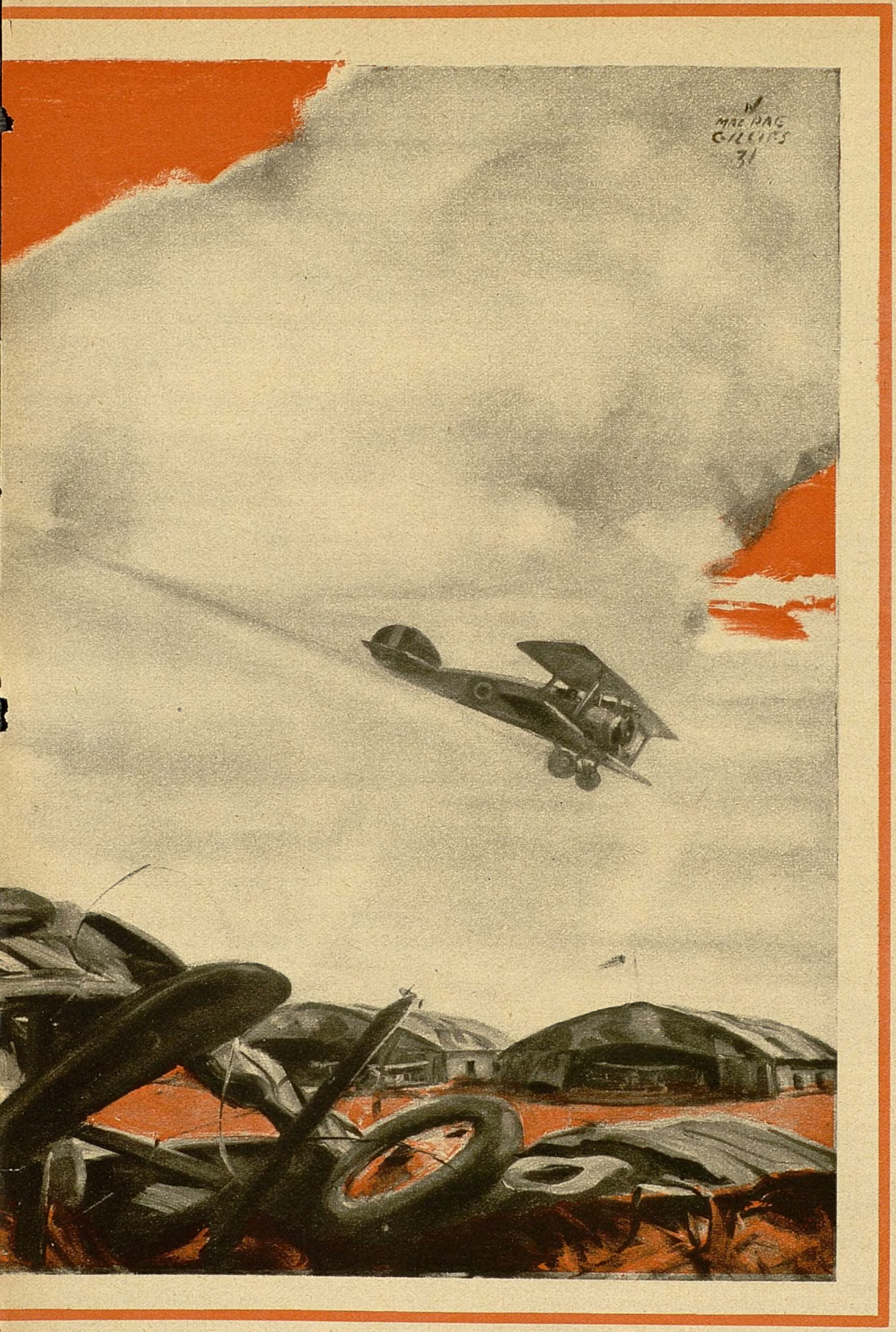
When Paul was horsing to get back to the front from a nice comfortable hospital he was having a slight touch of the sun, or rather of bullets coming from the sun, as they always did. There was two weeks' leave due him, but he wouldn't take it. He just had to get himself shot at in order to keep from coming unraveled.

Well, he certainly got what he was asking for. He dove on a two-seater and didn't even kick his rudder; just came down in a long, straight swoop. The observer had five minutes to get ready for him and shot his motor to pieces before he could fire a burst. He also punctured both tires and shot away an undercarriage wire. Paul glided back, but when he landed behind the lines his ship folded up and wrapped itself around his neck.

Across the lines two days later he shot his own propeller off and limped back with an escort of Fokkers. We just did save him. That bus was a write-off, too. The next week a motor conked with him on the take-off and he hit the squadron office. There were four men inside it, and he killed two of them. He was badly shaken up himself, but refused to go to the hospital. He was afraid to leave the front! He had to keep his nervous system deadened by the sound of bullets!

He received a new bus and went out by himself after a balloon. He got it after they pulled it down on the ground, but his mechanics had to put a couple of dozen patches on his wings.

One day a mechanic was turning over his prop for him and the motor started unexpectedly. The prop hit the mechanic and nearly cut him in two. Paul got out of the plane without assistance, but he had to be carried to the mess. His knees had gone back on him and his heart was beating a tattoo in his ears. If he had crashed we would have sent him up again immediately in another plane and maybe saved him; but it was a nonflying accident and nobody thought of that. A court of inquiry examined



his ship folded up and wrapped itself around his neck.

the circumstances and found that a ground wire was loose on one magneto, and exonerated Paul of any blame. But his nerves were gone—exhausted, burnt out, sprained. He never flew again. His nerve was all right. He'd have gladly led patrols if he could have walked to the plane, but he couldn't.

I WENT down to Paris with him, and I am here to state that he flunked the test. I invited a couple of Red Cross girls to have dinner. The girl he drew was a great improvement on the one he brought to the Savoy for dinner, but she might as well have been a German spy as far as he was concerned. He even made me take both of them home. I'd have been furious with anybody else for spoiling a party, but I could only be sorry for Paul.

After he got out of the army he went back home to Albany and became a hermit. The flappers thought that he was their meat at first and tried to put him on the spot. He couldn't even defend himself. His knees would go back on him, his face would turn red, and he'd fade away. He walked out on them so regularly that he got the reputation of being stuck-up. They left him alone after a while and he took the veil.

Whenever I used to come to New York I'd wire him and he'd run down and go on a bust with me. But all the girls were poison ivy as far as he was concerned. He'd tag along with the crowd, but he was a total loss to the gold diggers. Every time a little girl would maneuver him aside his knees would go back on him.

ONE night we were in a night club when a fight started between a bunch of gunmen. A thug at the next table stood up and opened fire across us at another one on the other side of the room. A bullet hit a ginger-ale bottle on our table just as a cigarette girl turned out the lights. There was a riot for a few minutes and everybody made a rush for the door. I got outside and collected all of our party except Paul. I went in again to look around, and found him sitting on the floor by the table. His knees had gone back on him, so I carried him out. His pulse kept on pounding and I had to call a doctor to give him a bromide to calm him down.

I went to a movie with him one night, and there was some stunt flying on the screen. Paul had to get up and leave, and I found him later sitting down in the lobby. He could hardly walk and his face was red for hours.

I was flying up to Toronto and stopped over in Albany to see him. When I left he wouldn't even come out to the field to see me off.

For years I didn't lay eyes on him, and then one day he called me up at the club. I was living out on Long Island that summer and couldn't stay in town that night, so invited him to come out to my place for the week-end. He accepted and drove out with me on Friday.

Little Harriet Wallace from home was visiting my wife at the time, so another man fitted into the party very well. Harriet seemed to be just what the doctor ordered

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE TEST
Continued from page nine

and they had a swell time. He got through the week-end without actually running away, but he didn't exactly chase Harriet around the house. Theoretically he was attentive and what he lacked in impulse he made up for in finesse. He departed with the honors of the day.

Harriet was supposed to go home that week, but I wasn't surprised when she decided to stay over. It was only just and proper that I should invite Paul back for the next week-end. He came down on Friday and seemed very well pleased with the idea.

Friday night we were all due to go over to Long Beach to dinner. I went upstairs to dress and found my wife had gone to bed.

“ What's the matter? ” I asked.

“ I've got a headache,” she explained.

“ Aren't you going over to Long Beach? ”

“ No. I don't think I feel equal to it.”

“ Well, I wish I didn't have to go either,” I complained. “ I don't feel equal to it myself.”

“ Don't be silly,” she told me. “ You aren't going. They can just as well go by themselves.”

“ Oh, so that's the way the land lies? Did Harriet suggest your headache? ”

“ No. But when I mentioned it to her she suggested that you needn't bother about going on their account.”

“ The little ingrate! I suppose that means the death rattle for Paul.”

“ I expect they will reach an understanding, if that's what you mean.”

“ So that's why she's been so affectionate with me, eh? I thought it was very funny that she's been sitting in my lap and biting my ear ever since Paul got back.”

“ Why did you think she was doing it? ” my wife demanded. “ I've been keeping my eye on her and I can assure you that there was nothing personal in it. She was just giving Paul a demonstration. You don't suppose she could have any interest in an old has-been like you, do you? ”

“ Is that so? ” I replied with some dignity. “ Well, maybe I'll spoil her little game with some active reciprocity.”

“ You'd better not let me catch you at it,” she threatened. “ Go break the sad news to Paul that he's dining *tête-à-tête*. You might even give him a cocktail before he leaves.”

“ Shall I drain half the gas out of the car, too? ”

“ That won't be necessary. Run along and do as I tell you, and save an extra cocktail for me.”

I sent Paul off to his doom and retired early.

The next morning I found him at breakfast looking as gloomy as a night watchman in a morgue. He told me that he would have to push off for Albany in the afternoon. I gathered that the party at Long Beach had not been a success even without my presence.

Later my wife sent for me.

“ Harriet was just in here,” she told me. “ She's going home tonight.”

“ Empty-handed, too,” I added.

“ Yes. She's quite cut up about it. She was really infatuated with Mr. Chisholm.”

“ What happened? ”

“THEY were at dinner, as I understand it, and Harriet began to flirt with a man at the next table.”

“ Why did she do that? ”

“ To make Mr. Chisholm jealous, stupid.”

“ All right. Did she? ”

“ Yes. He was quite annoyed.”

“ Nice way to start a dinner party. Then what? ”

“ The man at the next table asked her to dance. She didn't want that, but she couldn't help herself. Mr. Chisholm didn't object.”

“ Served her jolly well right. I hope he was tight.”

“ He was. And he was quite ugly about it. He insisted on taking her out to the beach afterward. She didn't want to go and appealed to Mr. Chisholm for help. He remonstrated with the man, but the drunk gave him a push. Harriet expected him to do something to protect her, but Mr. Chisholm only sat down again and let the drunk drag her off without further protest, though she said his face was awfully red. She screamed, and some of the men at his table came to her rescue and persuaded him to leave her alone. After that there was nothing for them to do but hurry through dinner and come on back.”

“ That's too bad,” I said. “ But it's a weakness that Paul has acquired. He's suffering this morning on account of it.”

“ He ought to! Where do you get such queer friends? ”

“ He wasn't queer when he became my friend,” I explained to her, “ and I'll have to stick by him.”

“ And that's not all. When he was here last week, Harriet tripped on the rug one night and fell right into his arms.”

“ Oh, yeah? ” I put in. “ I'll bet she practiced that trip.”

“ Well, anyway, she was in his arms; never mind how she got there.”

“ What then? ”

“ He helped her to regain her balance—nothing more. He sat down after that and told her good night. He was still sitting there when she came up.”

“WELL, what's wrong with that? I'd call him a perfect gentleman.”

“ Oh, you would, would you? I'd hate to trust you in any such situation.”

“ I said he was a perfect gentleman. That's the difference between him and me. You have pointed out too many times that I am no gentleman. Maybe that's why there's another difference between us, too.”

“ What's that? ”

“ I am married and he is not.”

She threw a shoe at me and I got out.

I felt so sorry for Paul that I was determined he should suffer no more, and took him over to the club for lunch, leaving the womenfolk to conspire among themselves.

“ I'm afraid I proved rather a disappointment to Harriet,” he told me. “ You know my weakness. It tripped me up again.”

“ Don't let it worry you,” I told him. “ You're probably lucky to be out of it.”

“ No, I'm not,” he protested. “ She's a fine girl. First girl I've fallen for in over ten years.”

“ You don't mean to say you fell for that little siren? ” I asked incredulously.

“ She's no siren! She was just trying to help me out.”

“ Oh, yeah? Well, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll explain things to her for you.”

“ No, don't! ” he cried in alarm. “ Please don't ever tell her. That would be terrible! She saw me. Don't ever tell her anything! Besides, I'd only do the same thing again. I could never be any protection to her.”

We talked of old times at the front during lunch and I managed to cheer him up a little.

Afterward we drove on back by way of Mineola. As we passed the far end of the field I noticed a line of planes that looked strangely familiar, and stopped the car in astonishment.

“ Am I seeing things? ” I asked.

“ Camels and Fokkers! ” shouted Paul. “ What are they doing here? They've even got the old insignia on them. Look at the black crosses on the Fokkers! ”

We got out and walked over to the planes. The Camels certainly warmed my heart.

There they were—guns, bomb racks, squadron markings, flight letters, and all!

Paul walked up to a Camel and patted it on the back affectionately. You could smell the burnt castor oil from the motor and see where bullet holes in the fabric had been patched. A mechanic was tinkering with one of them.

"What are these doing here?" Paul asked him.

"We're shooting a big movie of the war," the mechanic informed him.

"Will they still fly?"

"Sure. What do you think they're out here for—windmills?"

Paul walked around a Camel and admired its snubby nose.

"Who are flying them?" he asked.

"Oh, a bunch of ham-handed coffee grinders the director rounded up," the mechanic told him. "Don't know where he got them, but they are certainly a sorry lot. I hear they used to fly these things in the war; but if those are the boys that were in France, it's no wonder the Germans chased them all the way to Paris every day."

"Who says they did?"

"I do, if you must know. I was in the marines and I seen the Jerries lick 'em every day. In the Argonne I saw one Jerry chase six of these little bugs home."

"Yes you did!"

"Yes I did! What have you got to say about that?"

Paul walked over to him, and the mechanic dropped his tools and stood up.

"You're a liar!" said Paul.

The mechanic drew back his fist, but he wasn't quick enough. Paul caught him on the right eye and spun him around. The mechanic steadied himself and came back. Before I could get to them, Paul hit him a wallop on the chin and another on the ear. The mechanic turned and fled.

I TOOK Paul by the arm, expecting his knees to collapse; but his face wasn't even red.

"Come on and let's get out of this quick," I suggested. "He's going down to the hangars."

"Let him," said Paul, and climbed up on the wing of a Camel to look into the cockpit. He got into the pilot's seat and began moving the controls around.

"Let's see how the motor sounds," he said. "Throw her over."

I took hold of the prop.

"Switch off, petrol on, throttle open," I called.

"Switch off, petrol on, throttle open," he repeated.

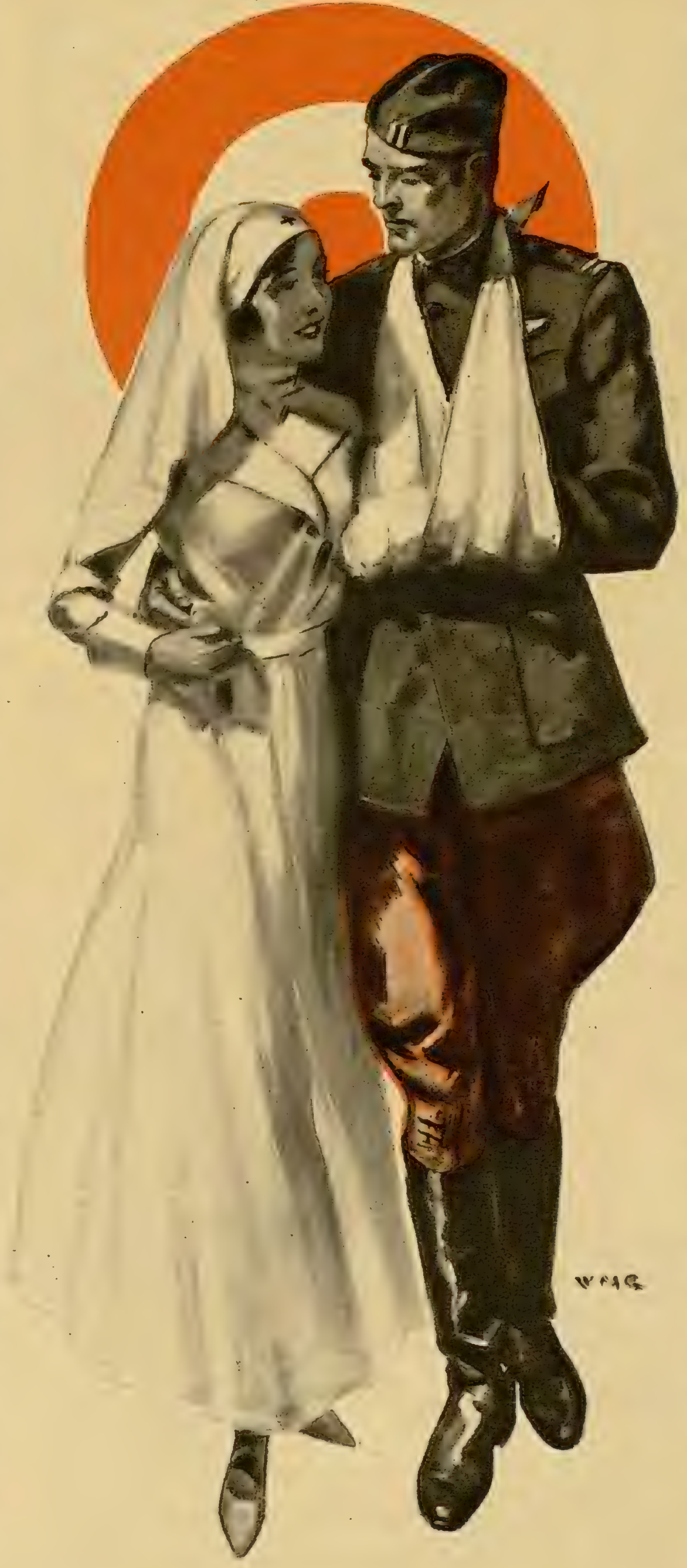
I spun the prop around a few times.

"Throttle closed, petrol off, switch on," I called.

"Throttle closed, petrol off, switch on," he repeated.

I gave the prop a quick jerk and the motor started with a splutter. I stepped back as Paul caught it by opening the nozzle adjustment and then buzzed it with the thumb switch. Handling a rotary motor is as simple as playing a symphony on a pipe organ with one hand, but Paul hadn't forgotten how to do it.

He played with the motor a few minutes until he got the right adjustment, and then pulled out from the line. The next thing I knew, he had opened the throttle wide and was running along the field with a roar. I thought he was just going to taxi around and come back, but he didn't. He took off!



"He was rearing to go back for revenge and was telling a little nurse all about it."

He let his wheels come off a little way and held them a few feet from the ground. Then he pulled up in a steep bank as only a Camel can do, and came back at me. I knew what he meant to do, and threw myself on the ground. He went by a couple of feet above me. That was an old trick of his.

HE did another climbing turn and went on up. He didn't have any goggles, but we had both flown Camels many times without them. I hoped that he had fastened his safety belt, though, because it's hard to buckle one in the air on a Camel.

There was another plane in the air and Paul saw it. It was one of the Fokkers. I knew what would happen. Paul climbed up above it and dropped on to its tail. The pilot of the Fokker saw him and half rolled. So did Paul, and ended up right on his tail again.

For ten minutes they twisted and turned as in a combat, and I prayed that the guns weren't loaded. But Paul didn't need guns. He camped on the Fokker's tail, and it looked as if he were going to run into it half a dozen times. The Fokker was licked and the pilot knew it. The only thing he could do was to land, and he did that in great haste.

But Paul wasn't satisfied. He dove on the Fokker and almost ran his wheels on the wings. The pilot got out of the Fokker and shook his fist at Paul. Paul dove low and made him lie down.

I don't know what Paul would have done next if his gas hadn't given out and he had to make a quick landing from a side slip with a dead stick.

It was a fine exhibition of what not to do with a plane, but it was the stuff we used to teach the young pilots so they wouldn't mind the bullets and Archie when they got to them. That sort of foolishness was a good nerve tonic and helped many a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE TEST
Continued from page eleven

man to keep his spunk up. Many a pilot would be tortured with the memory of slow music until he couldn't hold a glass, and then get a fresh grip on himself by flying under a couple of bridges.

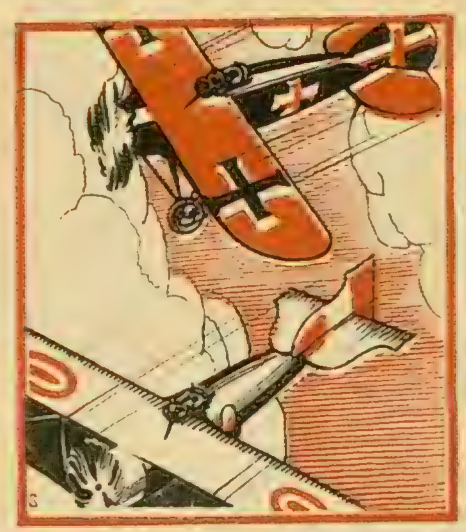
I walked out to the Camel, and so did the pilot of the Fokker. Paul got out and was wiping the oil off his face when we approached him from opposite sides. The pilot of the Fokker was so mad he could hardly speak.

"You poor unmitigated jackass," he said to Paul, "you double-jetted, cantilevered fool, what do you think you're doing? You might have killed me! Who told you that you could fly that plane? Who told you that you could fly any plane?"

"Nobody," said Paul, glancing at me and measuring the distance to the car. Then he measured up the spluttering pilot and got ready for assault and battery. I moved around to be of service.

"Well, I'm the inspector from the Department of Commerce," he told Paul, "and if you've got a license you're going to lose it; and if you haven't you're going to jail. In any event, it's five hundred dollars fine for stunting low, and the movie people will have you indicted for grand larceny. I hope you get ten years." He took off his helmet and goggles.

"Oh, yeah?" said Paul. "Well, suppose you come to attention when you address your superior officer."



The inspector took another look at Paul, who had all the oil off his face now. "Paul Chisholm!" he exclaimed.

"Johnny Wane!"

"I might have known that was you. Nobody else in the world could make a Camel act that way." He turned to me. "Carol Banks! What is this, a ghost story? Am I seeing things?"

"No," I assured him. "And that really was a Camel on your tail!"

Johnny used to be Paul's deputy flight commander, and we were holding a regular aviators' reunion when up drove the mechanic in a car with two airport guards.

"There he is!" shouted the mechanic. "Arrest him!"

"Arrest who?" asked Johnny.

"That guy. He stole the plane."

"Wait a minute!" said Johnny. "How'd you like to have your license suspended for negligence? That plane only had a few gallons of gas in it, and I told you to fill it up. Well, make yourself scarce around here unless you want to hear more about it. And bring these two planes back to the line, as long as you've got some help with you. I'll take care of this gentleman."

THE mechanic and the guards pulled the plane back to the line.

"Yeah," Johnny told us, "I'm over here today looking over these old crates. The department lent me to the movies for a couple of months to try and get the fighting scenes accurate. I couldn't resist flying them any more than you could. This Fokker had a dud motor or I would have given you a good licking."

"Oh, yeah?" said Paul. "Have you forgotten who taught you to dog-fight? Well, I can still show you some pointers about it."

"Let's take up two Camels and see," Johnny suggested.

"You're on!" agreed Paul. "Carol can be referee."

"That's enough for today," I protested. "You both know these busses are old and rotten. Get some sense! Come on, Johnny, and go with us over to my place. We ought to drink one toast to the departed spirit of Archie and see who can tell the biggest lie."

Johnny agreed and followed us over in his car. Then the argument started again. They wanted to fight the entire war over. We finally compromised by joining Johnny's staff to make sure that he got the war scenes accurate.

It was a noisy reunion and my wife came down to see what was the trouble. When she saw there wasn't going to be any bloodshed, she went to fetch Harriet, who was packing.

Harriet wasn't keen on meeting any more aviators, but when she heard that the movies were represented, she consented to join us and have a screen test made.

Paul quieted down when she came in, and I could see that she didn't take any stock in the story about the mechanic and the stunting. She was sure she knew Paul better than that. She knew that he wasn't the man to pick a fight or take a risk. And Harriet wasn't the girl to take up with a man who carried an umbrella.

But she did take up with Johnny. Paul was practically frozen out of the conversation while Johnny told us all about how he was making the world safe for the lady-birds. He claimed that he had to examine all the girls who wanted to fly.

WE wasted the afternoon barracks flying, and Johnny consented to stay for dinner. Harriet said nothing more about leaving, and you couldn't have driven Paul away with a machine gun. Harriet was flirting outrageously with Johnny and he was pop-eyed over it. Paul didn't seem to think that this was being done for his benefit. He got madder every minute.

I'm not sure what happened later, because I didn't see it all; but it was Harriet's fault—of that I am sure! She and Johnny were out on the porch and for some unknown reason he kissed her. She screamed, and Paul went out to investigate.

The next thing I heard was a couple of thuds and more screams from Harriet. I rushed out and found that Johnny and Paul had locked horns and rolled down the steps. They were pommeling each other merrily and I had a hard time prying them apart. Fortunately their aim hadn't been very good in the dark, and outside of minor bruises and contusions there was no damage done.

The belligerents cooled down and forgave each other, but Johnny didn't forgive Harriet. He left shortly in disgust, and confided to me on the way out that he'd been played for a sucker.

"Why did she kick up such a row?" he wanted to know. "She didn't object the first time I kissed her."

I couldn't tell him, but I assured him that any time he wanted to spank Harriet it would be all right by me. He said he had no further interest in her and left in a huff. My wife and I went on to bed and left Harriet and Paul to finish their argument. Half an hour later I heard strange noises. It sounded as if ten burglars had broken into the house at the same time. Tables were being overturned and chairs knocked about.

I slipped on a bath robe and hurried down in time to see the big lamp smashed. The living room was already a wreck. So was Paul. His face was badly scratched and his collar was torn off. Part of the lamp shade was pulled over his head and one sleeve was ripped. But he had a full nelson on Harriet. He saw me and let her go.

"I'm sorry to break up your furniture, Carol," he told me. "But this little wildcat had to be taught a lesson. I've no apologies to offer her."

Harriet was trying to get herself together. Her hair was down and her gown was torn, but she didn't look as if she needed any apologies.

My wife came to the head of the stairs and looked down at the wreckage.

"Are you all right, Harriet?" she called.

"I guess so," answered Harriet; "but your guest is no gentleman."

"Well, you've got witnesses," offered my wife.

"Save them for the ceremony," Paul suggested. "I was just arranging it when that sap Carol butted in. If you'll retire now I'll finish with the details."

We left them, and I thought that Paul was cured of his weakness, but he wasn't. His knees gave way with him during the ceremony and I had to hold him up. He should have gone up stunting that morning and gotten fortified. But maybe that's a time when all men have weak knees. I've seen other grooms with red faces.

THE END

The Great God Gable

A Close-up of a Man's Man Whom Women Have Made a Star of Stars

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

(Reading time: 29 minutes 15 seconds.)

IN Hollywood, they call him the great god Gable.

The box office alone can create a god in Hollywood.

Clark Gable in eight months, playing inferior rôles, without publicity or propaganda, became the idol of the box office. A year ago not a soul in Hollywood had ever heard his name. Today he ranks ahead of every established favorite. On the same lot where a few short years ago he worked extra for five bucks a day, executives speak softly in his presence and cashiers sign checks in four figures every Tuesday.

The public has made a star. The motion-picture industry is still gasping for breath.

At the M.-G.-M. studio, when a group of feminine visitors arrive, the whisper goes around, " More women for Gable."

It is always a whisper. Gable has a hot young temper

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE GREAT GOD GABLE
Continued from page thirteen

and he hits like Dempsey. No one has yet dared call him a matinée idol to his face.

Yet women have always been good luck for young Gable.

A woman—his stepmother—first woke in him the joy of living. A woman—his first wife—warmed him to his first real confidence in himself.

It was a woman—Lillian Albertson—who made him a finished actor and got him his first chance on Broadway. And a slim young girl—Minna Wallis, actors' agent—who first recognized his great picture possibilities and sold him to a producer who didn't even remember his name.

Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo, begging for him as a leading man, gave him a chance to play real parts.

And the women of America, fed up with antiquated or pleasant but slightly devitalized stars, forced their demand for him upon that arbiter of all movie destinies, the box office. Oddly enough, there is nothing of the ladies' man about Clark Gable. Quite obviously, he prefers men to women in all ordinary circumstances. If ever I met an actor to whom one could apply that old but still illuminating phrase, "a man's man," it is Clark Gable.

He is a big, rough, tough, unscrupulous soldier of fortune gone wrong.

He turned actor because it was the only way he could think of to escape the deadly monotony of a farm and import himself into an atmosphere of glamour and adventure.

He takes his women how and as and where he finds 'em. They are nothing to waste time over. The idea of sending gardenias, writing subtle notes, telephoning nine times a day, or making odes to his lady's eyebrows wouldn't appeal to him. He is a natural, gay, delightful lover—but the gayety and the delight are in the man himself, not in a thousand extraneous attentions.

HE didn't say so, but I rather think he would agree with another great idol who once remarked to me that half the women in the world should be shot and the other half never allowed out of bed. There are so many more important things in a man's life. Perhaps some day some woman will convince him otherwise, but that time is not yet.

Born a few centuries earlier, he would have been one of Cæsar Borgia's most able lieutenants. Born a few years later, he might have flown airplanes into strange lands or been a king-pin bootlegger.

Life to him is something to live hotly, swiftly, and with as little foolin' around as possible. There is no kick for Gable in finesse, intrigue, delicate play of emotions, built-up situations. The kick is in direct, violent, vital contact with life and love, men and women. That is why such men as Wally Beery, Buster Keaton, Bob Leonard, the pilots who flew with him in Hell Divers, the cowboy who taught him to ride, are all crazy about him.

If he had an assured income of a hundred dollars a week the box office might sing in vain. Because Gable was born with an itching foot, and I doubt if all the perfumes of Araby and all the sirens of Hollywood could hold him from the long trail and the seven seas.

Ready for a gallop. An ex-cowboy taught him riding. He loves it.

He can look like a matinée idol—but nobody dares call him one!

Youth clings to him, youth that demands excitement and undiluted adventure. The smell of the soil clings to him, the desire for down-to-earth, hearty living and eating and drinking and loving. There are no complexes, no inhibitions, no fixations, no phobias about Clark. His greed for life, for pleasure, for battle, for conquest, for money, is normal and honest and it vibrates in a room and wipes out the pale lavender scent of pseudo-sophistication.

How he would have loved the roistering, swashbuckling, dangerous days of d'Artagnan, the savage pioneer days of Daniel Boone, the hard-riding, hard-drinking, seafaring epoch of England's Virgin Queen! And how Elizabeth would have loved him! Perhaps she wouldn't have remained a virgin queen long if Gable had spread his cloak for her to walk upon. Gable isn't the kind of man to spread cloaks for nothing.

Instead of all that, he must find his thrills before the camera and spread his cloak for cinema queens. But he loves it. He gloats in his success as a gambler gloats when he catches the fourth ace in a ten-thousand-dollar pot. After the lean years, the hard years, luck broke and poured the fleshpots of the world into his lap. And he makes no bones about thinking it's a great idea.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]

THERE'S Zest IN LIVING FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE REALLY WELL!

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, life, charm—you are no longer a person half-awake. Start Sal Hepatica now! Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you really want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons and wastes—and your clean, poison-free blood will give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

Clear the poisons from your body . . . Get back your sparkle . . . Start in today with Sal Hepatica

NOBODY can get what he should out of life as long as he drags around "not feeling very well". If life has lost its joy for you—if you envy people who feel top-notch—start in with Sal Hepatica—and find out what it is to have fun again!

Clear your system of the poisons that are clogging it, and you'll get as much fun out of life as anybody! But you'll never really feel well until you keep internally clean.

Today—buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica. First thing when you get up tomorrow morning, stir a teaspoon or so of sparkling Sal Hepatica into a glass of fresh water—and drink the bubbling mixture!

You aren't taking "just another laxative". Sal Hepatica is far more than a simple laxative—it's a *saline*. It is a saline like the salines of the famous health springs of Europe, where doctors send wealthy patients to renew their vitality.

Sal Hepatica not only acts upon the digestive tract, but, like European salines, it clears away the poisons from the *bloodstream*. It banishes constipation. It tones you up. It combats colds, headaches, rheumatism, digestive disorders, complexion blemishes. Get a bottle today.

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CONSTIPATION

Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE

To relieve congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

COLDS

The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION

To keep the bloodstream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM

As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.

Sal Hepatica

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Kindly send me the free booklet, which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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THE GREAT GOD GABLE
Continued from page fourteen

After years of the usual affectations, introspections, fears, and careful propaganda of most actors, the honesty, the naturalness, the frank pleasure and open delight of Clark Gable are like a breath of pine forest after the sick breath of a speakeasy.

The great god Gable, man's man, as a pipe smoker. At the right: With his present wife at the première of Hell Divers.

Acme photo

Out at the Griffith Park Riding Academy, where the picture stars and the social world learn to walk, trot, and canter, is an ex-cowboy from Montana named Art Wilson. He has the cold, mosaic-blue eye of the born daredevil. I have seen that eye in great racing drivers, in stunt men, in a famous bank robber I once knew well.

Art taught Clark Gable to ride.

Rather wistfully, his cold eye fixed upon the distant hills, Art said, "If I could get that guy away from pictures, I'd make a top hand out of him."

Allow me to tell you that the admiration of a man like Art Wilson is something of which to be very proud. Money won't buy it, fame won't command it. Art's comments upon some other movie idols whom he has instructed are biting and slightly profane. In most cases, Art feels that the horse is the better man.

Of Gable he speaks with reverence.

"FIRST day he come out here," said Art, "I took a look at him, and I says to myself, 'Art, he's a big devil and he ought to make a rider, but, hell—he's an actor. Chances are he'll be thinking about his face.' Anyhow, he says to me, 'I got to learn to ride so's I can play a part in a picture, and I ain't ever been nearer a horse than when I was plowin'.' So I says, 'How much time you got?' He says, 'Two weeks.' I says, 'How much time can you give me every day?' He grins and says, 'Art, I ain't got a thing in the world to do. Write your own ticket.'

"Well, about then I'm beginning to weaken, what with his admittin' about plowin' and that grin; and then, I'm a little runt myself and he was sure built for horses, same as Gary Cooper. But I says to myself, 'Art, don't get excited. Lots of folks are O. K. when they got both feet on the ground, but they turn yellow when they see how far down it is from the back of a horse.'

"Well, anyhow, I took a good safe cow pony I had, that I knowed had more sense than most men. Gable gets on top of him. An' I took 'em up on top of a hill in Griffith Park. I knowed that hill and I knowed that pony. But Gable didn't. So I says, 'Now come on down after me.' I wanted to find out, right off, if he had guts. I started down lickity-cut and I yells at Gable, 'Come on, brother!' And he come! Right down that hill just as fast as that pony could carry him. Never been on a horse before that day. Say, when he got to the bottom he was laughing like a kid. 'I'm still on top,' he says.

"Le'me tell you something. I know, and a horse knows, when a man's afraid. Maybe he don't show it. Maybe he acts O. K. But there's little things you can tell. That Gable don't no more know the meaning of fear than a mountain lion. I give him the works, too. At the end of two weeks he could pick up a handkerchief going full tilt. He could get on and off a big horse running. There's Western stars around can't do that yet. He's got a body that's just about perfect—balance, strength, everything."

He paused and looked up at a big picture of Clark Gable which adorned the bare wall of the little room back of the stables where he lives. Across it was written, "To Art, a great horseman and a real friend, Clark."

A twinkle came into Art's blue eye.

"Guess there's a lot of dames would give something for a picture like that," he remarked lazily. "Maybe this is a funny place to find a picture of Clark Gable, but I bet you won't find none in no masseuse's boudoir. That's something. And I'll tell you something else: A lot of folks have come out to learn stunts for pictures. They go away—and that's the end of that. You know what that Gable did? He went off down to Arizona to make his first picture, and he sent me a wire. I got it yet."

He dug among spurs, gloves, bottles of liniment, and pictures of horses, and produced a wire. It said, "The first thing I had to do was ride down a hill fast. Got away with it O. K. Thanks, kid."

Carefully he replaced the telegram among his treasures.

"He didn't want to be a ladies' man. You know what he told me? We was sitting under an oak tree way up in the hills one day, eating our lunch and reading Will James out loud to each other, and he says to me, 'Art, I'd like to be a Western star. Do you think I could?' I says, 'No reason why not.' He says, 'That'd be a pretty swell life.'"

Art looked straight at me.

"I ain't got much use for women," he said candidly. "I've been around some, and women as a whole don't stack up with horses and men. But the women sure done all right for once when they picked Clark Gable. Shows they know a real man when they see one. He's got the guts of an army mule and he's there in the pinches."

THE women did pick Gable. They took protesting husbands and boy friends to see their new favorite. And the husbands and boy friends were converted, too. Clark Gable falls more in the class of Wallace Reid or Douglas Fairbanks than in the class of Valentino.

You have no idea how startled Hollywood has been by the revelation that picture audiences have a mind of their own.

The public, beyond question, made Clark Gable a star.

Hollywood still reels beneath the blow.

Such a thing hadn't happened for years. The business of making stars had become a fine art.

It happened something like this. A star of the old régime wabbled on the throne. A group of eminent gents gathered in a mahogany office and played eeny-meeny-miney-mo. Forthwith, some extra girl with soulful eyes or some startled juvenile was elevated to stellar rank. Orders flew. Publicity departments awakened from peaceful dreams. Reams of copy spilled forth. Twenty-four-sheets plastered the country. And slightly dazed audiences found themselves watching the immature flappings of Susie Glotz and wondering what it was all about.

Or a great part came along—an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Former 50c size
KLEENEX now 35c

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GERMS in handkerchiefs

During a cold a handkerchief collects thousands of germs. It infects your clothing and laundry bag, and may spread a cold through the entire family. It self-infects you every time it touches your face. Colds get worse and worse. They hang on for days and weeks. So often they develop into grippe, flu and other serious complications.

Now Kleenex brings you new safety. This sanitary tissue is used only once, then destroyed. Germs that live and multiply in ordinary handkerchiefs are destroyed this way. They cannot self-infect you or spread infection to others.

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Made of rayon-cellulose, Kleenex is many times more absorbent than linen—and infinitely softer! It's a positive comfort during colds!

Once you have a package of Kleenex, you'll find it convenient in scores of ways. Use it for removing face creams, to blot up impurities that cling so stubbornly in the pores. The former 50c size is now 35c at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

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Please send me a free trial supply of Kleenex.

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In Canada, address: 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

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The new long-playing phonograph record

THE GREAT GOD GABLE
Continued from page seventeen

actor-proof, sure-fire part, like Millie, or Sabra in Cimarron, or the boy in The American Tragedy. The company signed up the fortunate player of that part and were off to the races. Sometimes it worked. Sometimes it jolly well didn't.

Or again, an established stage or opera star was lured with gold to the land of the no-longer-silent cinema and deliberately, and with great expense, forethought and care, built into a star.

Josephine Dillon, the first Mrs. Clark Gable.

The good old days of electing stars by popular voice were practically gone forever in the new machine age of pictures.

Suddenly the worm, worn out with bad pictures and inadequate starlings, rose in its might and its wrath.

With one voice, like the rooting section at a big football game, the public yelled, "We want Clark Gable!"

That night there was chaos in Hollywood.

Executives wore out buzzers. Casting directors went mad. Secretaries were running all over the place like Sennett cops. People were looking under desks and in file cases for Clark Gable.

Who, what, and especially where was Clark Gable?

Nobody in Hollywood had ever heard of him. Dinner parties had not been graced by his presence. Gatemen knew him not. Then, to the amazement of the entire organization, an obscure assistant director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer raised his voice and said, "Why, he's the big, black-headed guy that played the laundryman in The Easiest Way."

IT turned out to be true. Irving Thalberg had Clark Gable under contract. Which was a great break for everybody. Thalberg deserved it. And having Thalberg behind him insures Gable of clever handling and good stories.

Don't let anyone tell you that anyone "discovered" Clark Gable.

The public discovered him, acclaimed him, and literally forced him upon the attention of an industry which had been kicking him around for years. It is for that reason that I believe he will be one of the great stars, and not a mere flash in the pan.

When the women of America went mad over young Mister Gable; when the fan mail began to pour in; when he was mobbed at previews; when for the first time in years a gang lined up outside the big gates at M.-G.-M. and asked the gateman, "Is this where Mr. Gable comes out?"—no one was more surprised than Clark.

He loved it. Any man who says he wouldn't have been delighted under the same circumstances is a liar.

Gable looked around, and the primitive male in him preened itself and the normal masculine vanity of him purred. When famous women stars whom he had adored from a distance joined the throng of admirers and gasped for breath in love scenes with him, he liked it just as much as any other man would have liked it.

He was grateful, he was deeply touched, he didn't understand it all, but such popularity warmed his heart. I dare say he prayed for strength. I do know his reaction was one of rather shy and amazed delight.

THEN it began to pall—the personal side, not the professional. There were too many women. They got in his hair. They interfered with him. It is a peculiar thing, but very few of the male screen stars who have caused female audiences to flutter madly have been a big hit with the women of Hollywood. Very few. Gable is different. I am betraying no secret when I say that any number of glamorous ladies of the silver sheet were willing to be victims of the great god Gable.

The boy is no Galahad. He is a primitive, red-blooded man of thirty. His head wasn't turned. He grinned engagingly and took the gifts the gods provided. Until it grew annoying.

One afternoon he drifted into Buster Keaton's dressing bungalow. Like everyone else, he thinks Keaton is tops among men—a wise bird, with a heart as big as Leo the lion, and a clever, cool head.

Said Gable: "How far does this thing go?"

Said Keaton: "What thing?"

Said Gable: "This women business. You know this game. I'm not fat-headed. It's not me. It's probably the parts I play. It's just a break. I like women all right. But not all the time. Man's got other things to do."

Said Keaton: "Go shoot deer or fish for marlin."

Thus Gable, between pictures, goes up to Utah with Wally Beery, lets his beard grow, wears old clothes, and has a swell time.

He has grown woman-shy. He's the sort of man who prefers to do his own hunting, and if women won't let him, he'll hunt deer, bigosh.

My first meeting with him was amusing. He had shot up so suddenly that I had never met him. He came to Malibu for dinner. He came in with that strong ease of his. But his eyes were wary. The room was candlelit and there was a fire. Outside, the ocean was singing its ever-stirring song upon the beach. It is the custom at Malibu to wear pyjamas for dinner. I had on my best ones—Gloria brought them to me from Paris—because they happened to be the only ones that were clean that night. And because I had been nine hours at the typewriter that day and my back was practically broken, I was stretched out full length on the window seat.

Young Gable sat down on the edge of his chair and studied me gravely. He didn't look very happy. He looked bored and rather sulky. I could see thoughts unwinding in the back of his head. What was expected of him? Women! And he'd been doing stunts in ice-cold water all day.

Just then my husband, who after four years of marriage is still my idea of something to get hot and bothered about, came downstairs. He had on an old pair of flannels and a sweat shirt. He came over and kissed me before he noticed that there was anyone else in the room.

The look of joy and relief that spread over Clark's face was unconscious and simply swell. He took a deep breath, removed his coat and vest, remarked that he preferred his gin straight instead of gummed up with pineapple juice and cherries, and the evening began to look like a success.

I DON'T think I spoke fifty words all evening. It was man-talk. Football—and polo—and deep-sea fishing—and places all over the world a man must see before he died. The Taj Mahal by moonlight. The Gobi Desert. Glacier Point in the time of the deep snows. The jungles of India and Africa.

Clark stared into the fire. His face gets tense and hot when he is excited. They had, I know, forgotten me. I was glad. Men can pay a woman no higher compliment than to forget her at moments like that.

Clark said: "If I had a hundred dollars a week, sure, for the rest of my life, I wouldn't stay here another minute."

Dick Hyland said: "Hell, no."

Clark finished his gin and took a bite out of the lemon he had cut for himself—a trick he learned from navy pilots.

He said: "I'd go places. I'd start around the world. I'd go where I pleased and stay as long as I pleased. If I didn't like a place, I'd get to hell out of there. I'd go native when I felt like it, and get cleaned up if the mood hit me. I'd learn to sail a small boat and go where ordinary people can't get. I'd—"

Like two small boys, adventure-mad, they dreamed dreams and saw visions and talked and talked and talked until the candlelight paled.

Then they came back reluctantly to a workaday world.

I hated to see them come. I almost

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

keep Regular
FOR HEALTH!
Post's BRAN FLAKES WHEAT

BETTY: What's the idea of eating that? Does it really help you?

BAB: Help me? My dear, I wouldn't do without it.

THOUSANDS know that nothing makes them feel sluggish and under par more quickly than irregularity. And irregularity, even when caused by failure to include sufficient bulk in the diet—may frequently lead to more serious ills.

So for your health's sake, *keep regular!* Take a hint from the host of keen, bright-eyed folks who eat Post's Bran Flakes every day. These nut-crisp, golden flakes, wonderfully delicious with cream or milk, provide just the additional bulk most people need: the beneficial elements of whole wheat—iron, phosphorus and vitamin B, together with the outer coat of the grain, a natural regulator.

Eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning for two weeks, and see how easy it is to form the habit of regular elimination. And see how much more alert you feel!

Cases of constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes if eaten regularly each day. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

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Each beautifully modeled Tek is sterilized, Cellophane-sealed, guaranteed. And don't forget that Tek Jr. is the correct brush for children.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek

the modern tooth brush

THE GREAT GOD GABLE
Continued from page nineteen

wished for a moment that my husband hadn't loved me enough to tie himself to the white man's burden of matrimony and convention. And I found Clark Gable lovable—not in the matinée-idol fashion, but lovable as are all strong males who are still little boys at heart. I had seen brutality in him, for, as men always do when they talk to each other freely, they had touched on women and fighting. But I had seen sweetness, yearning, and an inarticulate, untrained love of beauty. This is a cruel age for the born adventurers who have no love for the mechanical.

The thing the two of them thrilled over and grew sentimental and profane about was the picture of some big trees in Yosemite.

And as they talked and drank I sat quiet, wondering. Wondering if it had been such a great break, this success of Gable's. Wondering if it would soften him and coarsen him and *get* him, as it has so many men. Wondering if, a few years from now, he'd still care about trees and horses and high snows. Knowing what the Hollywood racket is like, with its strange fascination, its lure of wealth and more wealth, fame and more fame, that gets into the very blood. Flattery that grows on men as a drug grows, until they must have it in larger and larger doses.

I BROKE in on their talk and asked Clark Gable just how he felt about this sudden fame and popularity.

The dimples, that contrast so greatly with his bigness, his darkness, the almost menacing strength of him, came out. "The truth is," he said, "I'm a little punch-drunk."

I told him what I had been wondering. He listened gravely.

"I know what you mean," he said. "But don't forget, I'm not a child. I've been in the theater for twelve years. I've been hungry. I'm cautious about money because in poverty I've learned how valuable it is. I know you can be a hero today and a bum tomorrow. I give myself five years—no more. I'm grateful as hell for that. All life's worth living. There's a kick to it everywhere. It's swell to be alive. There's a kick in things when you're down, fighting to get up. There's a kick when you're on top. And there's the whole damn' world still to see."

Gable never suggests a married man, yet he has been married twice. The present Mrs. Gable has been more or less a mystery to Hollywood. She gives no interviews, receives few callers, and never discusses Clark Gable.

I met her by chance at a bridge luncheon given by Lionel Barrymore's fascinating and exquisite wife, the former Irene Fenwick. To my surprise, I found that a tall, majestic lady in severe and elegant black satin was Mrs. Clark Gable. A dark woman, she suggests that regal and aristocratic beauty that belonged to Florence Vidor.

With Joan Crawford in Possessed.

A determined, set, rather hard mouth she has, but her eyes are dark and sad and a little wistful.

I rather expected her to say something about A Free Soul, which happened to be my story and which gave Clark his first real part, as the gambler.

But she didn't. Her graciousness seems to freeze at the thought of being interviewed or studied as the wife of the man so many women admire.

During the bridge game one of the players at her table, a charming little woman in no way connected with pictures, said:

"I dare say you're very tired of hearing compliments about your husband, Mrs. Gable. But I do feel I'd like to tell you what a refreshing thing it is to have him in pictures. His work is so natural and splendid."

Mrs. Gable looked at her and did not reply.

There is a world of character in her face. To me she suggests Park Avenue, the well groomed woman of the world. She suggests the woman who has always had money, always worn smart clothes. She has a daughter eighteen and a son twelve, by a former marriage, and she is a devoted mother.

But the world of pictures, of the theater, is new to her. When she married Clark Gable in Santa Ana, not many months ago, she stepped into a land and a people as strange to her as China.

Her job is a tough one. But she has a determination, a will, that should see her through.

SHE had been losing heavily at bridge. Her partner, a girl famous as one of the greatest horsewomen in the country, said, "We're certainly having a bad run of cards."

Mrs. Gable sat up, looking like a Roman empress, and said, "It's got to stop. If there's one thing I have, it's a determination to go through with anything I start." Her playing improved. She made a couple of daring bids and got away with them. With a brilliant smile, she said, "You see. Bulldog determination always wins in the long run."

They live very quietly, in a charming and comfortable apartment on the ground floor of one of Hollywood's new and beautiful apartment buildings. Their closest friends in the picture colony are Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. You see the four of them occasionally dining and dancing at the Cocoanut Grove. Most of her friends are New Yorkers visiting in California. And she lunches nearly every day at the exclusive Embassy Club with a little woman, the wife of an actor. Somehow it gives you a feeling of her loneliness to see her, as though she dared not venture to know more of the gay, gossipy picture crowd.

It is illuminating that both Clark's wives have been much older than he.

The first Mrs. Clark Gable was a dramatic teacher. Her name was Josephine Dillon. A soft woman, with glorious deep-brown eyes. A mellow voice. The manner of studied charm that belongs to many dramatic teachers.

You probably remember your elocution teacher in high school.

Clark had trekked as far west as Portland, Oregon, when the company in which he was alternately prop boy,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIR DON'T TRUST HER SAFETY TO THE "BRIDGE TABLE DOCTORS"

●

Marriage hygiene . . . your wife's most vital health problem . . . is your problem too . . . to meet and solve

Feminine antisepsis, the most critical of all questions involving your wife's health, her peace of mind, perhaps even her life—what do you do about that?

To leave the problem of feminine antisepsis to your wife alone is more than unfair . . . it is almost criminal. The garbled information, whispered at the bridge table or over the teacups, is inaccurate, untrustworthy, often downright dangerous.

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To an Amazing Degree by Doing One Simple Thing

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Now Found 90% Correctable According to Scientists

Would you like to add the element of reasonable safety; freedom from smoker's fag, head dullness and depression to your smoking?

You can, according to scientists, to an amazing extent, in a simple way. Millions of smokers are already doing it.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO: Simply take 2 teaspoons of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water EVERY NIGHT before bed. Or take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets every night which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia.

That acts to alkalinize your system. *And an alkalinized system is largely impervious to the bad effects of tobacco.* Science has found that it's the acid system that cannot tolerate tobacco.

This small, daily dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tends to neutralize those acids in your system.

Hence, those after-effects you feel now after heavy smoking go. Your head is clear. Your mouth sweet. You have fewer headaches. Less heaviness across the eyes, at the back of your head, across your forehead.

If you are a regular and consistent smoker—be fair to yourself and follow this method. Don't let tobacco "get" you. Fortify your system against its effects.

Get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at any drug store. See that you get the genuine, as endorsed by doctors.

TWO FORMS NOW AT STORES—You can now get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in tablet form, as well as ordinary liquid form. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Milk of Magnesia. Carry the tablets with you wherever you go. They taste like mint candy.

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

NEUTRALIZES THE ACID THAT CAUSES TOBACCO HEADACHES and DEPRESSION

THE GREAT GOD GABLE
Continued from page twenty-one

spear carrier, juvenile, and old gentleman went on the rocks. No salaries had been paid for weeks. The kid was broke, hungry—and completely happy.

Without two nickels to rub together, he was having a glorious time. He had escaped the monotony of his father's Ohio farm, the dullness of work in a small town. He was seeing life.

The telephone company gave him a job climbing poles, which he did blithely. But he wanted to keep on with his stage work. On a side street he found a dramatic school, presented himself as a pupil.

So they met—the tall, dark, rather awkward young man with his sudden smile, and the gentle, eager little woman whose brown curls were already touched with gray.

THE lessons began. How much she actually taught him I don't know. Not a great deal, I imagine. One thing she did. She believed in him and she loved him. Josephine Dillon was the first of the Clark Gable fans.

Perhaps he was never in love with her as Clark could be in love with a woman. But he loved her. She mothered him.

Clark's own mother died when he was only a few months old. Like all men of intense masculinity, he is particularly susceptible to mothering. In place of the mother whose dark young beauty he knew only through small old-fashioned pictures, he had a stepmother.

"I think she was the finest woman who ever lived," he said to me. "She was a good woman, with a great understanding of humanity. We weren't a laughing family. We're Holland Dutch. Farmers—Pennsylvania and Ohio. Serious people who had to wrest a living from the soil. The gayety and beauty and joy of life came into our home with my stepmother. She loved music and flowers. No matter how hard she worked, she always had time to laugh and sing and play. She used to sneak out and play catch with me when I came home from school. I didn't have any brothers or sisters, but she was like all three combined. Mother, brother, sister. I loved her. She died when I was sixteen."

The imprint of that stepmother is deep in Clark Gable. So deep that he has perhaps never quite outgrown his need of her, of the gay, sweet, vicarious mothering she gave him.

Today Josephine Dillon lives in Hollywood, still teaching dramatic art. Part of Clark's salary goes to her every week. No one, perhaps, has gloried more in his success. It is rather sweet that she is able to take to herself credit for some of that fine, natural art that enables Clark Gable to project his irresistible personality.

If anyone made Clark Gable a good actor—and he *is* a good actor—it wasn't Josephine Dillon. It was Lillian Albertson.

With Garbo in a love scene from Susan Lenox.

Theatergoers of a decade or so ago will remember the beautiful redheaded actress who scored one of the most sensational of all Broadway successes in Paid in Full. Today Lillian directs plays which she and her husband, Louis O. MacLoon, produce on the Pacific coast.

For seven years after Clark Gable came to Los Angeles he was under the able, biting, and affectionate direction of Lillian Albertson.

The tall young man whose clothes didn't fit him, who didn't quite know what to do with his big hands, amused and delighted her. She liked his silence, illuminated by that wonderful smile which came most often at his own expense. It intrigued her to teach him ease and grace, to bring the deep masculine timbre through the Middle Western pronunciation which was natural to him.

Above all, she admired the same thing that, years later, Art Wilson the cowboy was to admire: his courage in the face of difficulties. They never paid him more than seventy-five or a hundred dollars a week. Between those pay checks stretched long, lean periods when the rent of the Hollywood bungalow court where he and his wife lived went unpaid and eating money was scarce. He grinned through it all. Never talked.

Josephine Dillon worked as a dramatic teacher in a school on Seventh Street in Los Angeles. It was a small school, and Clark used to go there sometimes and observe with a grave eye the doings of the pupils. He developed an instinct for silent clowning, for pantomime, that was the despair of everyone connected with the school.

A pretty girl named Virginia Herbert taught a dancing class at that time, and Clark used to break her up day after day. He would come and stand behind her pupils, where she could see him and they couldn't, and do the most amazing burlesques of their efforts.

His wife had a mania for teaching him to walk up and down stairs correctly. So Clark would solemnly and earnestly walk up and down a flight of stairs for half an hour at a time, with a grave countenance and that irresistible twinkle in his eyes. Then he would suddenly break loose and begin to raise the devil.

When he played Sergeant Kyper in the Pacific coast company of What Price Glory, he was the clown of the company. His favorite stunt was to take a long stick and greatly annoy the actors in the dugout scene. Then there would be a grand rough-and-tumble brawl afterward—that was a tough troupe of ex-service men—and Clark would come out with a bloody nose and a delighted grin.

THE big romance of those days—he and his wife had separated in a friendly fashion—was a brief one with Pauline Frederick.

When the gorgeous Pauline did Madame X in San Francisco, Clark Gable played a bit, the prosecuting attorney in the last act. Clark still treasures a cigarette case she gave him in memory of that engagement.

Of his first wife Clark Gable said to me briefly: "I don't much like to talk about it. She was a sweet woman. She was good to me. But we weren't suited—for marriage. I hope she's happy and I hope she thinks well of me."

I once heard him remark, in passing, that it was a mistake for any man to work too hard at marriage.

The great drama of Clark Gable is that all those seven years he was sitting right on the front door of the picture industry. Nobody would let him in. He registered at the Central Casting Office and worked as an extra. He was one of the extra men in The Merry Widow and, on the same stage where he now stars, witnessed the famous battle between von Stroheim and Gilbert, between von Stroheim and Mae Murray. But pictures would have none of him. Perhaps it was just as well. He needed those years in New York.

Houston, Texas, sent Clark Gable to New York, and in a roundabout way back to Hollywood.

He got a chance to go to Houston as

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't LAUGH! you may be the NEXT victim

This happened in countless homes in 1931

A ripping, tearing and a splintering as the seat of the davenport crashes to the floor! A scream! A burst of laughter! And then that dreadful embarrassment!

But this common mishap is no laughing matter to the victim or host. It not only is mortifying. It is expensive. It means the loss of a piece of furniture... Or paying to have it literally rebuilt.

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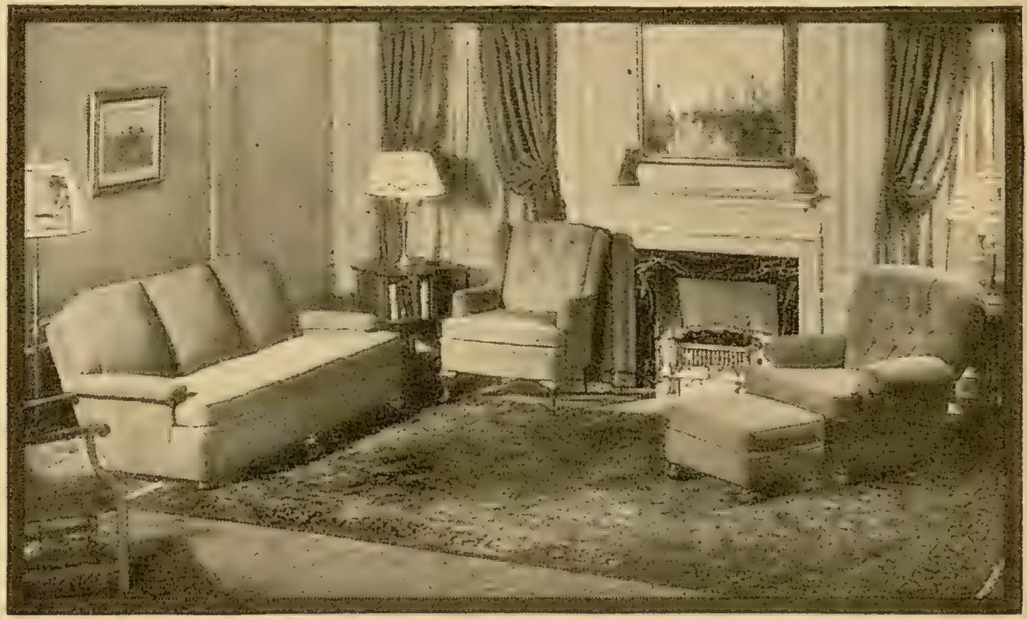

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THE GREAT GOD GABLE
Continued from page twenty-three

leading man in a stock company. He went. He saved his salary. But he got his first break. He met a girl in Houston who played a small but terrifically important part in his fate. She was a very, very pretty girl and she fell in love with the leading man. The important part was this: Her father was the leading tailor in the town and a very good tailor he was. Daughter decided it would be good business for papa to make clothes for the young leading man. Clark agreed. Papa made the clothes.

When he landed back in Los Angeles from Houston, Clark had the first good clothes he had ever worn in his life. He also had three hundred and sixty-eight dollars in cash, which was more money than he had ever seen at once. Mrs. Gable had decided to divorce him. The world was his.

Nothing was farther from his mind than pictures. For seven years he had played on the stage within a stone's throw of Hollywood. He had played with Jane Cowl, Lionel Barrymore, and Pauline Frederick. He had scored an enormous hit as the reporter in the play Chicago when Nancy Carroll starred, and had seen the producers grab her right out of the wings without a glance in his direction.

To hell with pictures!

LILLIAN ALBERTSON introduced him to Arthur Hopkins in New York, and Hopkins gave him the leading male rôle in Machinal.

Three years later he came back by airplane to play The Last Mile in Los Angeles for Lillian Albertson and Louis MacLoon.

Another woman stepped into his horoscope—a slim, gypsylike young girl named Minna Wallis, sister of a First National producer. Minna saw him with the eyes of a woman. But she saw him, too, with the shrewd eyes of a clever actors' agent, used to bucking the tough racket of putting over actors in Hollywood. She signed him up. Minna Wallis got him the small contract as a stock player at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which turned out to be a gold mine for everybody—M.-G.-M., Clark Gable, and Minna.

For it was under that contract, which Minna forced down everyone's throat, that he played the laundryman in The Easiest Way and the gangster in Joan Crawford's Dance, Fools, Dance; under that contract that Garbo saw him and wanted him for her leading man.

Yes, women have been good luck to Clark Gable.

TO meet Clark is to meet the same man you see on the screen. That is true of few stars. He has the same smile. The same animal magnetism. The same charm which no psychologist has ever explained, but which probably got Eve in the Garden of Eden when she first saw Adam.

In the old days of Wally Reid, of Valentino, of the young Dick Barthelmess, of Tommy Meighan and Tom Mix, perhaps Clark Gable wouldn't have stood out in such amazing and startling relief as he does today.

The answer to his great popularity seems to me very simple.

He is a man.

They seem to be sorta scarce these days.

And we are not nearly so complex nor so civilized as we like to pretend.

THE END

Next Week

Those Who Were Sacrificed

A vivid picture of the childhood days of the last of the Russian royal family by their cousin

Marie,
Grand Duchess of Russia

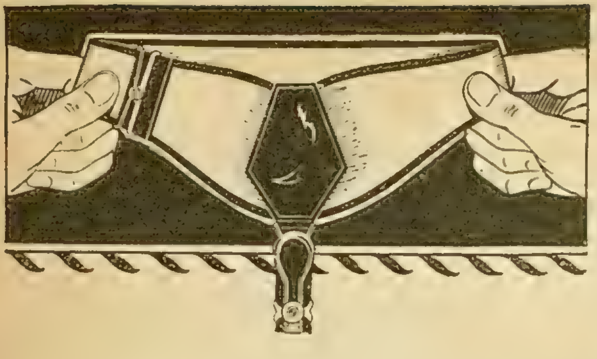
Also stories and articles by Dorothy Cottrell, Jay Franklin, Llewellyn Hughes, William Inglis, George Sylvester Viereck, Albert Payson Terhune.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Kentucky?
2—What is the largest bird?
3—Who were the three Secretaries of State in the administrations of Woodrow Wilson?
4—What is the solar plexus?
5—The members of what monastic order are called Black Friars?
6—What is a scalpel?
7—Who wrote Don Quixote?
8—What is a jerkin?
9—What was the name of the celebrated war horse of Alexander the Great?
10—What is a paynim?
11—Who is Poet Laureate of England?
12—Back Bay is a section of what city?
13—During what period was George Washington President of the United States?
14—Who was Vice President in both of President Washington's administrations?
15—What is the source of "And fired the shot heard round the world"?
16—What is Babbitt metal?
17—Who recently retired from membership in the Supreme Court of the United States?
18—Glaucoma is a disease of what organ?
19—What islands were formerly called the Sandwich Islands?
20—What is dissonance?

(Answers will be found on page sixty-six)



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Disarm and have Peace

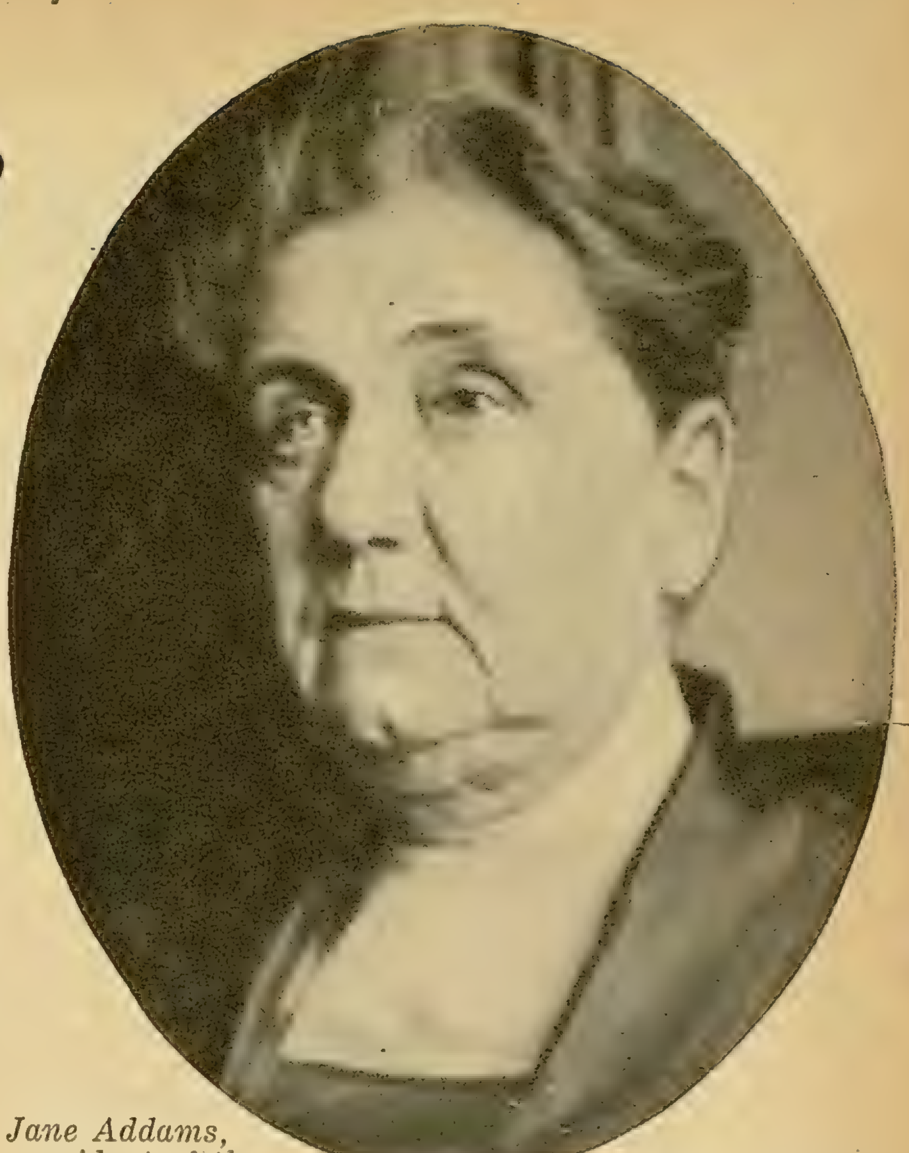
A Pacifist's Plea to End War

By JANE ADDAMS

(Reading time: 4 minutes 10 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the January 30 issue of Liberty, General William Mitchell's article, Are We Ready for War with Japan? ended on this ominous and challenging note: "This is no time to listen to pacifist vaporings or the impotent communications of the League of Nations, or to place any reliance on the provisions of certain useless 'scraps of paper.'"

Believing, as always, that both sides of any question should be aired, Liberty now presents the views of Miss Jane Addams, the distinguished recipient (jointly with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler) of the 1931 award of the Nobel peace prize.



Jane Addams, president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Underwood & Underwood photo

THE chief skepticism pacifism meets comes from a widely accepted conviction that war is a necessary and inevitable factor in human affairs. Let us consider that in the light of one example.

In 1812 America and England were at war. Six years later representatives of the two governments agreed by treaty that the Canadian frontier should be unfortified. Neighbors along a frontier of almost four thousand miles, two peoples have lived during one hundred and fourteen years enjoying a sense of security neither treaties nor armaments can give.

By 1913, in each thousand men in Europe, one hundred and twenty were soldiers! Then came the crisis in 1914. We have wished to "forget the war." But I should like to recall it briefly.

At the end of it Europe was confronted by a crisis unequaled since the Great Plague, or the famine accompanying the Thirty Years' War, when a third of the population of Europe perished.

And yet, in spite of this lesson, a decade after the treaty was signed six million men were under arms in fifty-two nations; ten million were receiving military training; twenty-seven million were enrolled in military reserves!

During the period immediately after the Great War closed, political leaders had turned to a more arrant and arrogant "nationalism" than that which had gone before.

We have reached a stage in the advancement of civilization when we are quite willing to concede that finance, industry, transportation, science, medicine, culture, and trade are not bounded by national frontiers, but *must* be international. Must our political thought alone remain insular and blindly "national"?

Surely, now that we begin to comprehend the moral, social, and economic consequences of the late war, we must examine openly the question of how to avoid another.

It seems necessary that two things be done:

First, that peaceful methods substituted for war in the settlement of international disputes should be increased and strengthened.

Second, that these peaceful methods should be given a fair chance invariably to succeed, even in grave crises, by the final *abolition* of armaments.

Ten or a dozen of these peaceful methods have been developed in an unprecedented degree during the past generation. The chief of these were the Hague Court of Arbitration, the League of Nations, the World Court, and the Kellogg Pact. Each of these has been used repeatedly—the first one many times; and whenever they have been resorted to they invariably have succeeded.

But in a half dozen crises of the past generation, including the Chinese-Japanese crisis of today, they have been brushed aside and a resort has been made to armed force.

At the Geneva arms conference, which at this writing is about to open, a *principle* should be agreed upon and rigidly applied. The nations should pledge themselves—in another Kellogg Pact—never again to resort to armaments in their dealings with one another. The next step would be to agree upon methods of securing total disarmament. Experts now conceive of the warfare of the future as *bound to involve whole populations.*

At the last Women's International League Congress a report on disarmament was read which stated: "Defensive warfare will have no meaning, as nothing can any longer be defended; for modern war will inevitably be an attack on the civil population."

The history of one nation after another shows that it was the mothers who first protested that their children should no longer be slain as living sacrifices upon the altars of tribal gods. Women rebelled against the waste of the life they had nurtured.

I should like to see the women of civilization rebel against the senseless wholesale human sacrifice of warfare. I am convinced that many thousands of women throughout the world would gladly rise to this challenge.

The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom was organized at The Hague in 1915. I acted as chairman then and have served as president ever since. It is therefore a tribute to the peace efforts of women that I was chosen to share with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler in the Nobel peace award.

THE END

Brother

Robert Ames and Ruth Chatterton in Tomorrow and Tomorrow.

John and Lionel Barrymore in the Same Picture; Another Triangle; Pola Negri's Return; and a Jungle Film

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

POLA NEGRI is back again. Her first Hollywood talkie is a bad picture—and yet I think there is a place for Miss Negri. Drab Hollywood is sorely in need of temperamental stars with the grand manner.

Remember when Miss Negri first flashed to prominence in Ernst Lubitsch's German-made film, Passion? She was a roistering Du Barry to Emil Jannings' Teutonic Louis XV.

Brought to America, Miss Negri became an overnight sensation. Her publicity duels with Gloria Swanson at the Paramount studios became the talk of movieland.

Charlie Chaplin fell momentarily under her spell. Then the ill-fated Rudolph Valentino.

One thing upset Miss Negri's career. That was the spectacular sorrow of her widely publicized trip across country to attend Valentino's funeral. Swoons marked every train stop. Whatever the sincerity of Miss Negri's anguish, the thing abruptly terminated her popularity.

Valentino was in a way to become almost a legendary hero and the public would brook no sorrow for him save its own.

Now Miss Negri, chastened perhaps, is back again. We soon will learn whether or not movie fans forgive.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ARSÈNE LUPIN

CAST

Duke of Charmerace	John Barrymore
Guerchard	Lionel Barrymore
Sonia	Karen Morley
Prefect of Police	John Miljan
Gourney-Martin	Tully Marshall
Marie	Mary Jane Irving

Directed by Jack Conway.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The subtitle might be The Barrymore Boys in Paris. As the penniless Duke of Charmerace, who under the name of Arsène Lupin plays hide and seek with the French police, John Barrymore parades his suave and profiled poise before the snarlingly persistent chief detective, Guerchard, otherwise the steal-the-picture-if-you-wink-an-eye Lionel Barrymore. It is a historic histrionic battle all the way through, this first public meeting of the celebrated brothers since the Broadway production of The Jest.

Arsène Lupin is one of those supercrooks, who notifies the police of the time and place of his next activity—and then craftily outwits the harried minions of the law as he makes his scheduled theft. Guerchard baits his trap with a lovely Russian; but, alas, the mysterious young woman herself falls in love with the redoubtable Lupin. The speed of this film is swift and breathless. The Barrymores fight all through to be the center of your interest, and the result seems to me to be a draw. The promising Karen Morley does her best work to date as the detective's charming aid.

★ ★ ★ TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

CAST

Eve Redman	Ruth Chatterton
Dr. Nicholas Faber	Paul Lukas
Gail Redman	Robert Ames
Samuel Gillespie	Harold Minjir
Christian Redman	Tad Alexander
Dr. Walter Burke	Walter Walker
Spike	Arthur Pierson
President Adee	Winter Hall
Miss Frazer	Marjorie Armstrong

Directed by Richard Wallace.
Produced by Paramount.

A sincere and poignant filming of a drama by one of our foremost playwrights, Philip Barry, who writes with style and distinction. It is expertly adapted, charmingly played, and tastefully presented.

The story is the old dramatic triangle—the wife, the husband, and the other man. A great Viennese surgeon and psychologist comes to a mid-Western town to lecture for four weeks. He is entertained in the home of the Redmans. The wife is lonely, the husband is clumsy and not a little dull, the man of science preaches that only truth and beauty count. The surgeon goes on his brilliant way, the wife has a baby boy, the husband never realizes that his late guest is

AGAINST Brother

Basil Rathbone and Pola Negri in A Woman Commands.

Left: John and Lionel Barrymore and Karen Morley in Arsène Lupin.

Adolphe Menjou and Ann Harding in Prestige.

the father. Years later the boy is dangerously hurt and the wife summons the great doctor.

Thus the lovers who have never forgotten face a second parting. Should the wife stay with the husband, or run away with the man she loves? You will have to see the film to find out whom she selects for all her tomorrows.

The three people of the triangle are superbly played by Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas, and the late Robert Ames. I feel sure that even those who think Miss Chatterton too mannered for comfort will be moved by her sensitive performance.

★ A WOMAN COMMANDS

CAST

Mme. Maria Draga	Pola Negri
King Alexander	Roland Young
Captain Alex Pesitsch	Basil Rathbone
Colonel Stradimirovitsch	H. B. Warner
Ivan	Anthony Bushell

Directed by Paul L. Stein.
Produced by Radio Pictures.

It is unfortunate that Pola Negri's return to the Hollywood screen is made in this cardboard romantic drama. The story seems to have been written by three or four scenarists who never met. It starts as a torrid romance, lapses into a comedy of royalty, makes a feint at tragedy, and then curls up.

Just once does Pola Negri flash, when, as the cabaret *diseuse,* she chants one of those torch songs.

The rest of the time she is deep-voiced, nervous, and obviously puzzled at the story.

★ PRESTIGE

CAST

Thérèse du Flos	Ann Harding
Captain Rémy Baudoin	Adolphe Menjou
Lieut. André Verlaine	Melvyn Douglas
Colonel du Flos	Ian Maclaren
Major	Guy Bates Post

Directed by Tay Garnett.
Produced by RKO-Pathé.

Another variation of movie plot No. 7: white men collapsing under the heat of the tropics. Despite the loyalty of his wife, Lieutenant Verlaine, in command of a French jungle outpost, takes to drink and goes to pieces. But when the natives break into mutiny, the lieutenant cows them into submission.

Ann Harding, I regret to report, is completely wasted as the wife, the one spotless, unruffled figure in a mass of actors and extras weltering in vaseline. One more performance by Melvyn Douglas such as his playing of the lieutenant, and I shall withdraw the adjectives I gave him for his work in Tonight or Never.

Do you know that—

Tomorrow and Tomorrow is Ruth Chatterton's last Paramount film—that she is now a Warner star?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Man I Killed (now titled Broken Lullaby), Dance Team, Emma, The Champ, Street Scene.

★★★—The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy.

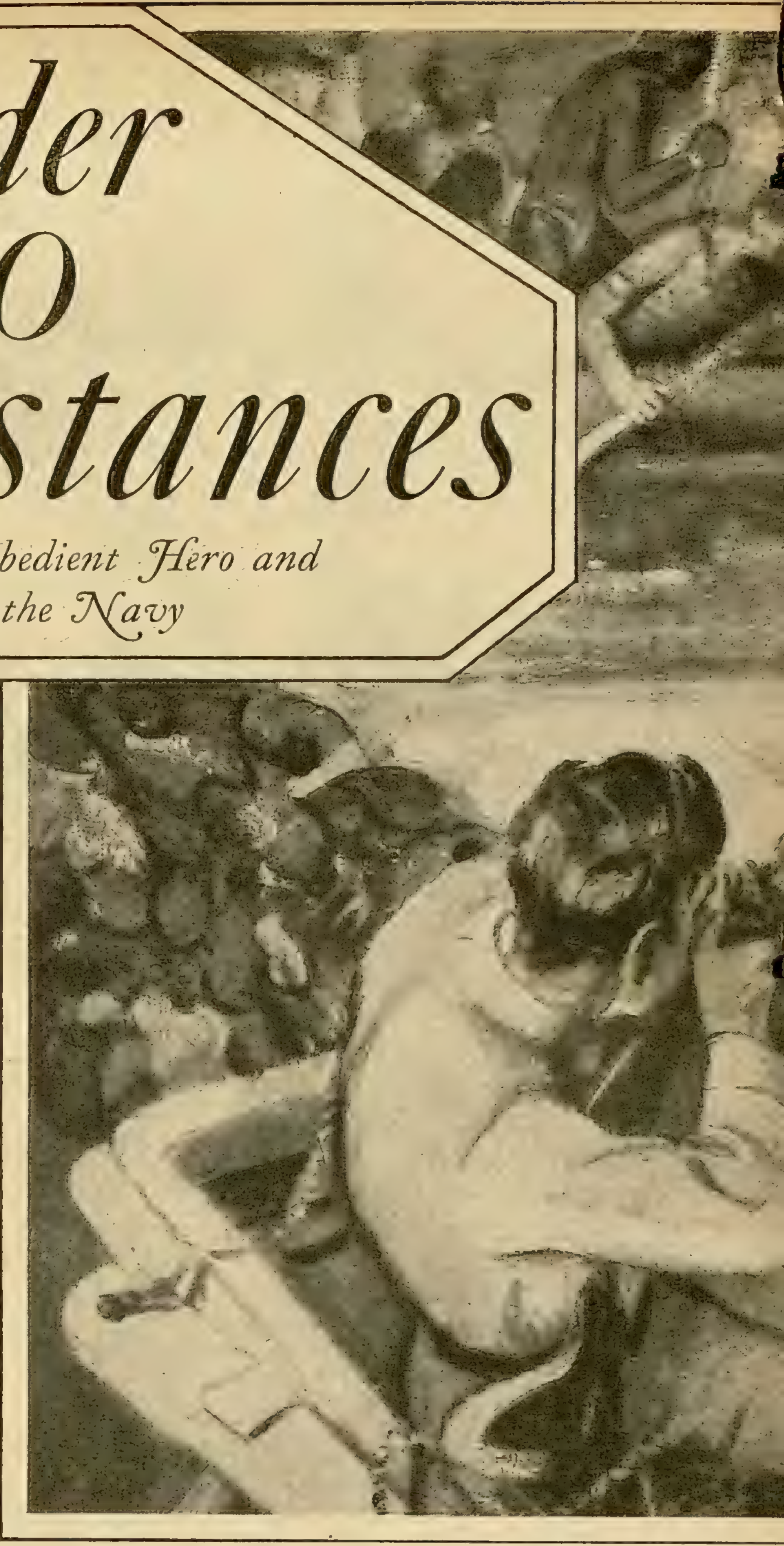
Under NO Circumstances

The Story of a Disobedient Hero and the Honor of the Navy

By

ALLAN SWINTON

Pictures by DELOS PALMER



In the bow was a lean, dark white man, urging them

(Reading time: 26 minutes 20 seconds.)

WHEN the sun was low they embarked and pulled toward the Kittiwake, which was now beating up to meet them. Southward, in oily sapphire levels, stretched the Atlantic, and to the north the jade-green shoals and patchwork sand banks, backed by a long dark line of mangroves of the Calabar coast.

Hidden behind that somber barrier, in a labyrinth of mangrove-shrouded waterways, lay the fort of Isidor Machado, king of slavers, whom the International Force for Suppression of the Slave Trade, to which the U. S. frigate Kittiwake was detailed, strove to destroy.

It was a Sunday, and the Kittiwake's commander, to give what relief he could from the monotony of the ceaseless patrol of that sweltering coast, had allowed three midshipmen and a whaler's crew a day's freedom on the tiny island that was slipping behind them. Now, in the evening, heading homeward, they were all quietly happy: the ten bluejackets and the two junior midshipmen, with young Rodney Tolliver, in command, at the tiller.

Rod was a lithe, slender lad of twenty, with dark wavy hair and the aquiline face with bold blue eyes that marks the passionate dreamer who brings his dreams to action. He steered the whaler skillfully and dreamed of the day when he would be an admiral and lead a battle fleet.

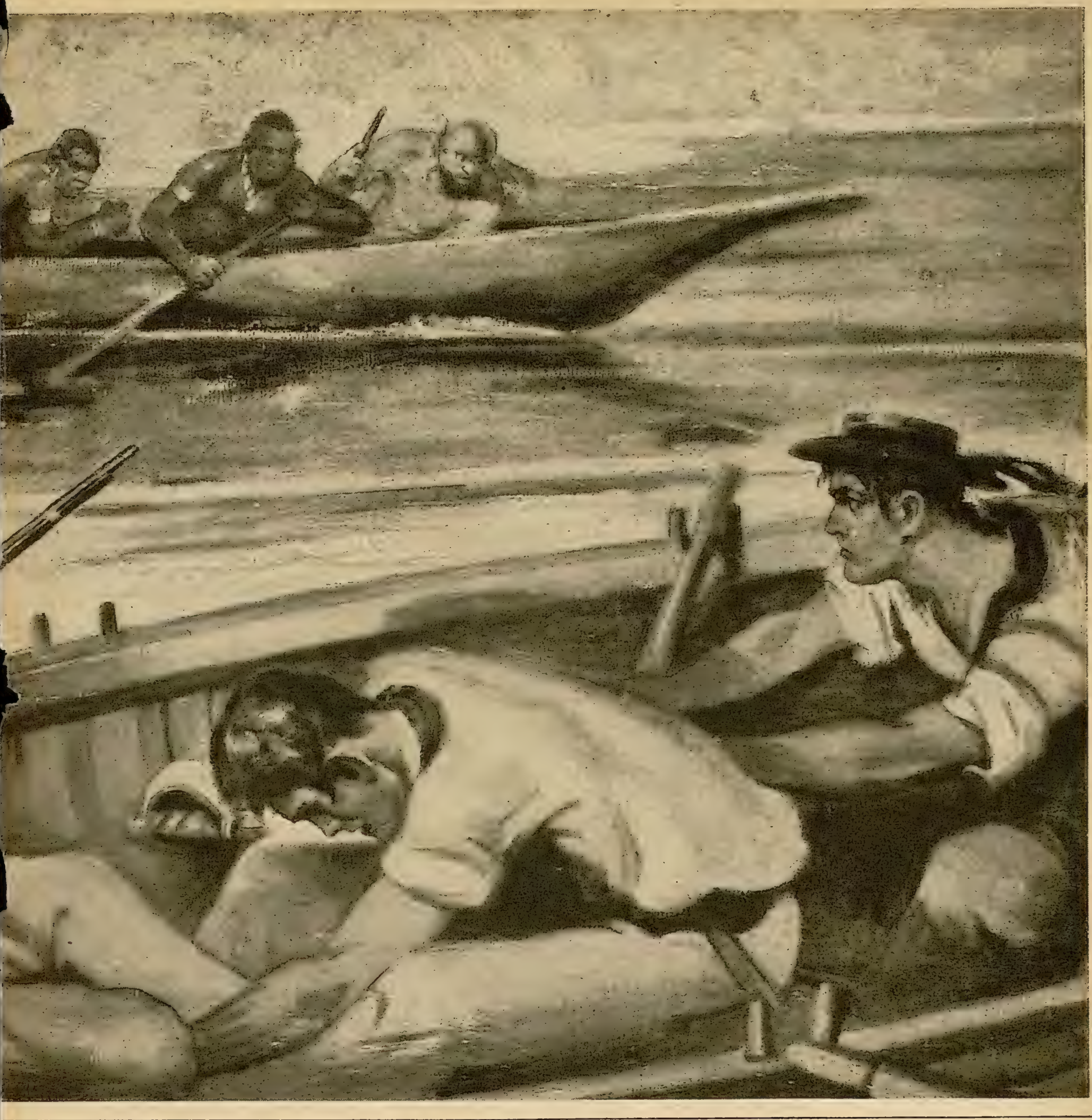
They were rounding Jojo Point, and as they opened up the reach beyond, Rod sat up in surprise. In one of the deeper channels threading the sand banks, and halfway between open water and the mangroves, was a small sloop, which at sight of the man-o'-war's boat instantly had been thrown into confusion. A white man leaped up in the stern, yelling and gesticulating. The mainsail came down with a run, sweeps were got out, and the craft pulled round and headed desperately for shelter. Slavers, beyond all doubt, caught accidentally in the act of slipping round Jojo Point to sea under the Kittiwake's very nose.

Rodney did not hesitate an instant. A dozen times he had heard his captain say, "If we could only grab one of the devils somehow, we might bribe or scare him into showing us the channel to this infernal fort." He remembered the captain's parting order, too, given with quiet but unmistakable emphasis: "*Under no circumstances whatever* go inside the outer sand banks. You understand, Tolliver?"

But in this instant he assured himself that the order was meant to apply merely to their day's pleasure, not to such an opportunity as this. He shoved over the tiller and headed after the sloop, yelling, "Pull! All you've got! We've got to catch that chap before he makes the swamps!"

No boat ever left the Kittiwake in those waters save fully armed; and he made the other midshipmen unrack the rifles and cutlasses and lay them in readiness on the thwarts between the men—for slavers both could and would fight.

By the time they were well into the shoals the whaler had doubled her speed, surging through the jade-green water before the measured heaving of the crew. The quarry was pulled by Negroes, with a white man at the tiller, and they overhauled her fast. By the time she had reached the mangroves there were only twenty lengths between, and into the broad channel she entered.



e craft came at terrific speed. Rod took a snap shot at the white man, fruitlessly.

Rod followed without hesitation. "Remember," he admonished the crew, "I want that man alive!" He was beside himself with triumph at this unexpected chance to seize some of the glory and distinction that he hungered for.

Between the dark-green walls of jungle the sea's fresh smell gave place to the dank, sultry, not-to-be-forgotten reek of mangrove swamp.

THEY were overhauling fast. Rod reached for a rifle to fire a shot and order the sloop to stop. *Wop! Wop! Wop-wop-wop-wop!* A rattle of small-arm fire burst from the dense green shadows, and two of his men slumped forward on their oars. Another leaped up, clawing at his throat. Young Martin pitched in a heap at Rod's feet, blood gushing from his mouth. Rod leaped in agony as a white-hot pain seared his shoulder.

He put up his tiller to turn and run, but the remains of his crew, encumbered by dead and wounded, could not obey properly, and all he achieved was a wavering curve like a wounded duck. Two more men were hit before his eyes. With set teeth, in the fury of despair, he had snatched a rifle to reply to the fire, when he became aware of a strange and terrifying sound, measured and fierce and grim: "*Hau. Hau. Hau. Hau. Hau.*" Whipping about, he saw surging from the mangroves a long black Ebi war canoe, packed close with paddlers, who as they dipped roared exultantly the fierce chant.

In the bow was a lean, dark white man, urging them on. The craft came at terrific speed. Rod took a snap shot at the white man, fruitlessly. Then the canoe rammed him fairly amidships. The craft's bow was low, driven furiously, and it got under the curve of the whaler's side and heaved her up. Up, up went the gunnel, high above Rod's head, and over she came, capsizing with a crash upon the shattered crew.

Then Rod was struggling for his life in warm and salty-muddy-tasting water, bruising his arms and head against hard objects, whichever way he strove to swim.

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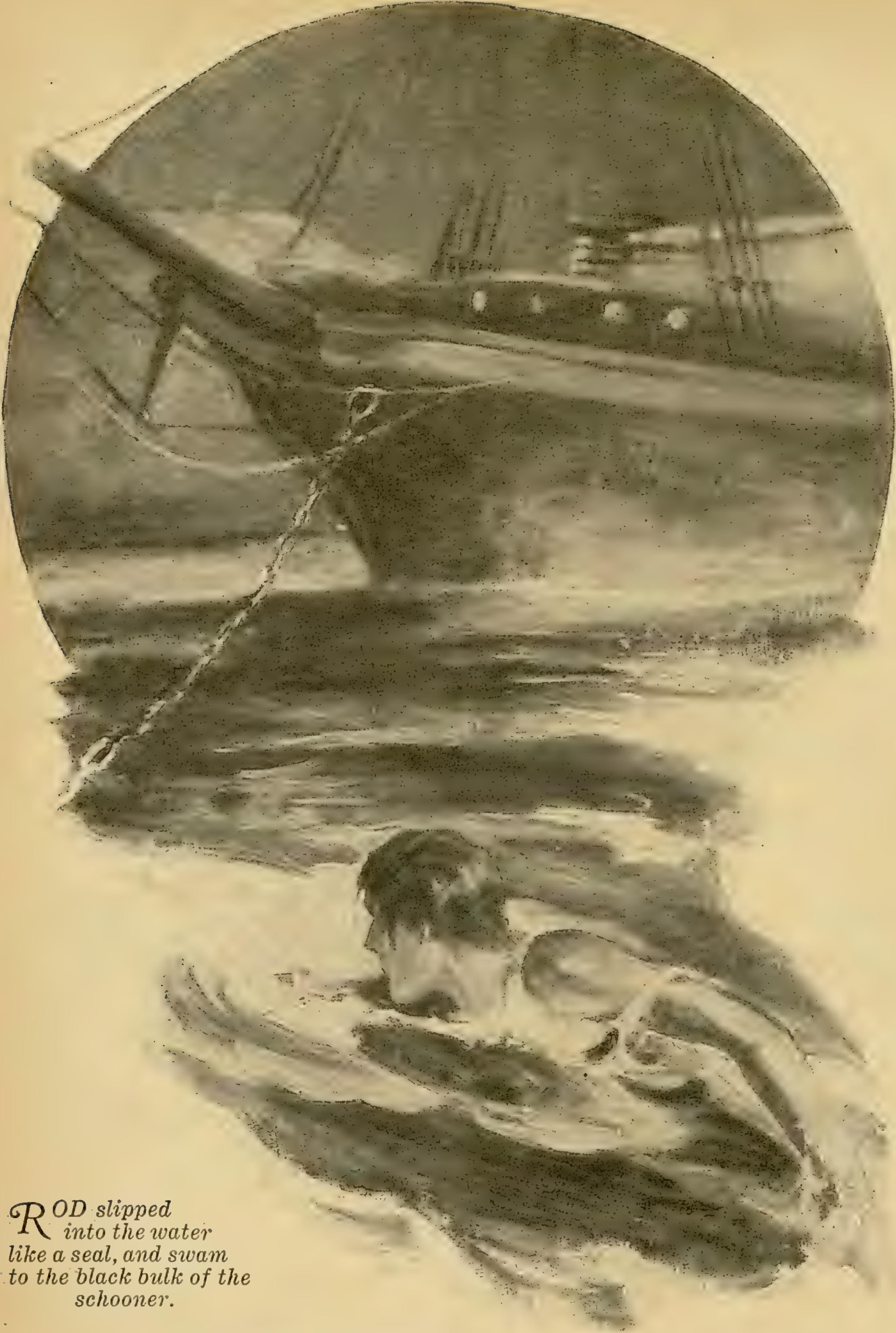

ROD slipped into the water like a seal, and swam to the black bulk of the schooner.

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES
Continued from page twenty-nine

When his lungs seemed about to burst, suddenly his head was out of water. He could breathe, though he was in intense darkness.

A moment's groping about him revealed he had come up under the capsized boat, which had much air trapped beneath her. He found a thwart and dragged himself up with his chest resting on it. Then, in the hostile dark, alone, with no sound but the desperate beating of the blood in his ears, with agony in his shoulder and sick despair in his heart, he realized that his one chance was to stay where he was.

If he dived out, he would be shot in the water or, worse by far, made prisoner by Machado's men and shipped as a white slave to the Spanish-Indian plantations of Brazil.

By and by he heard a thump or two on the keel above him, and from the pressure of water on his legs thought she was being towed. After a while this ceased.

He hung, half in, half out of the water, for what seemed an eternity. It had been sundown when the fight took place.

At last he was quite sure that dark had fallen. He let himself down, took a deep breath, and dived under the side. He came up in a tangle of roots and slime, and after a struggle managed to drag himself on to the whaler's keel.

By the light that filtered from the western sky, he made out that she had drifted or been towed deep into the mangroves. Ahead, through the snarl of jungle growth, he caught the gleam of open water. Clambering painfully from limb to limb, slipping, cursing, torn by snags, unutterably heartsick and weary, he made his way to the jungle face and looked out on the channel up which he had been enticed to his own undoing. Steely and still it lay, steaming with night vapors, the mangroves inky black on the far side. There was no sign of friend or foe, nor of the fight that had been there. Rod clambered on to a broad, flat limb three feet above the water, and jammed himself into a sort of nest among the creepers.

THE night was stifling. Sometimes rolled out the terrifying bellow of a bull alligator. Insects stung him incessantly, with maddening effect.

He had nothing to do but think. And he could think of one thing only. He had failed! He, with his high hopes and ambitions, his pride and confidence, had betrayed his trust and failed at the first test. In his heart he had known that Captain Luke Penn's order, "Under no circumstances go inside the outer shoal," had been meant literally.

Luke Penn knew slavers. Matching his wits in fifteen years of ceaseless warfare with Isidor Machado and his brother Woolf had taught him. Woolf he had captured at sea with a cargo of Negroes and sent to penal servitude. War to the death was sworn between him and Isidor.

Isidor had seen the whaler on her day's outing, had seen how youthful were her officers, and laid a perfect trap, perfectly executed, into which he, Rodney Tolliver, who was one day to be an admiral, had fallen like any greenhorn, at the cost of the lives of ten good seamen and two brother officers. He himself could not long survive. Disgraced, ruined, he did not want to.

Round and round his brain in inexorable reiteration, hour after hour, these grim truths marched. Yet such is the stamina of healthy youth that in the end he slept.

He awoke to agony in his body and bewilderment in his brain. Where could he be? Then he moved. His hand found the damp and scaly trunk he lay on. He saw above him a wild tangle of growth against a sky roseate with approaching sunrise, and he remembered. His shoulder was excruciatingly painful; but last night he had satisfied himself that no bones were touched, so he forced himself to limber it a bit. He was ravenously hungry. What should he do? There was one chance only—find a log and drift with it out to sea, in the hope of being picked up by the Kittiwake. She could not be far off.

The sun was up now, though not high enough to touch the water. Painfully Rod made his way to the water's edge, where he looked down and in the mirror of the surface saw a pale, bloodstained, green-slimed, wild-eyed thing that was himself.

There was at this point no sign of a log to float on, nor of any fruit or berry he might eat; and he was preparing to begin a search when into the small patch of open sea visible at the end of the channel sailed the Kittiwake.

His heart leaped for joy, suffusing him with a great glow of thankfulness. His eyes filled and his lips shook.

She bore down very close to the shoals, luffed, and let go her anchor. Boats were being lowered.

Intent on watching the salvation that approached him, Rod did not see, creeping out of the swamp along the face of the mangroves toward where the whaler was hidden, the long canoe which the night before so successfully had rammed him. But soon, at the sound of voices close to him, he saw her slowly edging down close to the trees, with three white men and two dozen blacks on board. They stopped opposite the upturned whaler, and two blacks went clambering into the tangle very close to where Rod crouched. He realized they must have hidden the whaler there the previous night, and now had come to slip away with her under the Kittiwake's very nose.

NOW seven boats were overside from the Kittiwake, pulling in orderly fashion up the channel through the shoals. Luke Penn took no chances. Covering boats, and the warship's guns over all, would insure his search party was not trapped.

Rod saw clearly that the whaler and her captors would escape, secure within the tortuous waterways, long before the boats were near.

He was safe now, he knew. Inside an hour he would be facing Captain Luke Penn on his quarterdeck. He would be asked to explain why he had ignored an explicit order, thrown away the lives of comrades, and held up to ridicule Luke Penn and the navy which he served so splendidly. And suddenly Rodney realized that he did not want to live to such humiliation. He loved Luke Penn with passionate hero worship, and now he feared him as the instrument of the great tradition he himself had violated. He would sooner die than so disgraced to stand before Luke Penn.

But that thought, he knew, was cowardice. And he, Rod Tolliver, was no coward. He could face the music, any music, and he would.

While his mind was thus desperately working, his eyes fell on the whaler, now being worried by the Negroes free from the tangled growth, to be towed through labyrinth swamps to Isidor Machado's fort. Even in his distress it struck him as ironical that she so soon would see the place which, with his fierce New England love of freedom, Luke Penn had striven for years to destroy. Queer, that such a thing must be! . . .

Then, in a single flash, he saw what he must do—what glorious opportunity was his to try and rectify his error of the day before. It was swift, dazzling inspiration. Turning his back deliberately on the Kittiwake, on comfort, safety, probably on life itself, for the bare chance of redeeming his own honor, he lowered himself into the water, and hung there waiting, as the whaler was towed clear of the mangroves.

In the Kittiwake, Luke Penn also had seen, and realized that his boats could never be in time to catch the canoe.

White smoke belched from the frigate's side, and a shot screamed up the channel, to hurl a shower of spray midstream. A second gun opened up, seeking the range.

Rod drew a deep breath, dived, and struck out, rising accurately underneath the capsized whaler, where he contrived to drag himself on to the under side of the stern thwart, clear of the water, cowering like a rat in a sewer while the boat was towed swiftly into the secret heart of the great swamp of Calabar.

He had no plans, no definite hopes, knowing only that his heart was light

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"*Let's dispose of this problem*

the quick easy way"

more than a million smart, busy women agree

Time was when a woman was ready to meet the world after three major steps — bathing, "doing her hair," and putting on her clothes.

But no longer. Today the big business of the toilet is composed of a dozen details — special attention to skin, hair, underarms, eyebrows, lips, finger-nails. All infinitely important. And all time-consuming.

No wonder women welcome short cuts to these rites of the toilet! No wonder they welcome Mum as the *quick, easy* way to be free from hateful underarm odor.

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TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MUM SOLVES ANOTHER PROBLEM—Women find endless comfort and relief from an old worry in the deodorant service of Mum on sanitary napkins. It *insures* protection.

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES
Continued from page thirty-one

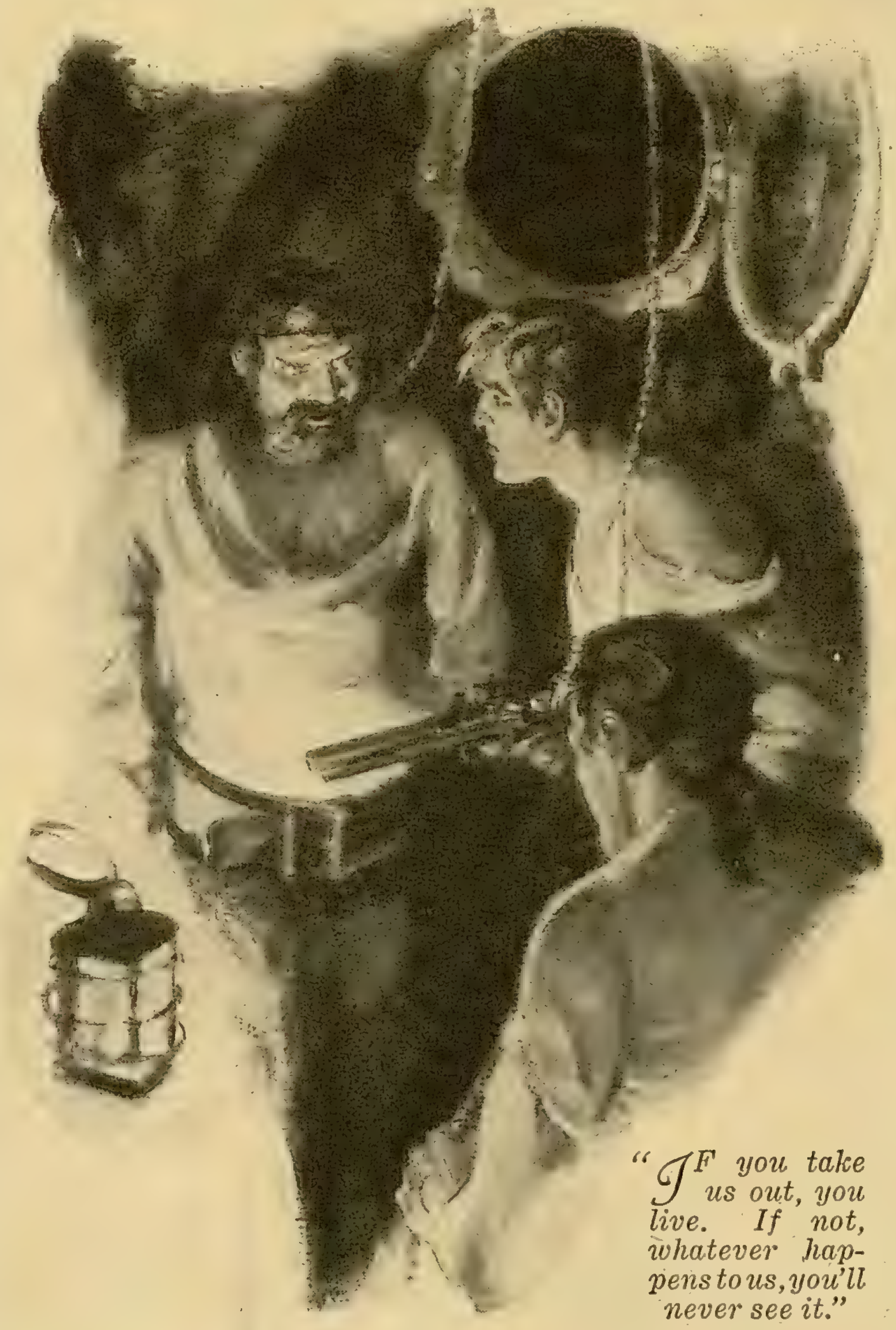
because he was doing what he could to redeem his grievous fault.

It was sweltering, there in the noisome dark. But he could breathe—though he wondered how long the air imprisoned underneath the boat might last. She was a big craft and, bottom up though she was, rode very high. He would stay till he could lie there no longer, then dive out.

It seemed like eternity, that wait. His shoulder throbbed and burned. He writhed ceaselessly in his cramped position. Sometimes he lowered himself into the water and kicked out his limbs to ease them. And all the while the air grew heavier.

How long after he had no idea, the air was at last so foul that he could endure no longer. Gripping one of the tiller ropes so that the boat would not leave him behind, he drew breath, with a desperate prayer for luck, and ducked under the stern. The fresh air when he broke surface was heavenly, and the tiller rope kept him towing close under the stern.

To his great relief, he could not see the canoe past the swell of the whaler's bottom, and realized that, this being so, neither could she see him. Caught behind the whaler was a litter of small boughs and leaves and slime, among which anyway he was well concealed. One of the snags was even large enough to half support him. He lashed the tiller rope to keep it fast, and lay on it like a crocodile, half in, half out of the warm green water.



"IF you take us out, you live. If not, whatever happens to us, you'll never see it."

By the sun it must be four o'clock, though it seemed incredible that he had been under the boat so long. By now he was faint with hunger and the pain of his wound. But he hung on in grim desperation, watching the endless mangroves crawling past, the channel sometimes but a few feet wider than the boat, sometimes opening into great lagoons, reedy and lotus-carpeted, where ducks and waders rose in fluttering myriads. He strove to memorize the channel, but realized the fruitlessness of such a hope. Each narrow waterway, each lagoon, was exactly like the last.

TOWARD sunset they emerged from a narrow channel—a mere tunnel through the steaming jungle—into a broad reach which by its freedom from reeds and lotus he knew must be a flowing river. Against the current the canoe pushed on, while the sun set and the mists of evening rose. The paddlers struck up a queer, melodious rowing chant that rolled eerily over the quiet stream.

When it was dark, after an exhausting struggle, Rod dragged himself up the whaler's stern and stretched his weary length beside the keel. The hard, hot boards were a prince's couch to such aching limbs as his, and brought him something similar to rest. If only he had food! He was famished, with a relentless gnawing ache inside him. He prayed there would be clouds to kill the moon, so that he would not again be forced to tow behind in the water.

The hours dragged by, a black and grisly, utterly fantastic nightmare. Intermittently he sank into a stupor of fatigue.

From one such lapse he was aroused by voices, and jerking to alertness, realized that they were stopped. On the beam, ashore, were scattered lights, and all along the water front were camp fires, redly reflected in the sluggish stream. The boats were close beneath the stern of some large craft, and the canoe's men were talking and laughing with those on board while they made fast the whaler to a mooring. Presently the canoe shoved off. Her voices faded shoreward across dull-gleaming water, leaving the upturned man-o'-war's boat, with her late commander sprawled out by the keel, moored quietly underneath the vessel's stern.

BEHIND the distant tree tops hung an ethereal roseate light Rod realized must be dawn, and fearing daylight should find him there, with a silent prayer for luck he slid into the water and, unutterably weary, struck out, angling the current to make the shore downstream from the last fire on the beach.

Weak, faint, almost defeated, at last he staggered through the shallows and collapsed amid the driftwood at the water's edge. As soon as he could gather strength, he rose and struggled up a steep bank to the shelter of tall canes that grew on top. Their rustling depths were dry and aromatically fragrant, exquisite to relax in after the wet, dank, sour reek of endless marshes. He lay flat on his back, easing his wounded shoulder to a comfortable position, breathed deep, and flexed his limbs luxuriously, giving thanks for such a mercy. Then, abruptly and with abysmal completeness, he slept.

When he awoke it was full day, at least nine o'clock. He felt immensely rested, but ravenous. His stomach seemed to touch his backbone. One of his hands was sticky, and putting it to his lips he found it covered with sweet sap. Then he realized he was lying in a patch of cultivated sugar cane. Eagerly he pulled down a tall reed and broke it. The sweet, cool juice was veritably nectar to him—food, drink, and hope.

Presently he wormed his way to the edge of the canebrake and cautiously peered forth. He lay on the brink above a great depression shaped like half a saucer, bounded on the curve by jungle, the flat side the stream. The slope was cultivated with corn, cane, mealies, bananas, breadfruit. Canoes nuzzled the beach, with naked children playing among them and women washing in the shallows.

At the far end of the clearing were long rows of uniform low sheds, which he knew were barracoons in which the helpless slaves awaited shipment overseas to Cuba or Louisiana. Two schooners and some smaller craft were moored in the stream. And in the middle of the clearing, forbidding and square and somber, was a great stockade inclosing a small group of massive buildings. Rod's heart beat fast to realize that this must be the place he had risked his life to find, the secret hold of Isidor Machado, whom Luke Penn had striven fifteen years to bring to justice—and so far had failed.

Rod saw another thing that thrilled him, a little to his left and meeting the sugarbrake. Banana trees, heavy laden. In two minutes he was squatted in the deep shade of the great broad leaves, eating delicious fruit. When he had eaten his fill, he made his way under cover to where the jungle swept down to the water's edge, crept to the stream, and drank. Then he stole back to the canebrake, wormed his way deep into the brown fallen leaves, and rested.

Well, he had discovered Isidor Machado's fort—and he knew neither the way in nor the way out. He was alone, unarmed, and neither friend nor foe dreamed of his presence there; so what good it could do anyone he could not see. But food, drink, and rest had revived him immeasurably. His shoulder was easier.

HE would rest here all day, and at night try to steal weapons and a small canoe, load her with fruit, and make his way to sea, marking the channel as best he could for a return in triumph with the Kittiwake's boats.

He grinned, in spite of fear, at the ease with which he planned it. But his heart contracted as a small voice whispered that there was not one chance in a million of his ever getting out alive.

Eager to see more of this notorious place, by and by he crept to the edge of the cane and peered out once again.

The hollow was full of life. By the barracoons, a gang of naked Negroes was being marched for exercise in a dolorous circle, headed by other blacks, heavily armed, and watched by a white man. A party of women was engaged in thatching the main building within the stockade, chattering in their falsetto as they filed up and down the ladders to the great heap of reeds piled ready. Cattle wallowed in the stream. One of the schooners was being loaded by boats plying to and fro. For a long while Rod lay watching, wondering, seeking for enlightenment as to what he best might do. About noon he went back to cover, ate fruit, drank, and slept for a while. Then he returned to his lookout.

Now Negroes were being loaded on the schooner, a mob of them herded at the water's edge, waiting their turn in the boats. He had been watching half an hour or so, wondering how many more might possibly be packed into the limited space of a schooner's 'tween-decks, when his eyes fell on a sight that sent them starting. His jaw dropped and his heart went sick with misery.

Down from the barracoons were being marched six men, chained two and two, in the soiled but unmistakable white uniform of the United States navy. A midshipman—yes, by jiminy!—young Billy Mellon—and the five surviving seamen of his ill-fated Sunday picnic.

THIS was the crowning bitterness. These good fellows, friends of his all, two and two in irons, herded with Negroes on a ghastly journey that would end in death at coolies' labor in some Amazonian coffee field—and all because he was a conceited, cocksure fool!

With sinking heart he watched them put into a boat and rowed off to the long, black, handsome schooner, now heavy-laden, ready for sea, he knew.

His brain seethed. He must do something. Anything.

He cowered among the cane till the sun began to sink. The women thatchers filed out of the fort, leaving their stack of reeds. Down on the beach, smoke rose and fires began to twinkle. A drum began to beat.

When the sun was down and the glamorous light of afterglow, which casts no shadow, filled the hollow, Rod had a thought—a crazy impulse. He went back to the brake, ate and drank again—though the fruit was as dust in his mouth—and lay down to wait

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES
Continued from page thirty-three

for complete darkness. His effort must be made between dark and moonrise; for the night was clear, stars already glistening in the translucent vastness of the tropic heaven.

When next he gazed down on the hollow, full night had settled. Lights glittered in the fort, and on the beach the camp fires blazed. A steady boom of drums kept up, and wailing songs. Rod tightened his belt and started down the slope toward the fire nearest the stockade. Now his intense excitement changed to an extraordinary sense of unreality. It was as though he dreamed; and in his breast glowed the first warmth he had known since that ghastly Sunday evening. He was on his way to do what he could to make amends.

He threaded his way among the sleeping goats and cattle, walking deliberately, having decided such to be the best tactics till alarm was raised. As he approached the fire, he saw there were a half dozen Negroes squatted round—white men's Negroes, by the travesties of civilized garments which they wore. When he walked boldly into the circle of their firelight, their heads jerked round surprisedly. Two men sprang up; one spoke to him. He reached the fire, bent and picked up two brightly blazing sticks, turned, and headed for the open gate of the stockade.

There was a gabble of voices at the fire. A man called, first curiously, then with a mounting note of threat. Rod took to his heels and ran, and a wild shout went up behind him.

In one of the deeper channels was a small sloop.

He passed the gate, saw two men sitting by a table on the long, low veranda of the largest house spring to their feet, then yell at him truculently. He circled the end of the house, waving the brands to make them flame, and pitched the brighter into the heap of dry reeds left by the thatching women. At once a big blaze sprang and, to a chorus of excited shouting, roared up the heap and into the thick thatched roof.

THAT had been the sum total of his plan. But now, exultant with success, he went berserk. With the remaining brand he dashed to the next building and ran it along the eaves, which at once went up in flame. On to the roof of the third building he hurled the torch, then doubled and ran desperately for the stockade's darkest corner, to crouch there, poised, to see if he were followed. The compound was filled with yelling blacks and two raving, cursing white men, impotent before the blazing houses. Rod found foothold enough to scale the tall barricade, wriggled over the top, and dropped outside. He ran round in the shadow of the fence, darted across the firelit open to the cover of the jungle, whence he stole softly to the water's edge to watch for the thing for which he prayed.

At once it happened. As he cowered in the shadow of a beached canoe, a boat from the schooner grounded, and two white men sprinted for the blazing fort, followed by the blacks who had rowed them.

Rod slipped into the water like a seal, and swam to the black bulk of the schooner which imprisoned his comrades. He hung on by the mooring chain and peered upward. From the 'tween-decks came a steady gabble of the slaves' excited chatter at the great blaze in the sky. The reek from their ports was the ultimate in fetor, nauseating, horrible. Encouraged by his great success, Rod at once essayed to swarm up the chain. Weakened as he was, despite the food and rest, the effort was in the extreme exhausting. But with clenched teeth, foot by foot, he swarmed up the chain to the hawse pipe, and with the last heave of which he was capable rolled over the bulwark and collapsed on the deck.

THE soaring flames ashore lit up the schooner's decks with lurid light, casting dense shadows. There was no sign of any watch. Where would his comrades be? With the blacks in the slave decks? Rod thought not. Beneath his very feet he heard a bass voice say: "The whole damn' shootin' match is goin' up in smoke! Now what in hell did that?"

His heart leaped—big Red Duggan's voice was unmistakable.

Rod ducked down the ladder into the triangular hold that was the fo'c's'le, clattered, noisome, with its bunk-lined sides and dimly burning lantern. The place was empty. He called eagerly, "Duggan! Oh, Red Duggan!"

"Mother av God, who's that?"

The voice came from the ladder foot to his left, and now he saw in the bulkhead a small door which proved to be unlocked. He flung it open. In a narrow hold the full beam of the ship, between the bulkheads, were his six comrades, two of them kneeling at the single porthole, gazing out.

"It's me—Tolliver!"

"*Rod!*" Young Billy Mellon's voice was squeaky with hysterical excitement. As he moved chains rattled, and Rod saw his comrades all were shackled to a chain that ran the full length of the bulkhead.

"Quick!" he snapped. "Where'll I look for tools to cut you free?"

"Thry the galley first, Mr. Tolliver, sorr!" Duggan said.

Rod dashed off up the ladder to the galley. He found nothing. Gazing about him desperately in the leaping firelight, at the mainmast foot he spotted a great chest—flung it open. It was full of fetters, with, on top, a big hammer and a cold-set chisel for removing shackles.

He arrived panting in the fo'c's'le. "Here! These should do."

"Just l'ave me have that hammer, will ye, sorr?" Duggan said joyfully. The huge Irishman grabbed the sledge. "Now will ye hould the set betwane the flats of Misther Mellon's shackle?"

Rod did as he was bid, and Duggan, writhing round in the confined space to make his blow, with a grunt of supreme effort brought down the sledge.

There was a clash and a shower of sparks as the rivet drew and the shackle opened, while the set sank deep into the deck. “Nixt man!” boomed Duggan grimly.

They were at work on the fourth sailor when the lazaret was lit up by a flash of dazzling light. The world stood still an instant with the shock of a stupendous explosion.

The ship leaped beneath them, hurling them down pell-mell. Then, as screams of terror rose from the slave decks, the sailors scrambled to their feet.

“Machado's magazine,” said Mellon.

When the last man was free he said, “The magazine first. We must have pistols.”

In ten minutes they were armed, clustered intently in the main cabin while Rod gave his instructions. Then they dispersed.

A hand turned very low the lantern in the cabin.

An hour ticked by before the next move came. By then Machado's fort was but a gaping crater and three heaps of embers inside the great stockade; by the gate an awe-struck crowd of Negroes, watching.

Four white-clad Portuguese strode down the beach and were rowed to the schooner. As they neared, one of them snapped savagely, “*Hubb tende!*” And over the chattering Negroes fell the swift hush of terror. Machado and his officers boarded in silence, and their steps sounded hollowly on the hushed ship.

They made their way aft and down the ladder.

IN the main cabin, one reached and turned up the lantern. In each corner stood a navy man covering them with pistols.

One of the slavers wheeled for the door, to recoil before Rod Tolliver, with a great light burning in his deep blue eyes and pistols in his hands.

“All right, Duggan!” he called over his shoulder.

Duggan ducked past him with the hammer on his shoulder and four sets of leg irons dangling in his fist. A sailor followed with the ominous small anvil. The fetters were clenched on. Clank! Clank!

Then Rod said to Mellon, “Which is the skipper, Mellon?”

Mellon indicated the tall, pale, viperine man, with cold black eyes. “That's his nibs himself—Machado. And that's the skipper.”

Rod said to the half-caste, “You're Latta, then. There's a price on your head, along with his.” He nodded to Isidor. “Take this ship out and I promise you won't hang. If not, you do—here and now!”

Machado spoke through his teeth in Portuguese. The half-caste's eyes rolled from him to Rod.

Rod motioned Duggan with his eyes.

The Irishman took down the lantern, rove a rope through the ring, hustled the skipper underneath, and looked hopefully at Rod.

Rod said: “Well. If you take us out, you live. If not, whatever happens to us, you'll never see it.”

Isidor spoke again, and the skipper cringed. Rod nodded to Duggan. The rope tightened. The skipper said: “I take you out! You write heem down, w'at you say, pleese, sair.” . . .

The U. S. Frigate Kittiwake cleared Jojo Point on a long tack on a blazing day, to meet a long, black schooner, under all her sail, heading down coast. The frigate rang with sharp-set orders as her bow came round, and on his poop Luke Penn prepared to see the schooner tack and run.

Instead, she altered course to meet him.

But he sent his gun crews to their stations just the same. They waited, ready at his word to shatter her with shot.

She flew the Stars and Stripes, which as he watched dipped in salute.

The slaver luffed and a boat sank to the water.

To him as he waited on the poop came a ragged, wild-eyed boy, who stammered incoherently.

“Better come down, Tolliver,” Luke Penn said.

Rod followed to the cabin, stood very straight and silent as Luke Penn sat down and faced him over the desk.

Then his knees buckled. He half fell, half slid to the deck, put down his head on a chair, and cried.

THE END

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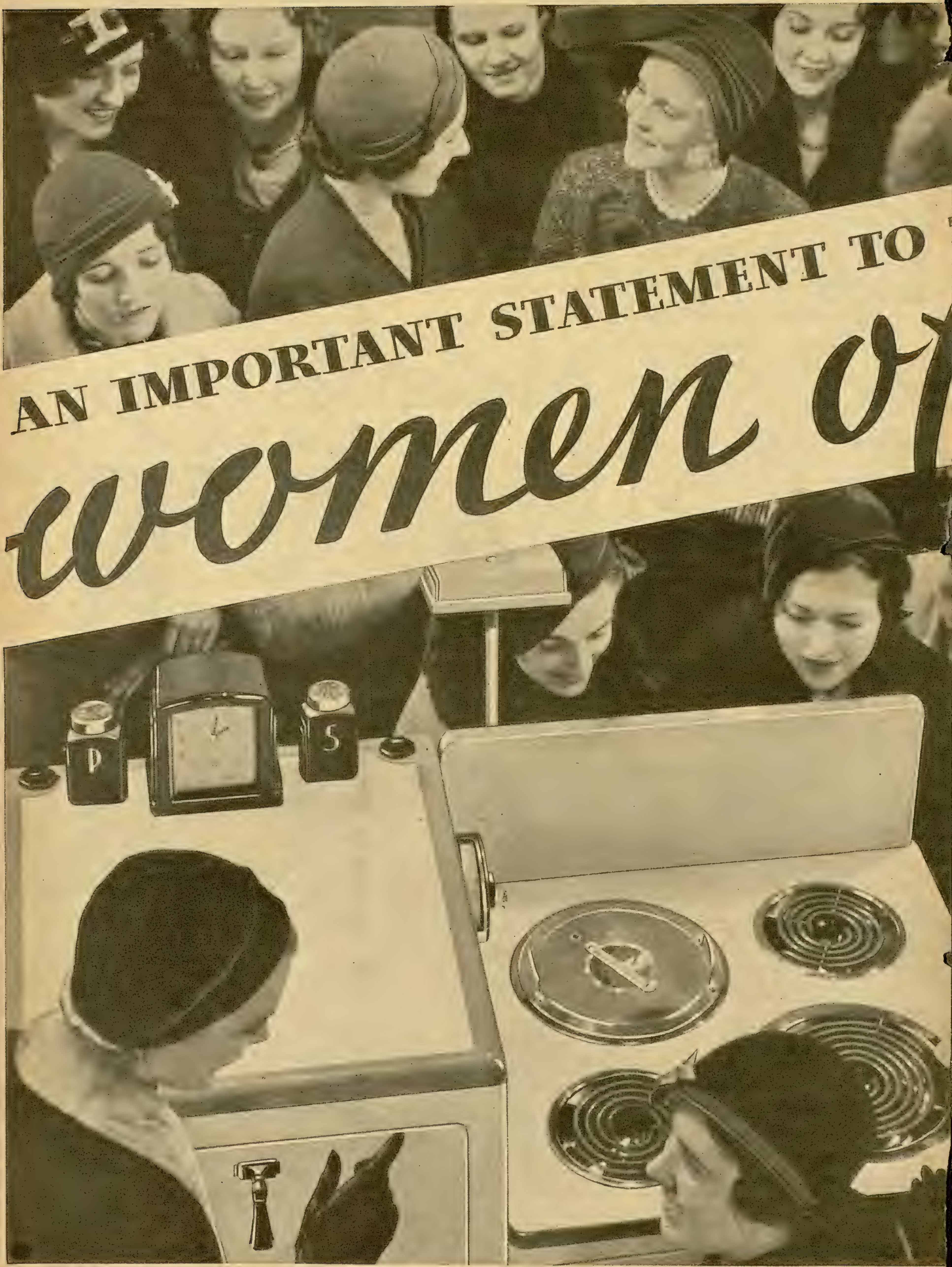
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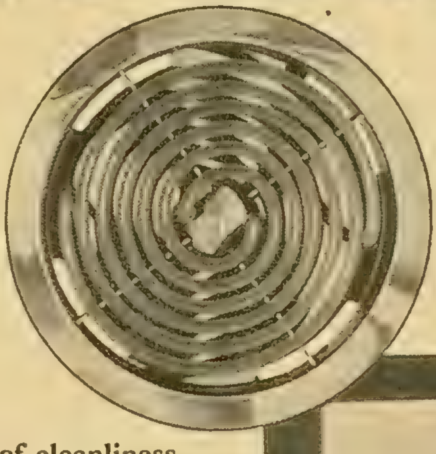

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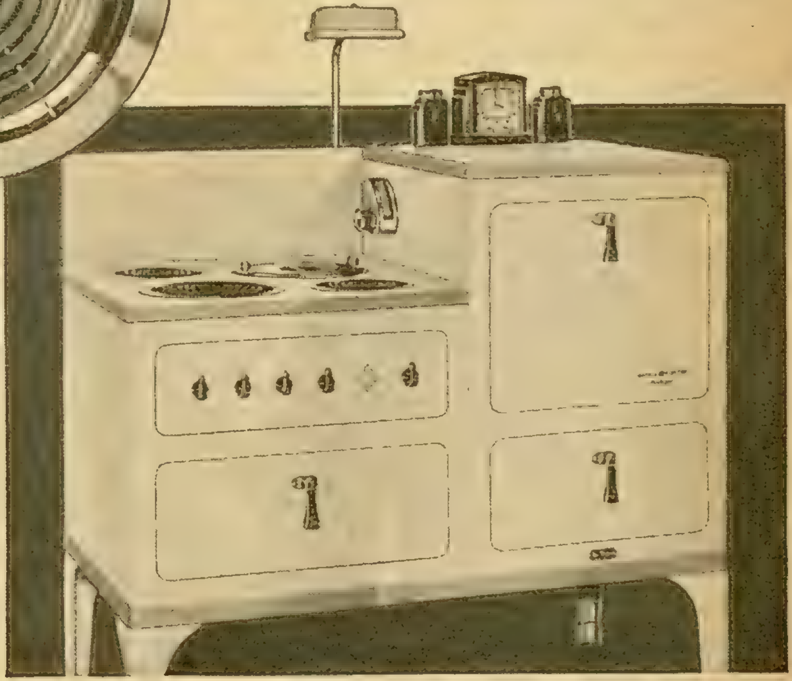

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President Wilson's Break with Colonel House

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 33 minutes 5 seconds.)

IN last week's Liberty Mr. Viereck began his inside story of the friendship of Woodrow Wilson and Colonel Edward M. House, who for more than six years shared with Wilson "all but the title of the Chief Magistracy of the Republic." From their first meeting in 1912, Mr. Viereck traced this increasingly ardent friendship to its emotional high point, reached in 1915 after the death of the first Mrs. Wilson. He pointed out the remarkable interdependence of the two, showed how each man was the complement of the other. Misunderstandings that were to sunder them began when the President, against the judgment of Colonel House but with the decided approval of the second Mrs. Wilson, determined to go to Europe after the Armistice and make the peace in person. During the long winter in Paris, persons in the entourage of the overworked and harassed President became jealous of his fellow negotiator the Colonel, and injurious tittle-tattle presumably reached the President's ear.

PART FOUR—WILSON DROPS THE PILOT

SOME of Mr. Wilson's friends began to discover that there was "nothing hard, clear, and definite" in the Colonel's intellectual processes. The seed of distrust was sedulously sown. There was some buzz about friends and relatives of House who played a part in the Peace Commission. Hostile newspaper men called it "the Austin Delegation." House went his way without being disconcerted. He wrestled with the Allied premiers. He knew that Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando could not sanction some of the compromises which their reason dictated, because they were caught in the trap of their own propaganda.

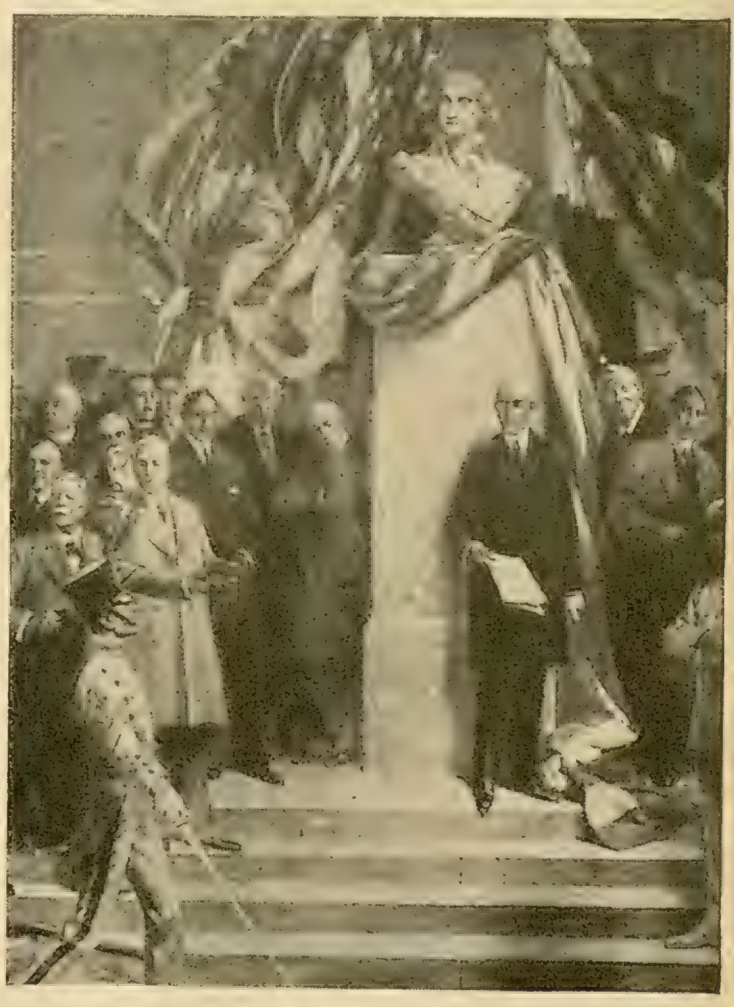
Being accustomed to dealing with realities and having no Messianic complex, he compromised to achieve his end. It would have been wiser, perhaps, if both Wilson and House had packed their trunks and gone home!

But the men about Wilson, who flattered him day and night, did not admit the possibility of failure. To them it seemed, rightly or wrongly, that House was a liability in Paris.

Wilson himself was irritated by his failure to placate the Senate. Almost the first thing he said to House was: "*Your* dinner to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was a failure as far as getting together was concerned." Wilson referred to the get-together dinner with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee which House had suggested. Wilson's temperament unfitted him for such a task. The dinner had widened the breach between him and the Senate. Wilson was particularly angry with Senators Knox and Lodge. His hatred of Lodge was implacable. House could have found a formula to unite them. Without House it was war and—defeat.

Eventually, worn out and racked by influenza, he once more asked Colonel House to take his place in the Council of Four. He no longer saw eye to eye with the duumvir, yet there was no one else who had his trust. But the respite was only temporary. Battered almost beyond endurance, Wilson finally consented to name no definite sum for reparations in the Peace Treaty. Most of the economic troubles from which the world is suffering today result from this indefinite clause.

Sick at heart, Wilson threatened to end the meetings of the Big Four and to insist upon plenary sessions where all the delegates of the smaller Powers would be present. Discouraged, he sent a message through Admiral Benson to the Navy Department: "How soon can the George Washington be sent to France?" This cable became known almost immediately. It was undoubtedly translated by the Intelligence Departments of the Allies even before it reached Washington. But the bluff did not work. Lloyd George continued to support the French demand for the Saar, and it was Wilson who made concessions.



WHO painted out Colonel House's figure? As this picture shows, it originally appeared in the war panorama exhibited as the Panthéon de la Guerre, in Paris. Colonel House is seen leaning against the pedestal in its shadow.

Acme photo

Guided only by the star of the Covenant, Wilson steered now to the left, now to the right, now forward, now backward. Dropping the pilot, House, he sailed alone in the treacherous waters of Paris.

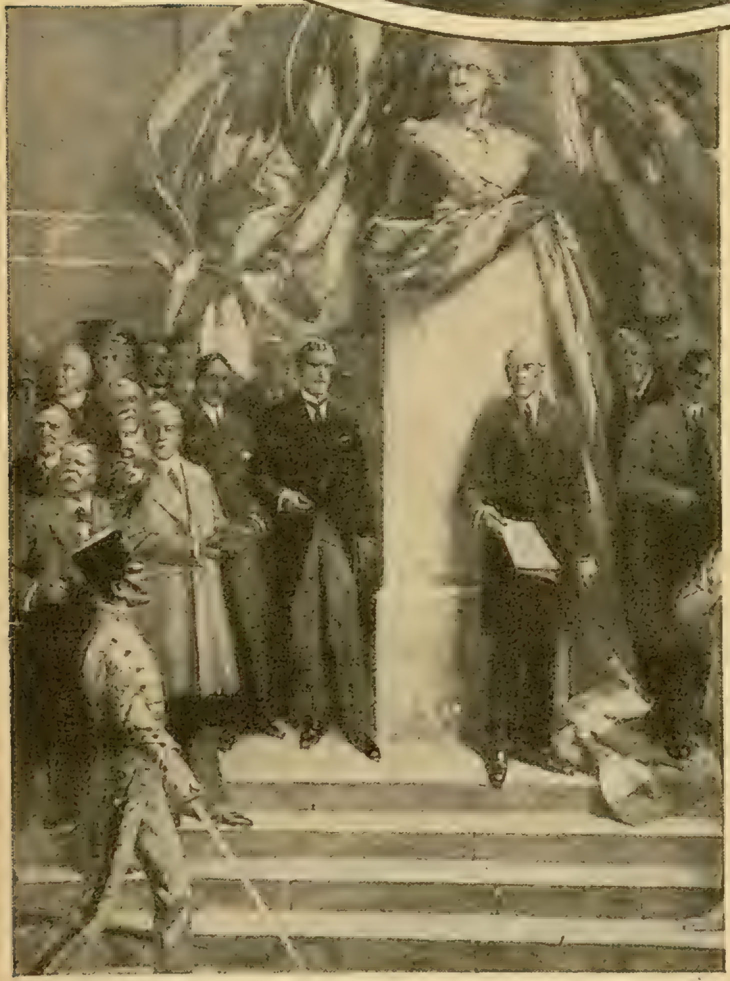
Tearing Aside the Veil of Mystery that Has Shrouded the Termination of History's Strangest Friendship—A Disclosure Based Upon the Correspondence of the President, Facts Obtained from His Associates, and Conversations with Colonel House

Acme photo

Colonel and Mrs. House—a recent photograph.

International photo

Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Wilson leaving the hall at Versailles after signing the Peace Treaty.



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Now compare the picture at left with the one opposite. Notice that Ambassador Myron T. Herrick's figure replaces Colonel House's. The change was made mysteriously before the panorama was shown in the United States.

He threw overboard almost every one of the Fourteen Points to save his League of Nations. The Germans learned that they had built their hopes on fourteen scraps of paper. The Peace Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain Balkanized Europe and upset the financial structure on which the globe revolved.

House alone, or united with Wilson, could have exacted more rational terms. Both made blunders. But they blundered most when they failed to harmonize. House saw the folly of yielding on reparations and of bartering promises to secure adhesion to the League. Wilson thought in ideas, not in figures. House thought in both, balancing the one with the other. His plan for reparations was essentially sane.

At the end of the long struggle in Paris, before Wilson left he had two more interviews with House. On June 11 the Colonel writes:

"My interview with the President was in the nature of a farewell. . . . We discussed the Adriatic question, Germany's entrance into the League of Nations, reparations, and a number of other matters."

Evidently the discussion was purely along formal lines. There is no touch of emotion, not a flicker of the old flame. On June 29 House records his last talk with Woodrow Wilson. House urged Wilson to meet the Senate in a conciliatory spirit.

"Treat them with the same consideration which you have used with your foreign colleagues in Paris, and all will be well."

Wilson stiffened.

"House," he said combatively, "I have found that one can never get anything in this life that is worth while without fighting for it."

"Anglo-Saxon civilization," the duumvir retorted, "is built up on compromise."

These two sentences illustrate clearly the different mental attitude of the two friends. House never saw Wilson again in life. He was not even permitted to see him in death.

II

THE friendship has lapsed. Cock Robin is dead. Who killed Cock Robin?

The estrangement of the duumvirs was the gossip of Paris. There had been political rumors of a rift in the relations between the two men ever since the beginning of their fateful friendship. Wilson and House laughed at these stories.

But they laughed once too often.

Many theories about the break between Wilson and House have been advanced.

"There is," Professor Seymour concludes, "no scrap of evidence in all of House's papers indicating any specific reason for a rift in their relations during the course of the Peace Conference."

Ray Stannard Baker, Wilson's official biographer, admits his inability to find in Wilson's papers, letters, or conversations a single hint of a change of heart toward House.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PRESIDENT WILSON'S BREAK WITH COLONEL HOUSE
Continued from page thirty-nine

At the end of August, 1919, a story that Wilson and House had broken burst into print. House wrote to the President: "Our annual falling out seems to have occurred." The President replied three days later: "Am deeply distressed by malicious story. . . . The best way to treat it is with silent contempt."

About the same time Sir William Wiseman had an informal conversation with Mr. Wilson. "The President," he reports, "was obviously a sick man. . . .

"In my notes of the conversation," Wiseman goes on to say, "I find this remark of Wilson's: 'I ask nothing better than to lay my case before the American people.' We naturally talked a lot about Colonel House, and the President spoke of him most affectionately, and I find this recorded: 'Colonel House,' I remarked, 'is trusted by all the statesmen in Europe.' 'And rightly,' said the President, 'for he is trustworthy.'"

Seymour points out, in The Intimate Papers of Colonel House, that four days after sending his last cable to House, President Wilson left on the Western tour which ended in his collapse. During October both duumvirs were ill. "But," Seymour goes on to say, "the question arises, why, after House regained his health, was he not called down to the sick man in Washington? House's papers show that he expected such a call. But there is nothing to show why the call never came. . . . What is certain is that there was never anything approaching a quarrel between the two. . . . The friendship lapsed. It was not broken."

Acme photo

Wilson, after his breakdown, driving with Mrs. Wilson and Admiral Grayson—the two who "built a wall around him which House was unable to penetrate."

Seymour makes no attempt to explain the mystery of the "lapse." House himself claims to be unable to pierce the veil.

An article by Louis Seibold in the New York World of December 8, 1919, Diplomats and Politicians Believe Colonel House Has Lost Favor with President Wilson—Why? was the first sensational disclosure of the break from a source close to the White House.

In a conversation with Colonel House I summarized my impressions of a talk with Seibold:

I: Seibold insists that you led Wilson to believe that the Peace Conference was held in Paris by the unanimous choice of the Allies. Afterwards he discovered that this was not the case. The President concluded that you had permitted yourself to be unduly influenced by the French.

House: That is nonsense. Wilson and I agreed that Switzerland was the best place for the conference. But after reaching Paris I found that all Switzerland was threatened with Bolshevism, and it was decided that it was inadvisable to hold the conference there. There was no disagreement between Wilson and me in the matter. It was merely a question of Brussels or Paris, with everything favoring Paris.

I: Seibold claims that you eliminated the Freedom of the Seas from the Armistice Agreement, that, under the gentle guidance of Sir William Wiseman and Lord Cecil, you agreed to leave the issue to the League of Nations instead of discussing it at the Peace Conference.

House: The Freedom of the Seas was my particular child. I brought up the subject during my visits to Germany and England, without any suggestion from Wilson or anyone else. Wilson approved it and when I returned to America he made it one of his Fourteen Points. I fought for it at the Armistice Conference and tried to get the consent of Lloyd George to discuss it at the Peace Conference. However, at Paris Wilson did not insist upon a clear understanding, arguing, if I remember rightly, that the League of Nations would make it unimportant since there would be no neutrals.

I: It is claimed that you surrendered on Fiume and told Orlando that Wilson did not know his own mind and that you could make him agree to anything you considered right.

House: I did not surrender Fiume and I did not criticize Wilson to Orlando, nor did I say that I could make him agree to anything I considered right.

I: It is further stated against you that you came to this country instead of sticking to your job which Wilson had assigned to you in Europe. Your coming back was kept from him because it would have irritated him unduly.

House: I did come back to the United States without Wilson's approval. He was in no condition to pass on the question. I was sick myself. My work in Europe was finished.

I: Seibold says that the substance of the charges of the Wilsonians against you appeared in his article. He says that on December 8 you passed through Washington and remained there for several hours. If you had stopped at the White House, even if you had not seen Wilson at all, he would not have dared to publish his startling revelations.

House: Seibold is correct when he says that his article in the New York World was the first sensational discussion of our "separation." He is wrong about my having passed through Washington and remained four hours without calling at the White House. The only time I was in Washington after my return from Europe and before Wilson died was when he was living on S Street. I called, but he was out driving. My friend James J. Lyon was with me, and I was stopping with Justice James McReynolds.

I: I am told that Wilson, enraged by your actions, instructed Tumulty to refer all your letters thereafter to the State Department, not to him personally.

House: I do not believe that this story is true. Why not ask Tumulty?

I did so. "Frankly," Mr. Tumulty writes, "I do not recall ever having received the instruction you mention. . . . Personally, I do not know anything about the so-called 'break' between the Colonel and the President. . . . I can say to you, however, that by no act of Woodrow Wilson, during my association with him, did he ever show a lack of faith or confidence in Colonel House."

One important dignitary, even closer to Woodrow Wilson than Tumulty, told me that the President resented a book entitled The Real Colonel House, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. "House," he told me, "was staying in the White House at the time when the articles were syndicated. After Wilson read these effusions he absolutely refused to see House. Thereupon," my informant added with a significant smile, "Colonel House fell sick.

Someone said to Wilson: 'You cannot have the man die on your hands in the White House.' Then Wilson relented and peace was patched up."

This story is good. But it is not true. A letter from Wilson to House, written May 6, 1918, clearly reveals Wilson's attitude. Wilson knew that House was annoyed by the articles. This did not surprise Wilson. He consoled House with the thought that they were written in an "excellent spirit." And I discovered in the House archives a letter from Mrs. Wilson commiserating with Colonel House on account of the undesired publicity he received. The tone of her letter is exceedingly friendly.

Who killed Cock Robin?

Not Arthur Howden Smith.

Who did?

III

COLONEL HOUSE refused to identify the culprit.

"I cannot," he insists, "solve the riddle."

Every writer who has studied the relationship between House and Wilson attributes the dissolution of the ties between them to a different cause. According to Ray Stannard Baker, the break began because House consented to separate the Covenant and the Treaty. There is no truth, Colonel House avers, in the assertion that he ever consented to such a separation. It is possible, however, that Wilson may have thought so. If so, he was mistaken.

Baker attempts to build up his own hero by belittling House. His method of attack is very subtle. He attacks not the Colonel's character but his judgment. If he impeaches the Colonel's judgment he impeaches Wilson's as well, since Wilson's own letters to House conclusively prove that for seven years he was guided almost invariably by the Colonel's advice in all matters pertaining to foreign as well as to domestic affairs.

It is sometimes asserted that House made concessions in connection with Danzig, the Polish Corridor, and the Saar Valley, contrary to Wilson's wishes. House maintains that he made no concessions that were not in accordance with Wilson's ideas. Wilson himself never revealed any indication of disapproval.

Some writers insist that Wilson and House split over Shantung. As a matter of fact, House was the only one of the American peace commissioners who agreed with the President. It is evidence of Wilson's continued confidence in House that he asked him to stay in Europe to assure an equitable distribution of colonial mandates.

When word of Wilson's illness reached House he came home at once. "My place," as he has remarked to me, "at such a critical moment, when death seemed imminent, was at Wilson's side."

After his return House wrote to Lodge that he was willing to appear before the Senate Committee to defend the Treaty. House had commu-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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This New ALKALINE Way

To Relieve Sour Stomach, Headaches and Colds

IT is the mother's duty to keep constantly on guard against the forces that endanger the health of any member of the family. When serious illness occurs, she calls in the family physician for expert assistance. But for the common complaints such as Colds, Sore Throat, Headaches, Digestive Troubles and muscular aches and pains—the wise mother now depends on ALKA-SELTZER Tablets for prompt and pleasant relief.

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[52]

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S BREAK WITH COLONEL HOUSE

Continued from page forty-one

nicated with Lodge before, on various occasions, at Wilson's own request. It was one of his primary functions to keep in touch even with Wilson's enemies. However, this letter of his was used against House to create the impression that he was conspiring with the enemy. It was this incident which prompted the statement that House broke Wilson's heart by his disloyalty.

"I was loyal to Wilson," House says, "and I was loyal to our common ideal."

Unlike Wilson, House did not think the Peace Treaty perfect. It contained, in his opinion, much that was of inestimable value, but it was not sacrosanct, by any means.

Wide World photo

Colonel House, weakened by influenza, is helped down the gangplank of a transport that has brought him home from France.

The report of any friendliness between House and Lodge must have enraged Wilson on his sick bed. The enmity between Wilson and Lodge was implacable. House himself frequently comments upon the intensity of Wilson's feelings and his inability to forgive easily.

When Wilson drifted away from House the duumvir was hurt deeply. But he was not surprised. Wilson needed House more than House needed Wilson. Their friendship was, after all, of only seven years' standing. It was not rooted in their youth. House would have been far more deeply hurt if some old friend like Governor Hogg, Attorney-General Gregory, or Senator Culberson had treated him as Wilson did. Moreover, as the Colonel repeats again and again, there was only a drifting apart, no break. Colonel House does not believe this drifting apart would have happened if Wilson had remained himself. Wilson's illness wrought many changes in him. House deeply regrets that his collaboration ceased at the moment when he could have been most useful to him.

The query suggests itself: Why did the Colonel fail to talk to Wilson in Paris? But the pressure of affairs was too great. Wilson was tired and worried. History was being made. House did not wish to interfere selfishly with his private affairs. But he made up his mind to have it out with Wilson in Washington. In the light of subsequent events it would have been better if House had insisted upon a show-down in Paris. If he and Wilson had worked together as previously, House would have succeeded in persuading him to accept the Treaty reservations of the United States Senate, and Uncle Sam would be, for better or for worse, a member of the League of Nations.

UNFORTUNATELY, House could not foresee the future. He was so busy that he was hardly conscious of the apparent change in Wilson's attitude. He still thinks that in his heart Wilson never changed.

Irrespective of Wilson's strange silence, one of Wilson's selves never ceased to think of House with affection. There was a Wilson House loved and understood. There was another Wilson whom he did not understand and love so well, whose existence he denies even now. That other Wilson rarely came to the surface in the seven years of their intimacy.

Certain psychic conflicts within Wilson's own soul made it difficult to predict his actions. In his heart of hearts House must have always felt that it was necessary to be on guard against sudden reversions. Such uncertainty must have prepared him for the dénouement—although he himself denies this supposition.

"I have not the slightest doubt," he once said to me, "that Wilson and I would have come to a complete understanding if we had been vouchsafed the opportunity of talking to each other after he left Paris."

Five minutes of conversation would have restored the equilibrium; but when House came back to the United States Wilson was convalescing. There was nothing House wanted, nothing that Wilson could give him, except his friendship. While he was wrestling for life, Wilson did not know that House was back in America. House fears that Wilson died without ever knowing that he had come home to see him. Wilson certainly never knew how eager House was to be with him during the distressing days that followed the stroke. Maybe Wilson's heart hardened against House because he did not hear from him. He may not have even seen the letters House wrote to him. Perhaps he wondered why the Colonel did not come to the White House. Perhaps he thought his duumvir had deserted him because he was at the end of his tenure and of his political strength. It may be that Wilson died in this belief.

WHY didn't the Colonel take the bull by the horns and call at the White House? That would have been at variance with his temperament. The supposed break had been exploited sensationally in the press. Under the circumstances the duumvir could not go to the White House without an invitation. If he had gone and had been refused permission to see the patient, the situation would have been most distressing.

He tried to bridge the gulf by writing Wilson about the Treaty. To make sure that the letter was not intercepted, House sent it through Attorney-General Gregory, who personally placed it in Mrs. Wilson's hands. He said in this letter that the President's reputation was in the balance. He suggested to Wilson to tell the Senate that he did not feel at liberty to change the terms of the Treaty which he had made with the Allies, but that the Senate had the Constitutional right to make such amendments as it deemed proper, and that he would be prepared to accept any changes made by the Senate, provided these changes were agreeable to the Allies.

This stratagem would have placed the burden of a failure of the Peace Treaty upon the Allies and upon the Senate. Wilson was unpopular at that time. The Allies were popular. The step House suggested would have assured the adherence of the United States to the Peace Treaty. House feels that the economic debacle that followed the war would have been avoided or mitigated if the United States had been a member of the Reparations Commission.

Wilson did not reply to this letter, nor to another in a similar vein. It seems strange that House did not attempt to straighten out the tangle after Wilson retired from the Presidency. But he made at least one attempt to reëstablish the old contact. Upon his first visit to Washington after Wilson's illness, House, as we have seen, went around to S Street and left his card. Wilson was "not in." The occasion of the Colonel's visit to Washington was a luncheon with President Harding, Vice-President Coolidge, and members of the Cabinet on Cyrus Curtis' yacht.

The call on Wilson was a gracious gesture. House did not seriously think that the friendship could be resurrected. After Wilson's long illness it was too late for explanations. There was too much to be said. Too many things stirred in the depths. A meeting then might have been a fatal shock to the invalid.

House is consoled by the knowledge that never, by spoken or written word, did Wilson criticize him. Once Wilson rebuked a member of the Cabinet for a slighting remark about the Colonel. There are those who saw Wilson shortly before his death who tell that he spoke kindly of the man who shared the powers of the Presidency with him for almost seven years.

Friendship, like love, blossoms, bears fruit, and dies. The causes of its decay are always many. Some are external and some are internal. Some are impersonal and some are human. If anyone pushed aside the veil of the mystery of the House-Wilson break he would find behind it, enthroned in purple, the figure of Mrs. Wilson. Like many women, she resented every friendship in her husband's life which preceded her own entrance.

House chivalrously refrains from even hinting at such a possibility. He resolutely refuses to discuss the widow of Woodrow Wilson. There are some rumors that Mrs. Wilson resented the fact that Mrs. House, traveling in Europe, was royally received while Mrs. Wilson remained at home. But House pooh-poohs this suggestion. The Colonel's relations with Wilson's daughters are friendly. His relations with Mrs. Wilson are mutually polite.

BUT I have vainly scanned the newspaper files for any account of a ceremony in honor of Wilson in which both Mrs. Wilson and Colonel House participated. Colonel House is the godfather of the new Poland. His statue, like Wilson's, will grace the city of Warsaw. When Poland desired to honor Wilson, Mrs. Wilson sailed over the seas. But Colonel House was not of the party.

Colonel House has never pointed out that Mrs. Wilson could have brought about a meeting between him and Wilson had she so desired. But the documents in the House archives and the facts speak for themselves. Mrs. Wilson's attitude in Paris elicited comments from many observers. The only one who did not comment upon it was Colonel House himself. Mrs. Wilson kept the news of the Colonel's return from her sick husband. It was she who answered the letters of Colonel House. Having shared her husband with the Colonel and with the world, feminine instincts, natural enough in themselves, prompted her to isolate the President, to keep him exclusively to herself.

She was ably assisted by Dr. Grayson's desire to shield his patient. Grayson was the Colonel's friend as well as Wilson's. He could have said the redeeming word, but he never did. They were the only people who had access to Woodrow Wilson in the interregnum when a woman was President. There was one other, who later became one of Wilson's spokesmen, but he never lifted a finger to bring House and Wilson together. He knew the great work that House had done. In looking over some photographs in the House collection I saw one with a fervid inscription from the person in question. But he evidently preferred to sun himself in the favor of the dying man without inconvenient rivals.

MRS. WILSON with Grayson's aid built a wall around the President. She is the human reason for the break between Wilson and the duumvir. I do not attribute to either her or Grayson the slightest ignoble motive. Like every wife Mrs. Wilson desired to protect her husband. She undoubtedly resented the stories spread by their enemies. "First," as House once remarked to me, "our enemies attacked both of us. Then they tried to get under Wilson's skin by praising me."

Colonel House refuses to accept the statement that Mrs. Wilson was the real cause for the lapse in his friendship with Wilson. Fortunately I was able to substantiate my theory from another source. Accident or good luck blew across my way a letter from the late Dr. Sidney E. Mezes to a friend in Boston. Dr. Mezes was the brother-in-law of Colonel House and, if Howden Smith is right, stood in precisely the same relation to Colonel House as the Colonel did to President Wilson. The attacks upon Colonel House by the professed friends of Wilson outraged his sense of justice.

"You are right," Mezes exclaims. "In spite of strong and wanton provocation, House stays true ten years after Wilson's death. If Wilson had been endowed with similar loyalty the history of the last ten years would have been different—more cheering, I believe. Far from yes-yessing, House was constantly urging Wilson on and as an agent constantly taking the longest chances."

"I don't know how much of this he will stand," House once confided to Mezes. "I may go into the scrap heap in a day."

That remark illuminates dark corners like a powerful flashlight. "During those years," Mezes goes on to say, "I picture his political life as hanging by a hair. But he knew his Woodrow better even than he realized. . . ."

When Mezes penned these words in Tucson, Arizona, he was a dying man. The moment I saw them I communicated with him. On January 10, 1931, his answer came. His letter, which strangely moved me, has the ring of deathbed sincerity. "While we have not met, you are so well known as a son of the college that I feel as if I almost know you. *You speak of the three reasons for the fading out of Wilson's friendship for House. From what I know of that most unfortunate happening, I am sure you are right.*"

Mezes, like House, tends to exon-

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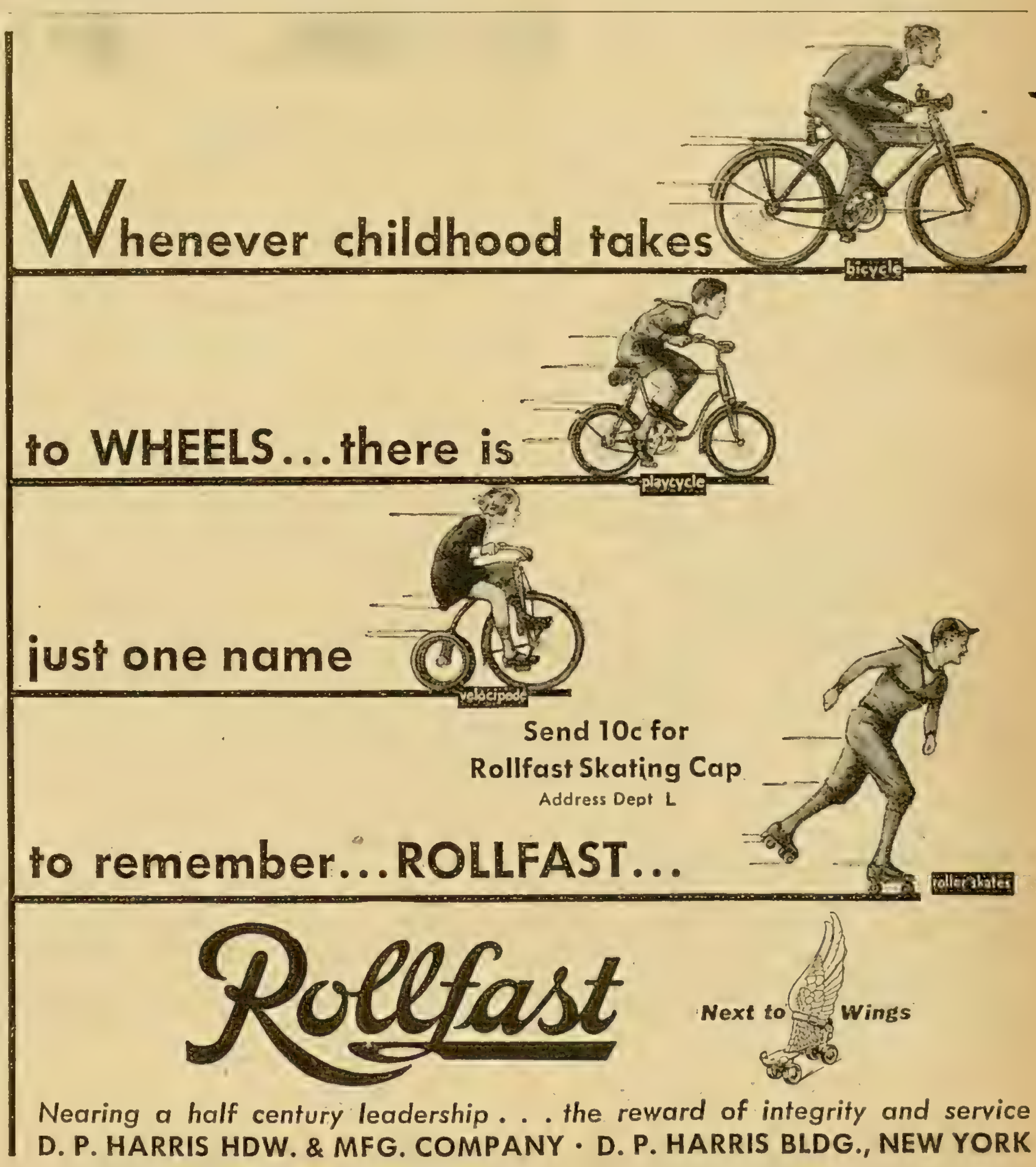
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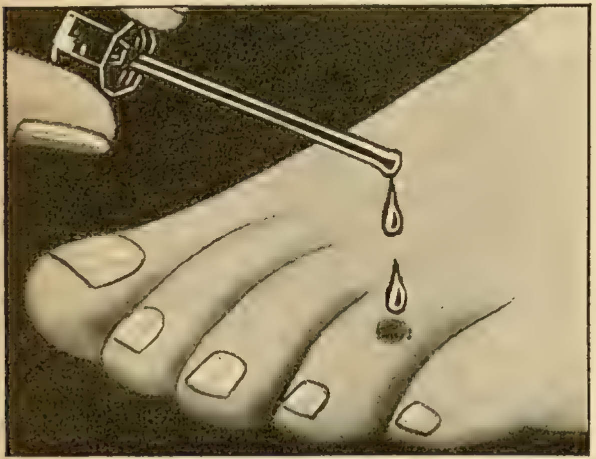

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FREEZONE

PRESIDENT WILSON'S BREAK WITH COLONEL HOUSE
Continued from page forty-three

erate Wilson. Piecing together the evidence from many sources, he says: "It is highly probable that no letter of any moment from House ever reached him. He thus felt that House, for reasons he was too ill to work out, had failed him in his need and that there was nothing he could do about it. But we have one highly illuminating indication of his feeling. In the spring of '20 Edward Bok called on him to tell him of the lectures being given in Philadelphia on the Peace Conference, and spoke of what House was doing in his, Wilson's, interest. Turning, the latter said, 'I told you, Edith, House was all right.'

"What had 'Edith' told him?"

IV

ONCE more I ask: Who killed Cock Robin, and why? It would not be difficult to find an "indictment" against Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson. But any jury would acquit both of any unworthy intention. Mrs. Wilson turned against House because, in certain circles, his fame was beginning to overshadow her husband's, and because she was conscious that the psychic struggle which kept Woodrow Wilson awake night after night was intensified by every contact with House. There is no question that she resented the dominance of the Colonel in her husband's life, nor that after Wilson's breakdown she, aided by Grayson, built a wall around him which House was unable to penetrate. Dr. Cary T. Grayson fulfilled his professional duty when he isolated his patient from any disquieting influence.

At all events, after the Peace Conference the communications between Wilson and House were still cordial. On August 16, 1919, Wilson hopes that certain difficulties raised by the French government will be overcome by patience and argument. He is delighted to hear that Viscount Grey will be the new ambassador of Great Britain. The President refers to a tremendous storm of all sorts of difficulties through which he is going. He adds the assurance that the ship is steady and the officers undismayed. But there is no reference to the pilot or to the need of his guidance.

Somewhat later Colonel House suggested in a cable to Wilson the desirability of his own return to America. Wilson asked him to remain in London. In response to Wilson's request House postponed his return trip until he heard of Wilson's collapse. Then, though sick himself, he hurried back. His condition was so serious that he was taken from shipboard on a stretcher.

While the Colonel was slowly recovering at his home on Fifty-third Street, Wilson lay stricken in the White House.

The House archives at Yale reveal an exchange of mutual condolences and courtesies between Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. House. Mrs. Wilson, writing on October 17, admits that she did not inform the President of the Colonel's return or of his illness because she wishes to keep everything from him on which his advice is not needed or which would annoy or distress him. (House, it seems, had returned from London to Paris.) "I have not yet told him of the Colonel's illness or that he has left Paris, for I know how anxious he was that he remain there for the time."

The letter ends with conventional greetings and the hope that the cloud of illness will soon lift.

On November 18 another note from Mrs. Wilson, acknowledging a letter from Colonel House to the President, was delivered to Fifty-third Street.

The President, she now assures the duumvir, is sorry to hear of the Colonel's illness. But there is no suggestion of any meeting.

Meanwhile the Peace Treaty faced a decisive defeat in the Senate. To save the Treaty and the League, House overcame his pride and wrote a powerful letter to Woodrow Wilson on November 24. This was the letter, alluded to above, which he intrusted to Gregory and which was delivered personally to Mrs. Wilson. There is no evidence that Wilson saw the letter.

DEAR GOVERNOR:

I hesitate to intrude my views upon you at such a time, but I feel that I would be doing less than my duty if I did not do so, since so much depends upon your decision in regard to the Treaty. Its failure would be a disaster not less to civilization than to you.

My suggestion is this: Do not mention the Treaty in your message to Congress, but return it to the Senate as soon as it convenes. In the meantime, send for Senator Hitchcock and tell him that you feel that you have done your duty and have fulfilled your every obligation to your colleagues in Paris by rejecting all offers to alter the document which was formulated there, and you now turn the Treaty over to the Senate for such action as it may deem wise to take.

I would advise him to ask the Democratic Senators to vote for the Treaty with such reservations as the majority may formulate, and let the matter then rest with the other signatories of the Treaty. I would say to Senator Hitchcock that if the Allied and Associated Powers are willing to accept the reservations which the Senate sees fit to make, you will abide by the result, being conscious of having done your full duty.

The Allies may not take the Treaty with the Lodge Reservations as they now stand, and this will be your vindication. But even if they should take them with slight modifications, your conscience will be clear. After agreement is reached, it can easily be shown that the Covenant in its practical workings in the future will not be seriously hampered and that time will give us a workable machine.

A great many people, Democrats, Progressives, and Republicans, have talked with me about ratification of the

> Treaty, and they are all pretty much of one mind regarding the necessity for its passage with or without reservations. To the ordinary man, the distance between the Treaty and the reservations is slight.
>
> Of course, the arguments are all with the position you have taken and against that of the Senate, but, unfortunately, no amount of logic can alter the situation; therefore my advice would be to make no further argument, but return the Treaty to the Senate without comment and let Senator Hitchcock know that you expect it to be ratified in some form, and then let the other signatories decide for themselves whether they will accept it.
>
> The supreme place which history will give you will be largely because you personify in yourself the great idealistic conception of a league of nations. If this conception fails, it will be your failure. Today there are millions of helpless people throughout the world who look to you and you only to make this conception a realization.
>
> Affectionately yours,
> E. M. HOUSE.

No reply came. But there must have been rumblings from Washington that Wilson was determined to fight to the bitter end, giving no quarter to himself or his enemies. Three days later Colonel House wrote once more.

> I wish [he said] to emphasize the fact that I do not counsel surrender. The action advised will in my opinion make your position consistent and impregnable. Any other way out that now seems possible of success would be something of a surrender.
>
> Practically every one who is in close touch with the situation admits that the Treaty cannot be ratified without substantial reservations. . . . Your willingness to accept reservations rather than have the Treaty killed will be regarded as the act of a great man.

AGAIN there was no answer whatever. Wilson, having yielded so often, refused to compromise when compromise alone could save his dream. His conscience, overruling his reason, permitted no concession. It did not even allow him to reply to House, to listen to any argument that could possibly weaken his determination.

There was no message from Woodrow Wilson to House from November 18, 1919, to March 11, 1920. House made every effort consistent with self-respect to reëstablish his contact with Wilson. In the letter of March 11, signed by Wilson himself, the President thanks him for the return of a check for one thousand dollars, the unexpended balance of a small fund which Wilson had put to the duumvir's credit to defray the expenses of himself and his secretary in the fall of 1918. He adds that he is regaining strength slowly and assures House that he is having the very best care. He hopes that the Colonel and Mrs. House are well.

The letter is signed, " Always faithfully yours, Woodrow Wilson." But there is no hint that he desires to meet his *alter ego*.

On June 7, 1920, before sailing for Europe, House once more reaches out his hand to Wilson.

> DEAR GOVERNOR:
>
> We are sailing Saturday for a short trip abroad and I am sending a word of good-by. God grant when I return in September you will have fully recovered.
>
> These last few difficult months have been a source of deep regret to me and I am sure you know that I am as concerned as ever in the noble policies you have sought to effectuate. You lifted statesmanship to a higher plane and in doing so our country assumed a place in world affairs without parallel. The great captains of the past sought to dominate mankind by force and failed; you essayed to influence the world by justice and succeeded. . . . Future generations will read with amazement and shame the story of the warfare waged upon you. It has been an unholy effort and will merit the condemnation of posterity. Affectionately yours,
> E. M. HOUSE.
>
> P. S. In view of my past activities and in order not to mislead anyone, I shall state before leaving, and again upon reaching the other side, that my visit has no official status whatever and is made for purely personal reasons.

The postscript of the letter is most important because it definitely severs the formal relationship between the two men. It is the notification to Wilson that the duumvirate is at an end. Wilson in his reply makes no reference to the termination of their long coöperation. There is no word of thanks or reproach. The President intimates that councils are as confused on the other side of the water as they are on this. He stresses the fact that his health is improving. He expresses perfect confidence that the " confusions of the time " will clear. But he does not grasp the outstretched hand.

House crossed the ocean, no longer the astral body of Woodrow Wilson. For the first time in seven years, he belonged entirely to himself.

Once more, one week before the election of 1920, that carried Harding to victory and the League to the discard, House wrote to Wilson.

> DEAR GOVERNOR:
>
> During these last anxious days of the election, I should like you to know how often I think of you and wish for the triumph of the great cause which you have sponsored and have advocated with such eloquence and force. I have an abiding faith in the aggregate wisdom of the people and I feel that it will not now be long before America will join her sister nations in the League. Faithfully yours,
> E. M. HOUSE.

Wilson replied two days later. He appreciated the Colonel's thoughtfulness and his hopeful expectations of the ultimate results of the contests through which the world was now darkly struggling.

The rest is silence.

Continuing this series in next week's Liberty, Mr. Viereck will throw light on the sensational question: Did Wilson pledge us to war before he was reëlected?

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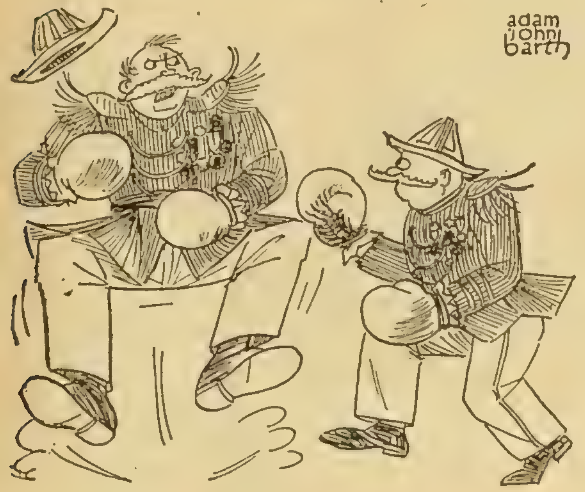
Vox

Beautifully Simple Idea for Bringing Peace

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read General Billy Mitchell's article, " Are We Ready for War with Japan? " and I've just finished George Sylvester Viereck's warning, " Why We Must Prepare for Hell in the Air in the Next War." They stirred me mightily, for I served as a volunteer in the World Fuss and have an inkling of how prophetically true both these articles may be. But, gosh, hasn't it ever dawned on you that it's generally the fellow who packs a gun that gets shot in a street brawl?

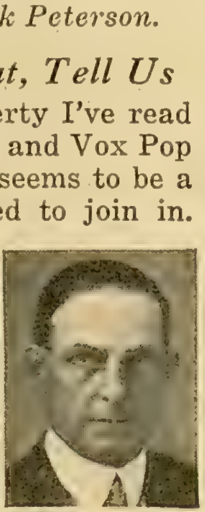


Human nature won't change for hundreds of years. Nations will continue to find reasons for going to war. This being true, isn't it much more sensible to make the whole world disarm? Then, when the fight comes, there won't be any deadly weapons to fight with.

Why not adopt George Bernard Shaw's idea, and, when the next war comes, put all the fire-eating admirals and generals in one big field and let them go to it with rocks and fists? Or, let them fight it out in the ring, and give me a ringside seat!—*Frank Peterson.*

If You Ever Find Out, Tell Us

ROCKFORD, ILL.—In Liberty I've read various articles, editorials, and Vox Pop letters on prohibition. It seems to be a free-for-all, so I've decided to join in. Here's something to think about.


John A. Klingstedt

The wets are making two claims, among others. They claim, first, that we in the United States are now drinking more liquor than we did before prohibition, and, second, that the agricultural districts have suffered financial reverses by the loss of the sale of their grains grown for brewing and distilling.

Now, then, the question arises, what in Sam Hill are they making the stuff out of? Is it possible a new by-product has been discovered at the gas works, that takes the place of grain? Have they succeeded in squeezing out still more from the lowly pig on his journey through the stockyards? Or perhaps the oil industry is cracking out another fraction that replaces malt?

At any rate, if it's not a trade secret, we'd like to know.—*John A. Klingstedt.*

Whatcha Mean, "Loyally"?

BOSTON, MASS.—A friend of mine critically remarked that your publication wasn't even fit for the incinerator. I challenged him with the rejoinder that it most certainly *was.*

Loyally yours—*H. Leroy Bowman.*

One Man's Poison—

ROSLINDALE, MASS.—I sincerely believe that the way in which George Sylvester Viereck, in his article " Our Appalling Crisis—What Would Lincoln Do? " took Lincoln's words and twisted them around, misconstrued their meaning, and adopted their intent for his own purposes, to be nothing less than heresy.

Mr. Viereck's own beliefs stood out as plainly as though he had written about nothing but them.—*R. Stanley Clark.*

—Is Another's Meat

PUEBLO, COLO.—Have just read that million-dollar article, " Our Appalling Crisis—What Would Lincoln Do? " I say " million-dollar " because the truths Mr. Viereck revealed should be worth that to the people of our nation at this time. I'll say it was plenty hot, containing a thousand cold facts. I want to yell " Amen! " to every word of it.—*M. E. Eady.*

In Defense of Flyers with the Jitters

CINCINNATI, OHIO—How about this Bill Lancaster guy, you war birds and other stick-pullers? You'll remember he wrote " If You're Fit You Can Fly." Seems to me that what he is trying to put over is that he flew the ocean, and in order to do stuff like that a fellow simply must take his daily swim, tennis game, polo chukker, twenty-mile hike, or what have you. Now, I ask you, is that right? Naturally a person (man or woman) should not take other people's lives into his own hands when he is subject to heart attacks, epileptic fits, spasms, or is so nearsighted that he can't tell the wind sock from a caboose on a freight train, but this business of being a pluperfect specimen is all wet.

Just do like I did; run through your list of fellows who are whizbang flyers —and I don't mean smart-alecks who hedge-hop all over town—and you'll find quite a few who wear glasses under their goggles, who are living examples of the jitters tribe, who can drink like nobody's business and drive a car like a ten-year-old kid. All this stuff about being a second Atlas or something is just hooey.—*Jack Booth.*

Answering It Is Woman's Work. We Won't Even Try

WACO, TEX.—How does Mr. Lawrence Saunders get that way?

Quoting from Part Five of his story, " Six Weeks," when Eve starts out in the saddle race for women: " Rocketing down that long field at a dead run, with the wind in her hair, was a crazy thrill."

Christine Traub

Later in the race the story reads: " Her hat blew off, she snatched at it automatically . . ."

If Eve started out with a hat on, how could the wind be in her hair?

If not, where in the world did Eve get that hat?

You answer it. I can't.—*Christine Traub.*

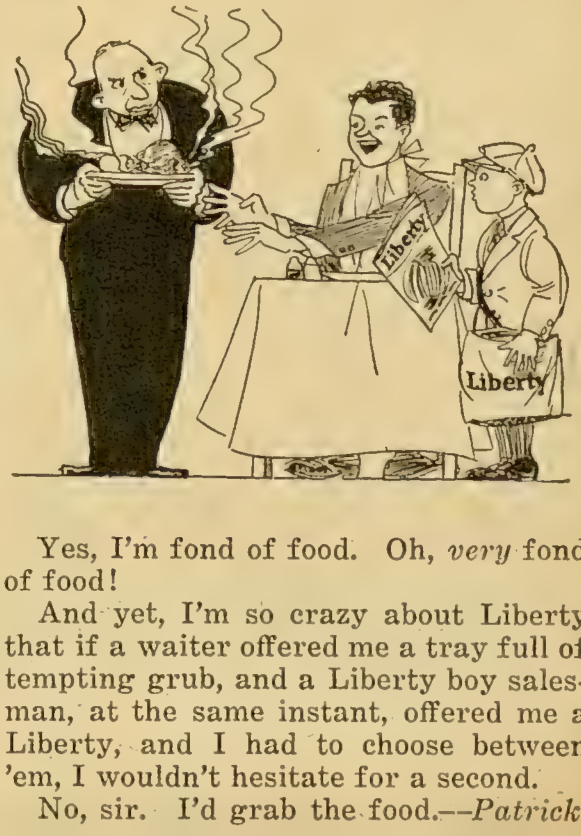
And After All Our Trouble to Keep You Young!

BOISE, IDAHO—We believe that Liberty could be made a better weekly for all the family. This does not imply Sunday-school stuff, purely domestic stories, or stories entirely about the aged.

How about us who are over forty? Really, you know, we are always with you, along with the younger generation. Sensational flapper and gunmen yarns and tales with exotic settings are all very well, but we do wish Liberty would lay off them in one story a week at least. I hear this, or something like it, all about me. Just thought you might care to know.—*J. R. H.*

Hope You Choke

WORCESTER, MASS.—I'm going to break down, right at the start of this letter, and confess that I'm a glutton.



Yes, I'm fond of food. Oh, *very* fond of food!

And yet, I'm so crazy about Liberty that if a waiter offered me a tray full of tempting grub, and a Liberty boy salesman, at the same instant, offered me a Liberty, and I had to choose between 'em, I wouldn't hesitate for a second.

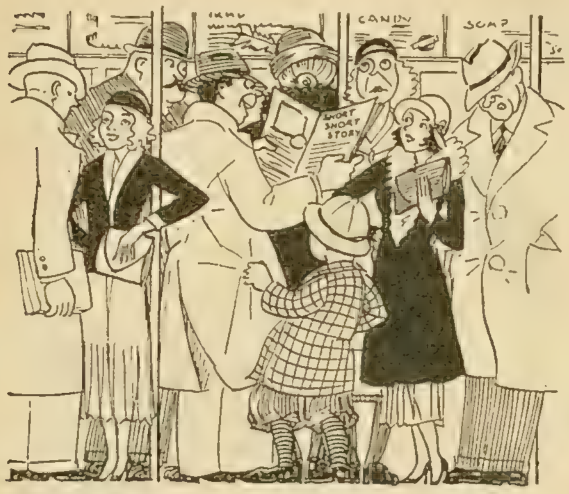
No, sir. I'd grab the food.—*Patrick.*

Pop

Cure for Strap Strain

SEATTLE, WASH. — Congratulations! We welcomed with outstretched arms the printing of a second short short story in Liberty for February 6 and January 23. We would even welcome three short shorts, or more, in one issue. In fact, Liberty, the publisher who first puts out a magazine composed of short short stories exclusively will, in my humble opinion, be as modern as television.

A Seattle business man told me, one day, why he always bought Liberty in preference to other magazines on the market. To quote him:



" I have very little time to read stories nowadays. I buy Liberty and always read the short short story first. If I have time to read the others, I do—but that is seldom. If the short short story ' clicks ' I have gained as much pleasure as if I had read a long-drawn-out tale; if it doesn't I have only wasted a few minutes."

This, I believe, largely accounts for Liberty's popularity among business men and women.

Yes, the short short story is the story of the future, particularly in the biggest cities. When a man does his reading clinging to a strap in the subway or elevated he hasn't time for long yarns. —*John McNamara.*

Wail from the West

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—It can't be done. A short short can't be sold to Liberty by a man without a newspaper record. I started with a snappy, original plot; I dressed it until a wooden Indian couldn't read it without having his eyes bulge out six inches, from suspense. I added one damn, one hell, one gangster, and two guns, just to give it the Liberty slant.

Yet it came back. They knew by the way I stuck the stamps on the envelope that I was never a newspaper man.—*An Almoster.*

Wanted: Some 1932 Pioneers

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—We see where H. B. Colwell of Rupert, Idaho, put up a squawk about any more people getting back to the farm.

We have thousands of acres of land in this country lying idle.

Here in this place we have some 40,000 men, women, and children receiving help from the city, and we lead all cities in this respect, in proportion to population.

Now, these families could manage to live on farms and still not interfere with the other farmers. And there is plenty of clothing in the country for these people, and we don't have to grow it on trees. You forget that we had pioneers in this country who wore clothes years ago—and they had no outside help. But one thing they did have was brains and muscle, and they did not have to go to schools for city managers to learn how to spend the people's money.—*O. C. Thompson.*

He Sets His Course by Mr. Smith's Stars

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Let's give a little credit to Frederick James Smith!

My hat is off to him for those wonderful movie reviews. If he gives a picture a three- or four-star rating, you can bet your socks I don't miss it. He's one guy that can make me spend four bits, and then make me like it.

More power to him!

And by the way, Liberty—a question about all those publicity hounds that have their pictures in Vox Pop. How do they do it? That kind of guys always find a way to keep before their public, don't they?

Jack T. Stovall

Well, here's my photo.—*Jack T. Stovall.*

Is Leslie Thrasher a Beautiful Blonde?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I am going to ask you to do me a great personal favor and that is, change the cover of Liberty, if possible.

Perhaps you have a long-time contract with Mr. Thrasher. Then, again, perhaps Leslie Thrasher is a beautiful blonde, as I have known girls named Leslie, and you, being a man, may possibly be infatuated with her. Anyway, I really think that you should give me a break—if only for a month, say, as an experiment—because, although I am a married man with a child ten years old, I still love to look at the picture of a pretty girl.—*Jack Barnett.*

It's a Secret

CHICAGO, ILL.—Ever since I began to read Liberty I've realized that it's intended to be just a big joke. Now my patience is exhausted, for the editors have never told us what the point of the joke is. Go on and tell!—*Ronnie.*

"Are We a Defenseless Nation?"

DENVER, COLO.—I liked your editorial on preparedness, " Are We a Defenseless Nation? " It comes home to roost, in our family. Our boy was always getting into fights until we had him given a good course of boxing lessons.

Keep telling 'em, Mr. Editor!—*Pete.*

We Like 'Em Like " Westward Ho! "

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Say, Liberty, you're slipping when you print a story such as that one by Walton Green, " Westward Ho! " There was a little cleverness in it but, taken as a whole, it was weak stuff. And I like 'em strong. —*F. Blake.*

For Diana Bourbon

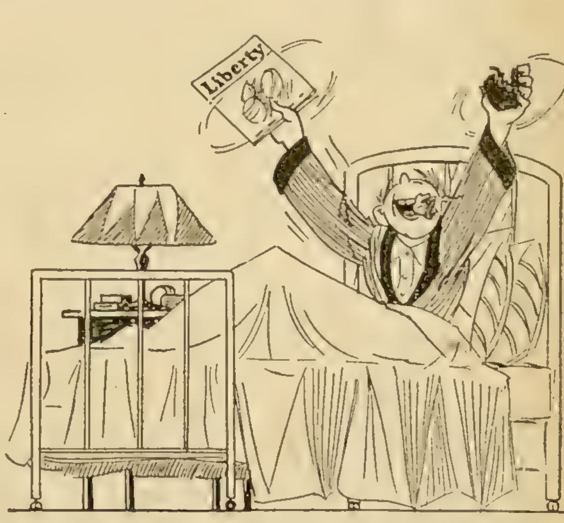
BOSTON, MASS.—What a gay and charming little story that one by Diana Bourbon, called " Romany," was! It was as refreshing as a cool breeze on a sultry day. Congratulations!—*Dorothy.*

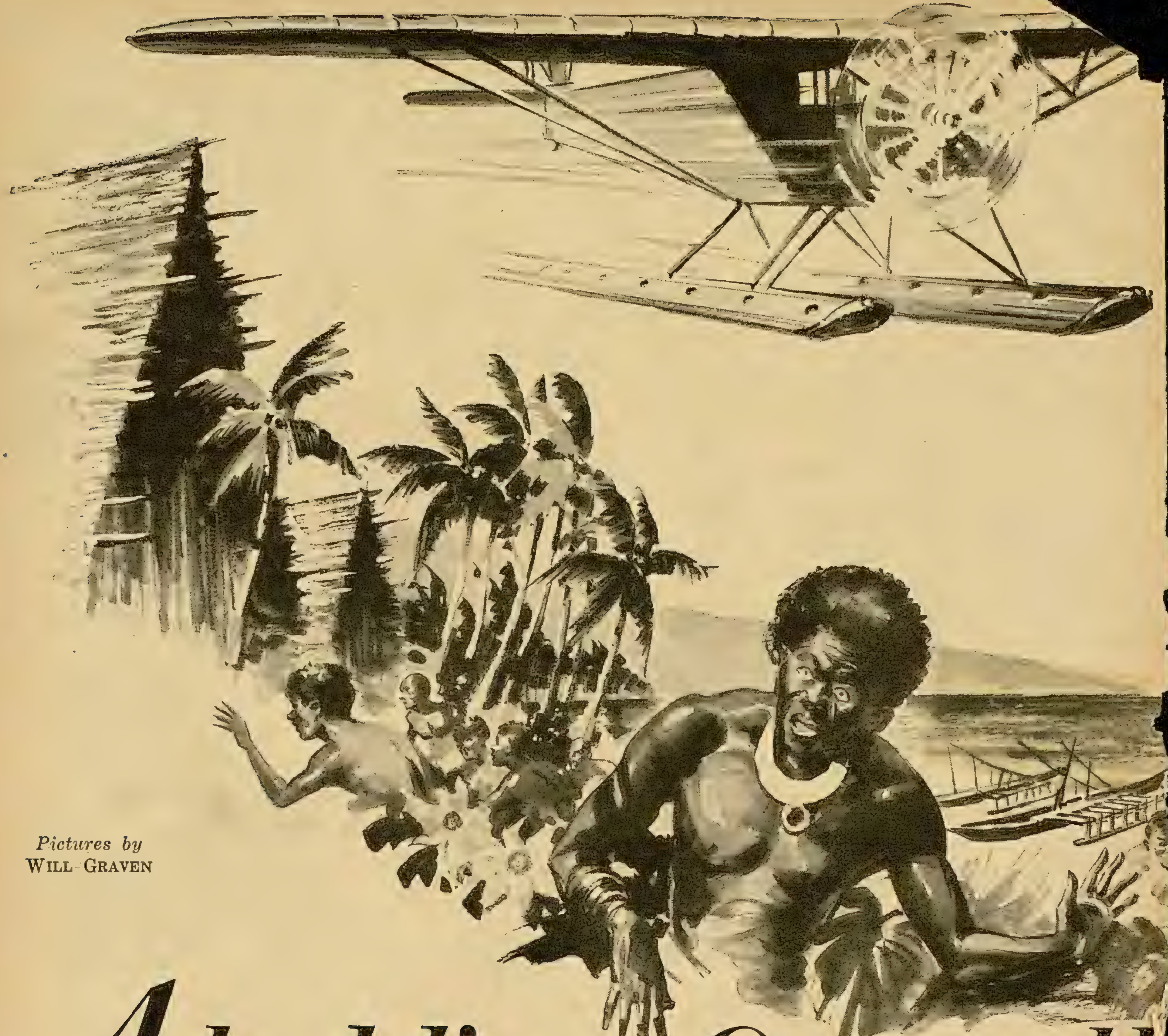
Whoops (with Apple on the Side) for Mr. Benchley

DALLAS, TEX.—I buy a Liberty with pleasant anticipations—and the inevitable nickel, of course (you robbers!). I shut my eyes and stick it in my hip pocket—still with the pleasant anticipations, you understand? When I reach home I get an apple and retire to my room. I fix myself comfortably on the bed and slowly thumb through the magazine, like a little boy saving the best bite on his piece of cake till the last.

I'll tell you what I'm looking for: an article by Robert Benchley!

And if I turn the last page and still no Benchley—well, I count ten slowly, to cool myself off, but I want to become profane even after I've counted. I do let such expressions as "Gosh!" or "Gee whiz" escape me—involuntarily, of course. But if there's an article by Bobbie, I whoop, shout, and wiggle with joy. I take a big bite out of the apple, to celebrate. I wave Liberty wildly. I then read each sentence over two or three times so it will last longer.—*J. Clovis Hunter.*





Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN

Aladdin in Overalls

What Uncle Sam's Scouts Bring Home from the Far Corners of the World to Make Things Easier and Better for Us

By WILLIAM P. HELM

(*Reading time: 14 minutes 1 second.*)

THE chief of the head-hunters rested his javelin on the ground and clapped a leathery paw behind his ear. The sky was sick with a growing rumble, strange and terrible. New Guinea, wild garden of the Pacific, had never heard its like before.

"What in blazes," whispered the chief in awed New Guinea-ese, "do you suppose that racket is?"

A warrior looked skyward. "Maybe," he said, "it's the gods."

A shout arose from the group of warriors. The chief turned. A young brave was pointing to the sky.

"I see him!" he said. "A bird! A great bird!"

The chief turned wondering eyes upward and beheld the first man-made bird to whirl a motor over his domain.

"The gods!" he shouted. "Run, men! Run!"

Swift as an ostrich, he was off, with his daubed tribe at his heels. Valiantly and far they ran, but vainly. The huge bird easily kept pace with them. Mockingly it ran the pride of New Guinea down.

They lay on a narrow beach and with wide eyes watched the great bird circle slowly to rest on the water. They then beheld a new marvel: the bird's side opened and a living thing popped out of the fowl's gizzard and climbed on to a pontoon on which it floated.

"I say," came a voice across the water, "where can I find some sugar cane?"

They're still talking in New Guinea, three thousand

WILL CRAVEN
'32

The chief turned wondering eyes upward and beheld the first man-made bird to whirl a motor over his domain.

leagues removed from the Great White Way, about that airplane and the fellow from Washington who shot the question at them. Not that the head-hunters understood him, for they didn't—at first. But soon they lost fear of the mammoth bird and came to realize that the being inside was a man and not a god; that he wanted something; and that the thing he wanted was sugar cane.

IT started in Louisiana. Her sugar fields were ill of a plant malady that rotted the luscious cane and sapped its sweetness. The only sugar cane then grown in the United States was threatened with extinction. From our possessions—Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines—came ships laden with cane sugar, but those possessions lay far beyond the ocean's rim. From the West and Middle West came beet sugar, a small part of our needs. Later Florida was to flourish with cane, but at that time Florida had hardly begun to grow it. Something had to be done at once to save the Louisiana fields. So Uncle Sam called in his scouts.

"Go out through all the world," he told them, "and find sugar that will resist this malady and grow in Louisiana. Go wherever sugar grows—to the tropics, to the jungles—and search till you find it. And then bring it home."

Scouts, did I say? Yes; through its far-flung Department of Agriculture the government maintains brigades of peace-time scouts out on the frontiers of civilization. They roam the world, seeking the new.

The sugar-cane scouts flying over the jungles of New Guinea and roaming the fertile fields of its neighboring island, Java, ran their quarry down. They found the sugar cane they sought. They brought it home, to join others who had been working patiently but less picturesquely toward the same goal. Because of that work the Louisiana fields now wave high and green again. A great American industry has found new life from the fields and jungles of the Asiatic archipelago.

Farthest from American soil of any city in the world is Fort Dauphin, Madagascar. Here, not long ago, embarked one of Uncle Sam's scouts with a precious collection of strange vines and plants. To get them the scout had traveled days in the jungle, often in a rude chair swung to the backs of natives. One of the plants of which he had a few specimens was intisy.

An odd vagrant of the plant world is intisy, missing link between shrub and tree, but it possesses two great virtues. One is that it will thrive in arid land. Its

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIS HEART IS IN YOUR hands

Everything counts with a man—fingers as well as features—and many a fluttering heart has been imprisoned by a pair of lovely hands.

Are *your* hands all you wish them? Soft . . . white . . . always groomed to perfection?

They *can* be—and at little trouble. Eileen Bourne, famous authority on beauty problems, has written for Liberty a Book of Beauty. This illustrated, 64-page book discusses beauty, its achievement and preservation, in a sane, practical, helpful way.

If your problem is lovely hands—there's a chapter on that. If it's skin, you'll find a complete analysis of all types of skin problems with the solution to each. If it's hair — eyes — wrinkles — Eileen Bourne tells you what you need to know.

And there's a particularly helpful section on make-up, perfumes, and choice of colors in dress to enhance your best features.

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ALADDIN IN OVERALLS
Continued from page forty-nine

amazing roots resemble sausage links. In those links it stores somehow a scanty meed of moisture drawn from the grudging soil. Intisy was found in regions where no rain had fallen for six consecutive years.

Its second virtue marked it for the scout's collection. It yields rubber. Cut the bark and from the wound drips latex, a rare latex that air coagulates at once to purest rubber. Forty years before, the natives, tipped off to rubber's value, had cut and hacked and bled the stunted growth to the door of death. Out of vast abundance only a few surviving plants remained. Some of those plants were in the scout's kit bag.

From ruthless extinction thus was intisy rescued. The scout's specimens were planted in Florida and California. They grew and thrived. And there they grow today, potential source of the finest rubber in the world.

Then there is the soy bean, native of China. Now it grows, chockablock with oil, on thousands of American acres. More than 2,000 varieties are under study by Uncle Sam's scientists. It yields forage and food; the annual value of its crop in the United States already has mounted to $70,000,000.

To meet the demand scientists are breeding now a fat soy bean. The child of the soy plant is on its way to becoming the prize fat man of the vegetable kingdom. Why? The fatter the bean, the more abundant its oil.

There's demand for the skinny beans, too; another big market recently began to call for soy beans for the candy trade. So the scientists work both ends of the scale. Some labor prodigiously to make fat beans fatter; some strive to make the skinny beans skinnier.

YEARS ago a federal scout searching Africa for new plants marveled that the odd grass around him could support so vast a supply of game. He spent days collecting a small bag of the grass seed and sent it home. From that little bag has grown the great and increasing crop of Sudan grass now raised throughout the United States. A scout's wit and work plus the patient labor of scientists at home now feeds many a herd and flock.

Under the magic of Uncle Sam's trained workers common fruits are being taught to increase their earning power. The apple, for instance. Millions of imperfect apples are made into cider. When the juice has been squeezed out the mangled mash remains. In the trade they call it pomace, and it generally all goes to waste.

But now the scientists have learned that gold is locked up in those darkening heaps of pomace, the gold of ursolic acid. Never heard of ursolic acid? Few persons have; yet it yields marvelous material to make paint and lacquer smooth. Nothing else equals it. What paint makers use now—when they can get it—is an extract of bearberry leaves, hard to obtain and costly to make. Apple pomace promises better stuff in abundance, at small cost.

Another homely problem engaging Uncle Sam's scientists concerns staleness in bread. How can staleness be prevented? What makes it? How can the bread be kept sweet and fresh? By heating stale bread in a certain way, it has been found, much of its freshness may be restored. One batch of loaves was reheated seven times, emerging each time fresher than when it went into the oven. Other batches have been frozen hard; still others have been kept at below-freezing temperatures and later thawed. All these methods seem to be steps in the right direction. The answer has not yet been found, but found it will be—if there be an answer.

THE clammy mold that grows on the housewife's jams and preserves and spreads on almost any moist thing neglected and darkened—they have harnessed that, for instance, to pull for mankind. They tried to make it produce tartaric acid, and failed in 149 experiments. In the next experiment they succeeded in producing something, but it was not tartaric acid. They analyzed the substance; it was gluconic acid, and from gluconic acid is made calcium gluconate. In the young life of the layman, calcium gluconate may mean exactly zero, but to the world of medicine—

King George of England lay ill. His physicians cured him with rare drugs. Among them was calcium gluconate, hard to get and costing $150 a pound. And now Uncle Sam's chemists, trying to make mold yield tartaric acid, had stumbled on the basic material of the drug that had helped bring back a king to health. Not at a cost of $150 a pound, but about fifty cents. Not in grudging drops of substance, but in vast abundance.

Does the world face a shortage of honey? Some authorities fear that the pancakes of 1950 will have to get along without their delectable accompaniment. Mankind has multiplied, till now there are more than two billion mouths to feed, and a bee is only a bee. Can it do the work of a modern world?

Maybe it will fail tomorrow; maybe we'll soon be needing bigger and better bees, bees that can fly farther and bring more nectar to the hive. How far can a bee fly? How much sweetness can it bring back? Uncle Sam's workers went, for answer, to the alfalfa fields of Wyoming. They placed their beehives across a barren strip of land next to a blooming field. Then they set the hives back, carrying them farther and farther away from the blooms. At four miles they stopped; it was the limit. Four miles could the bee fly for nectar and four miles back; no more.

They examined the bee's nectar pouch. A tiny drop would it hold, and no more.

Then came the call to the scouts, and now men who know bees are out in Nature's wild gardens and jungles searching for an insect with stronger wings and bigger nectar pouch. If and when they find it, it will be ancestor to countless swarms of the future, and tomorrow's mounting need of honey will be met.

In seeking tomorrow's food for the growing family of humankind, these scouts sometimes play pranks on Mother Nature. They have pushed back the frost line from our Southern orange groves by developing a hardy orange that grows farther north. Now they have found pink lemons, and these they are nurturing carefully. A leopard may not change its spots, but if all goes well we'll have lots of pink lemons in the next dozen years or so.

Out where the tall corn grows they are pushing the frost line north again. One of the wonder workers has invented an odd-looking box that he clamps down over growing corn. It is, in effect, a great refrigerator, and though the sun may beat down on the waving field, the stalks imprisoned within the box are chilled. Down drops the mercury to freezing, and below. An hour, two hours, sometimes longer, the imprisoned corn is chilled and then the freezer moves on to other victims.

The scientists are testing the growing grain for resistance to cold. The plants that resist are marked; their yield is planted; for generations it is bred and tested and weeded of its weaklings. In time there will emerge a kind of corn that will resist those late and early freezings that now take heavy toll of the crop.

SORGHUM, too, engages them. The farmer uses it as feed for his stock, but some sorghum grows too tall for the combine to mow and bind handily, and its seed head at the top curves cantankerously to bedevil the machine at work. What to do? That would seem easy. Make a new combine to take care of it. But that, tried, was not easy. What then? Well, said the scientists, if we can't make a handy combine to fit the sorghum, we'd better make the sorghum fit the combine.

They turned the trick. And now this particular sorghum grows not quite so tall. Its tassels no longer curve and droop but stand straight and erect, and the combine romps happily through the field.

Does the Japanese beetle threaten our Eastern truck farms and fruit? The scouts answer by dashing off to comb the world for insects to curb or destroy the pest. Presently they come winging in, strange parasites that love beetle meat as nothing else. One, a waspish vixen, burrows below the grass to find the beetle larva and prepares it ceremoniously as host for an egg that will devour it when hatched. Others work less laboriously but to the same effect. All come from afar.

Perhaps bossy is troubled by parasites that lower her yield of milk. For some of those parasites they've got the remedy, and one of the remedies is the vacuum cleaner. Specially made for the cow with the ox warbler in her hide, a vacuum nozzle is gently rubbed over her skin, pulling the parasites into the bag for destruction.

A LITTLE boy cries for bigger popcorn; the tears are infectious; ere long Young America wants its popcorn bigger and better.

And so a patient worker in Iowa spends seven years at the task, testing hundreds of thousands of popcorn ears, holding out the biggest and best, blending those breeds, improving them, striving to dry Johnny's tears and to stifle his wails. He wins. Bigger popcorn, fluffier, whiter, with fewer kernels to the bag and tastier than yesterday's, is thrust hurriedly into Johnny's fist.

Not long ago somebody got the idea that the eggs of the breakfast table should smile from pale yellow yolks instead of the rich, dark yellow that gladdened our daddies. And there was nothing to do but to change the color. How? By feeding the hens—mostly out in the West—only the foods that make pale-yolked eggs.

Another thing: beauty has become tooth-conscious. Look over the pictures of pretty girls and you'll find most of them smiling and disclosing pretty, white teeth. So Uncle Sam called in some of his workers and said:

"I want you to work for the nation's teeth. Now we know, in a general sort of way, that the kind of food we eat has a lot to do with the kind of teeth we have. You gentlemen get busy and tell us what things we should eat to make our teeth pearly and a joy to the eye."

Such was the task set before a group of workers about five years ago. The dentists joined in; they would like to help. Eminent physicians were interested, too. Together they mapped out the work.

Pigs were selected for the experiments. Without intending to offend, the scientists chose pigs mainly because the pig is more like men than any other animal. As the first step, they put the little pigs on various diets. They learned some astonishing things about food elements that make for good bone or bad. For a time those pampered pigs ate food that cost $240 a ton, but it was worth the price in knowledge. The scientists have learned a lot about the effect of diet on the teeth. The next step is to apply the knowledge.

In those experiments, as in many others, the ultra-violet ray played a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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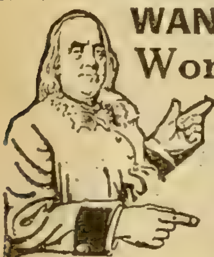

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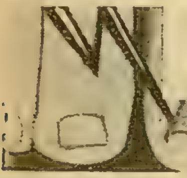

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—NO PAIN

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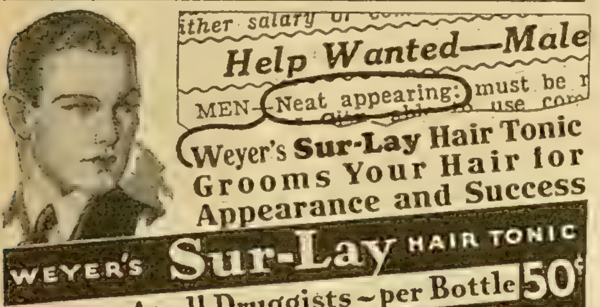
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ALADDIN IN OVERALLS
Continued from page fifty-one

part. Columbia University workers have gone so far as to obtain violet-rayed milk from cows fed violet-rayed food. Once in a while a whaling big secret is pried out of Mother Nature by the witchery of rays no human eye has ever seen. The conversion of wild corn is one such secret. Wild corn is a one-season plant; an annual, they call it. Upon this annual a Cornell experimenter played X rays. After many experiments his annual became a perennial. Its roots now sleep through the winter to produce new plants in the coming spring.

AND so it goes. The staff of the Department of Agriculture numbers more than 25,000. Of these, 15,000 are full-time workers and the remaining 10,000 coöperate with state governments or civic organizations.

Nothing, seemingly, is too big for them to attempt, and few things are too small.

"This grass isn't as good as that kind for your golf course," a department scientist tells a country-club committee. "The first grass is smoother for your putting greens. The ball will roll a foot farther on this grass, under the same stroke, than it will on the other."

The committee shows its doubt. "Why," remonstrates the spokesman, "the other grass looks the better. How do you know?"

The worker beckons and they go with him. He leads them to an odd device which he tests by turning a few screws. He puts a golf ball on the green under the machine. He sets a gauge, and—wham! The club, with meter-measured force behind it, drives the ball forward, straight and true, ten feet.

"With that," the worker explains, "guesswork in putting is eliminated. We can put just the right amount of force behind the ball and send it where we want, to a hair line."

PRESENTLY they stand beside him again. The ball rests now on the other kind of grass. The meter is adjusted, the club descends, and the ball rolls forward. They measure the distance. It is nine feet.

"You see," says the worker. "We don't leave it to chance."

"How much," inquires a duffer, "would you take for that machine? I'd like to use it in a foursome."

The worker smiles. He understands. He is a golfer himself.

The robot, of course, is not for sale. It is a mere incident in the testing of grass. Just another one of those things thought out and perfected by Uncle Sam's peace-time scouts.

THE END

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THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It Was a Very Special Occasion

My young niece's mother was telling her what a cute baby she had been. When the youngster asked, "At what time was I born, mother?" "Twelve midnight," was the answer. "My, wasn't that awfully late for me to be up?" asked the little one.—Theresa Greenberg, 1539 S. Wilton St., Philadelphia, Pa.

They Must Have Been Pocket Reports

After hearing the reports of several shots near where Grandpa and I were sitting he said to me, "I wonder who is doing all that shooting." Little Bobby, standing near, heard, and said, "Oh, grandpa, that's a bunch of fellows shooting craps."—Mrs. Nettie Webber, Arcadia, Tex.

Runaway

A Short Short Story

(*Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.*)

By

ERIC DEVINE

A GROUP of the boys, members of that profession many people consider devoted principally to muck-chasing but more politely referred to as "the Fourth Estate," were sitting around a table in Mike's Place, talking. Johnny Meade, one of the star reporters of the Morning Inquirer, had the floor:

"It's one of the best scoops I know, and it cost me my job. . . . One night a flash story came in that a wealthy society girl—pretty, young, and all that—had been missing from her Boston home for several days. The police, as usual, were stumped. The mother and father of the girl were frantic. Radio, rewards, private detectives, and everything were used to find the girl, but no luck. We got some poor pictures and a full description of her—height, weight, color of eyes and hair—and an additional bit at the end of the story saying she was 'unusually fond of cats.'

"Well, our city editor—you know the Old Man if you know any editors at all—he puts Pete Leher on the case. Pete's a good man on such jobs, and he's snoopier than a matron in a girls' dormitory, and about as heartless. He did the regular thing in such a case—contacted police, Bureau of Missing Persons, Travelers' Aid, and all the rest—but Pete didn't get a thing, not even a false clue. I didn't see at the time why they bothered with it; nor why they figured there was any more chance of her being in New York than any place else. But you know editors—especially if news is scarce; they figure anything's possible, and try hard to get news where there isn't any.

"Well, the story was rewritten and stretched out to the limit, and ran in every edition with one of the bum pictures of the girl. That was that, and that was all."

One of the listeners at the table motioned to Mike, who immediately brought another round of drinks. Johnny took a sip of his and went on:

"But about six weeks later Pete came into the office and went straight to the Old Man on the city desk and told him he thought he had located the Boston society dame who'd been missing so long. Said he believed she was right over in Brooklyn—married. The Old Man was all ears but skeptical.

"Pete went on to explain that he lives in Brooklyn and goes out every morning to the dairy for fresh milk for his young kid. And he said he'd seen a woman in this dairy several times, and that she answered the description of the missing girl, and every time he'd seen her she was buying milk for the cats in the place.

"But the Old Man was not excited about it until Pete told him he'd checked with the dairyman on the length of time the girl had been in the neighborhood. The man had told him she'd been there, he thought, about two months. So, you see, Pete had two check-ups which looked pretty hot: time and cats. And the Old Man began to warm up to the thing and told Pete to go ahead.

"So Pete went to his typewriter and wrote a night-letter telegram to the girl's mother in Boston. I remember the message well; it read:

WE THINK WE HAVE LOCATED YOUR DAUGHTER STOP COME AT ONCE TO INQUIRER OFFICE NEW YORK AND DO NOT MENTION THIS TO ANYONE NOT EVEN POLICE.

"It was signed by the Old Man.

"In the middle of the morning an answer came saying she would arrive shortly after noon.

"Pete met her at the train and took her over to the Inquirer office, and the Old Man explained all of the circumstances. She seemed worried to death about the whole affair, but being a mother she was willing to follow up any chance, even if it did look slim. So Pete and a photographer and the woman got into a taxi and went to Brooklyn. Pete knew where the girl lived, because he'd followed her home one day and found out the name from the janitor of the building.

"The scheme was for the mother to go to the apartment alone while Pete and the photographer waited in the hallway below. This was done to avoid any embarrassment in case the whole thing turned out to be a wild-goose chase. It was a walk-up house and the apartment was on the third floor. The woman went up while the other two waited.

"She knocked on the door. A man answered the knock. Clad only in robe and slippers, he opened the door a small bit. The woman said she wanted to see his wife. The young man said, 'Sure,' called the wife, and went into the bedroom to put some clothes on. The wife came to the door. She gasped and broke into weeping. Yes, sir, she was the runaway daughter. The two went into each other's arms.

"The daughter quickly explained why she'd left home: she was simply fed up and tired to death with the empty society life. She'd come to New York, met up with a childhood sweetheart, had married, settled down, and was giving the project a thorough trying out before notifying her folks. Pete got the facts without seeing the husband. While the cameraman stayed behind to get some shots, Pete hurried off to the corner drug store to phone in the grand yarn to the Old Man.

"The mother and daughter agreed to pose for the photographer, and after some mild protesting the husband himself stood unpleasantly before the camera.

"BY the time Pete got back to the apartment the cameraman had gone, and Pete couldn't get an answer to his knocking. But he had already phoned in enough facts for a good story and figured the cameraman would have more, and so he hurried back to the office by cab.

"When he got there the pictures had been finished, the story written by the Old Man himself, and the front page of the extra—the first we'd had since Lindbergh—made up with nice juicy streamer headlines. As soon as the Old Man saw the pictures he had a big laugh, but was sore at Pete for not seeing the husband. The Old Man phoned me—I was at home at the time, 'cause I was working nights then. He pumped me dry of everything I knew about the case, which was plenty, and then he said, 'You damn' low-down, trifling traitor, why in hell didn't you spring some of this before? You're fired!'

"But it made a swell story, and we beat the other sheets to the street by hours with it. It was the best scoop I've ever had anything to do with."

When Johnny Meade finished his story, he drained his glass and lit a cigarette. One of the boys sitting at Mike's round table said, "Swell; but what do you mean—it was the best scoop *you* ever had anything to do with?"

Johnny grinned and said, "I was the husband!"

THE END

LIBERTY PRESENTS
THE GREATEST
OPPORTUNITY TO
UNKNOWN WRITERS
THE WORLD HAS
EVER KNOWN

WRITERS!

If you have talent and earnestly desire to make a name for yourself in literature Liberty offers you your chance in its new

$5,000

"FIRST STORY" OFFER

BETWEEN now and May 12 Liberty will make it possible for no less than fourteen novice writers to crash the gates of fame and fortune by offering to buy fourteen stories by writers who have not yet "arrived" in the larger sense of the word. For this purpose Liberty has set aside a fund of $5,000 which it will spend in sums ranging from $1,000 down to $250 for these manuscripts.

If you are earnest in your ambition—if you believe you have talent but have not yet succeeded in selling a story to a national periodical—then you will welcome this opportunity to make your first sale of a story at a price greater than many successful writers ever succeeded in commanding.

Never before was there such a demand for good fiction, never did writing offer such recompense in late years. Never were so many people making an excellent living from writing—many of them becoming wealthy—as right now.

It is hard to make a beginning, hard to get a foothold—but once a successful beginning has been made, once a story or two has been accepted by a national periodical of high standing, so that your name is known, the worst is over and the way is clear for you to go ahead as far and as fast as your talent and your capacity will permit.

This is the opportunity that Liberty is offering to you. But please bear this in mind. Liberty will not pay one cent for a story that does not in every way come up to the high standard it sets for every word that appears between its covers. To do otherwise would be unfair to its tremendous public following. Liberty is not bidding for mediocre stories. What it is doing is letting down the bars of prejudice against unknown writers.

Instead of penalizing you because you are unknown, Liberty is putting a premium upon the fact that you are unknown.

The fact that you may have sold stories to your high-school or college magazine or to a local newspaper that does not syndicate its material does not bar you from this big "First Story" offer. You are disqualified only if you have sold one or more stories to a nationally circulated periodical of any kind.

If, then, you have manuscripts on hand that you honestly feel are worthy of appearing in Liberty, send them in as directed in the instructions on this page and they will receive immediate and special consideration by our reading staff. If you have the plot of a story in mind that you believe is up to the Liberty standard, write it and send it in before this offer expires and it may perhaps prove your starting point to fame and fortune.

Let us reiterate, however, that to be purchased under this offer your story must be of sufficient excellence to warrant its being published in Liberty. But send us in the right kind of story and it will be received with open arms, it will be bought at a price in proportion to its value to us, over two million people will read it, and the gateway to success will swing open before your eyes!

Under this offer the editors of Liberty will read stories for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and availability for publication in Liberty, and upon this basis will decide whether or not to purchase stories submitted.

Liberty takes pleasure in making available this unprecedented offer to unknown writers. By all means take advantage of it. Send in your finished manuscripts at once and get busy on any others you may wish to submit. There is no limit to the number you can offer.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 2,500 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted in parts will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY "FIRST STORY" EDITOR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, May 12, 1932.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO SELL YOUR FIRST STORY AND WIN EDITORIAL RECOGNITION!

Public Utilities *and the* *People's Rights*

Clarifying the Issue between State and Private Ownership

By

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT from a recent photograph, taken during a motoring trip.

Acme photo

(Reading time: 2 minutes 5 seconds.)

CHEAP electricity is not the only issue concerned in the utility situation in this country. The availability of cheap electric light and power to the people is but one phase of the question of whether or not the people are being honestly protected against the demands of monopoly by the government they have themselves set up for that purpose.

The whole question of government *vs.* utilities has been purposely and maliciously confused by the cleverest special pleaders of the twentieth century in the pay of some unscrupulous utility interests.

The truth is that some utilities have acquired a monopoly from the state, either through careless legislative gift or farsighted private acquisition. This is wrong, but it does not become vicious until the utility withholds an absolute essential to modern life from a community except at an unreasonable price.

Any uncontrolled monopoly of a necessity of life attacks the basic right of every one of our citizens to competitive purchase and equal opportunity.

The fight of those interested in good government is not to break faith with the utilities under existing contracts but to limit their profits to a fair return on the actual investment, making due allowance for its safety.

Every industry has suffered during the depression, yet utilities have continued to earn nearly as much as they have in the past—thereby proving themselves a safe investment.

The return on an investment is invariably lowest in direct ratio to its safety. But today in many states more than the proper profit is being forced from the people by some local utilities granted monopoly by the people themselves. Some commissions set up to regulate rates have failed to safeguard the people.

New York State has made the few remaining waterpower sites inalienable from the people, and the state will develop one and a quarter million horsepower from the St. Lawrence River—a development which will serve as a yardstick for the charges of private companies generating six-sevenths of all the power used in the state.

This is but justice to the people. It is fair to private interests.

The purpose of misrepresentation of this issue is to create a smoke screen behind which special privilege can accomplish what it dares not do in the open. But the determination of the people to prevent any unjust or unfair use of the monopoly of essentials to life is so set that those few men who believe they can deceive the people had better revise their mental processes.

Franklin D Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

Easy Money

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

This week's cover picture.

LIFE has been fairly pleasant and interesting in the last little while. In fact, it has been almost exciting. Partly because of the Joneses, the new family next door, and partly because money troubles have lessened.

Somehow, it has been an unspoken fact between Sandy and Lil that the bootlegging business won out. Lil accepted Sandy's odd hours and peculiar silences, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Smithers' cordial intimacy, with a sense of satisfaction mixed with the thrill of adventure. Lil knew in her heart that Sandy was bootlegging. She knew, too, that he was in it only as a matter of expediency, and that as soon as he piled up a little jack he intended to quit.

Yet not one word had passed between them on the subject. With a breath of relief, Lil took gratefully the renewed allowance for house and spending money. She felt comfortable in paying off the accumulated bills. She felt happy again in being able to outfit the children as she felt they should be, herself and Sandy as well, with spring clothes. Yet, if she only realized it, she had more cause for worry than ever before in her life!

Lil had found the family next door delightful. Particularly Sally Jones, that gay, attractive little heartbreaker who had every boy and man for blocks around biting his finger nails, yet was one of those rare females that could win the friendship of other women.

The whole Jones family was amusing, a care-free, happy-go-lucky lot, and the good times at their house were a legend in the whole town before they had been settled a week—Pa Jones with his exuberant fiddle; Molly, the oldest sister, who ran a New York beauty shop and was engaged to a New York City police officer; and rowdy Bob, who ran a three-ring circus in the backyard garage; even Granny Jones, with her appalling family of cats and birds.

The Smithers family was the only one that was in any way frozen out by the Joneses. For the Joneses, with all their seeming lack of principle, drew the line at racketeers. So Lil and Sandy were careful to conceal the fact that Sandy too was connected with the liquor traffic. All was perfect until last night, when Sandy came home late. Late? He didn't get home until dawn! And there was no doubt that he was shaken and nervous.

Lil tried to question him, but he was exceedingly evasive and gave her hit-and-run answers about how he was due to meet Smithers at eight o'clock. He didn't even try to snatch a nap, but bolted some breakfast, took a shower, changed his clothes, and left as furtively as he had come.

Lil was troubled. It smacked of danger. She wanted terribly to call up Mrs. Smithers and ask her for some news. Slowly she went about straightening up the house, and in picking up Sandy's clothes to send to the tailor's she went through his pockets thoughtfully.

She gasped, white-faced with horror! There was a roll of bills the like of which she had never seen, half of them hundred-dollar notes, the other half thousand-dollar notes.

She turned, frantically wondering what to do—wondering what it meant. . . . There must have been a big haul last night! Some tremendous job was pulled. What if something went wrong? What if Sandy were caught?

(Next week's cover adventure: Dancing with Tears in Their Eyes)

You can lose Fat a pound a day

on a full stomach

Do Just These Two Simple Things —Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly ON A FULL STOMACH. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. WITHOUT A SINGLE HUNGRY MOMENT you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined ones of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

You just do two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half-hour before breakfast every morning.

Then do this about eating. FILL YOUR STOMACH—eat your fill of lean meats, vegetables like spinach, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, etc., and lots of salads. Eat a lot. Eat all you can hold. Don't go hungry a minute! Cut down on fats, sweets and desserts, bread. Eat any fruit for dessert.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the MOISTURE-WEIGHT of your body that much. For REMEMBER, SOMETHING OVER 70% OF YOUR TOTAL WEIGHT IS MOISTURE. That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then EAT WELL of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all ON A FULL STOMACH. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

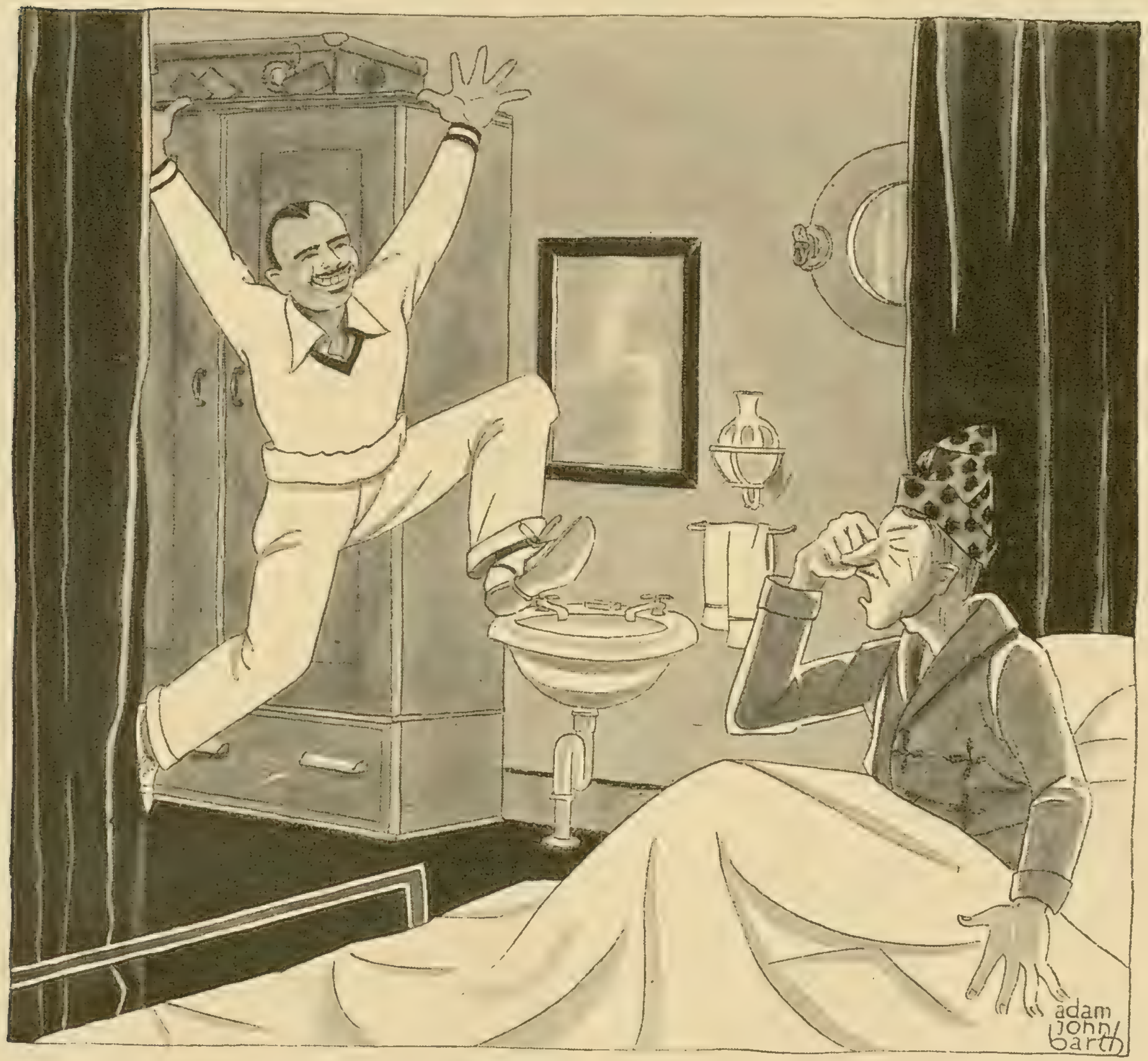
The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—THE FILLING OF THE STOMACH TO ITS LIMIT with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

Note particularly—you are urged to take Jad Salts purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

Around the World BACKWARD

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by ADAM JOHN BARTH



"Come on," said America's Male Force. "Time to get up for a workout!"

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

WHAT would all you boys and girls here today say if I were to come bursting into the room and cry out: "Huzza, huzza! We're going around the world! Get out your tippets and your warm undies, for we're off to Paris, Berlin, Russia, Manchuria, Japan, China, and far-away Tibet"? You would be pretty happy boys and girls, I guess, unless you happen to be the kind who like to stick around home.

And so was I happy, very, very happy, when a motion-picture director named Milestone (the master mind who directed All Quiet on Western Front Page) came crashing into my little study one day last winter and announced that I had been chosen to accompany him and Douglas Fairbanks on a vagabond spin around the hemispheres in search of material for a travel picture.

I could hardly believe that such good fortune had really come to poor little me—me what had always drawn my own carriage—but the Cinderella story is ever new and one never can tell what may happen, especially if one doesn't know.

So I dug out several old Russian costumes I had tucked away for just such an emergency, put some drops in my eyes to make them sparkle, and late that afternoon we were off, the Two and a Half Musketeers, for a gay, devil-may-care *tour du monde,* "the Great Adventure," as I dubbed it. Life, I thought, must be like this.

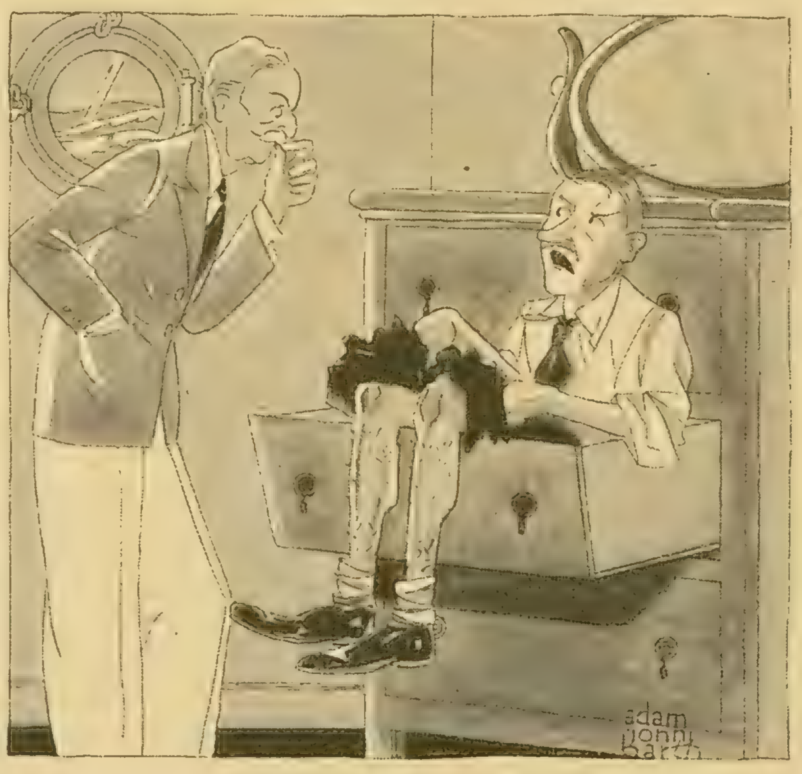
It was not until the first day out on the clipper ship Europa that I realized what I was in for. I had always known Douglas Fairbanks in pictures as a bonny, bounding sort of chap, with a pleasant smile and considerable vitality, riding through the air on horses and carpets; but I had always, in my extreme sophistication, had an idea that most of the difficult feats were made in the studio by means of trick shots and doubles. It had never

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

occurred to me that one man would be crazy enough really to do all those things. It certainly had never occurred to me that he would expect anyone else to do them with him.

I have never been, even in my palmiest days (now known as the Great Blizzard of 1888), an athlete. I used to stand in front of an open window and breathe deeply—oh, well, *pretty* deeply—and cheat a little on some bicep flexing, and, when I was very young and offensive, I used to bang a tennis ball up against the side of the house; but, thank God, several years ago I threw my left knee out by walking down a flight of phantom steps, and ever since then I have always been able to say, "My knee, you know!" whenever anyone suggested any exercise more violent than stooping over to pick up the morning paper.



I even rolled up my trousers and showed him my shins.

In my ordinary course of life this sedentary principle of existence fits very well. But it is not good training for a jaunt with Douglas Fairbanks. I had no reason to know, when I adopted it, that I should ever be called upon to make a jaunt with Douglas Fairbanks, as that isn't one of the contingencies that the average man includes in his list of things to be prepared for. So when, on the first morning out, I was awakened by my cabin door being flung open and a lithe form in gray flannels and rubber-soled shoes hurtling through the air on to my bunk, I was inclined to treat the whole thing as one of those strange nightmares that one has just before awakening, and turned over to face the wall with a deprecatory wave of the hand. But it was not to be so.

"Come on, you old son of a gun," said America's Male Force. "Time to get up for a workout!"

"Where's my contract?" I asked through one eye. "Is there anything in my contract about workouts? I'm a writer."

THIS designation of myself brought down a storm of derisive laughter, and I was placed upright on my feet and put into a tub of cold salt water. (I get sore even today as I write about it.) Mr. Fairbanks was accompanied on the trip by one "Chuck" Lewis, former All-American halfback and tissue-builder, and a hard man to haggle with over details. Mr. Milestone, being a director, stayed in bed and thought up camera angles.

The first "workout" on deck consisted of a brisk dash along the straightaway, a snappy hurdling of the bar at the end up on to the superstructure, and a monkey-climb finish up the ladder on the forward stack, leaping from there to the after stack and a sheer drop to the deck, followed by a pyramid formation and a chord from the orchestra, "Ta-da-a-a-a!"

I myself got as far as the superstructure and halfway up the first stack, at which point I stopped and gave the matter a little thought, did my drop right there, and ran and hid in a lifeboat. I should have stayed in that lifeboat. I see that now.

But I allowed myself to be dragged out, and the rest of the sea trip I spent in trailing behind the pack. My shins took on the markings of two totem poles, my thighs turned an unpleasant blue from abrasions, and my one bad knee, which long since had ceased to be an excuse, was joined by the other knee in its infirmity.

Just before we landed in France we had what is technically known in movie circles as a "story conference." A "story conference" is where various people responsible for a motion picture get together and tell stories. This conference, however, had a more practical angle, for we were to decide just what was to be done first in making this big travel film, for we couldn't very well begin shooting without some general idea in mind. That would be just silly.

"I'LL tell you what we'll do," said Douglas, leaping to the back of the sofa and swinging back and forth on a porthole casing. "We'll go first to St. Moritz for the winter sports, skiing, bobsledding, breaking arms and legs, and all that. Then, once we are used to the cold, we can push on up into Russia, where I am sure they will let us jump around on the Kremlin and perhaps tear a few wolves to pieces. Manchuria may be a little bloody right now, what with the Sino-Japanese trouble, but we might be able to recruit a regiment from the vagabond Americans and English who are in the country and fight on one side or the other."

"Is there a dental corps in this war?" I asked. "I know a lot about teeth."

Douglas leaped from the porthole and landed on the bureau. "We've got you all assigned already," he laughed, a mocking, sinister laugh. "You're going to stick to me and do everything that I do, so that when we come to put the picture together you can write the dialogue. Funny cracks, you know. Making a gag of the whole thing."

"I see," I said quietly. . . .

On the return trip of the Europa, the man occupying Room 86 was surprised on the first night out to hear a scratching from his bureau drawer. On opening it, he was even more surprised to see me lying there; but being a man of considerable experience in traveling, he said nothing at the time. On the third day out toward New York, I emerged and told him my story. I even rolled up my trousers and showed him my shins.

"I think you were very wise to do as you did," was all he said.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

Solution of Last Week's Yardleygram

"I'VE finally solved it," Russell told his instructor, handing him the work sheet. "The message is in four columns and reads, Code photographed."

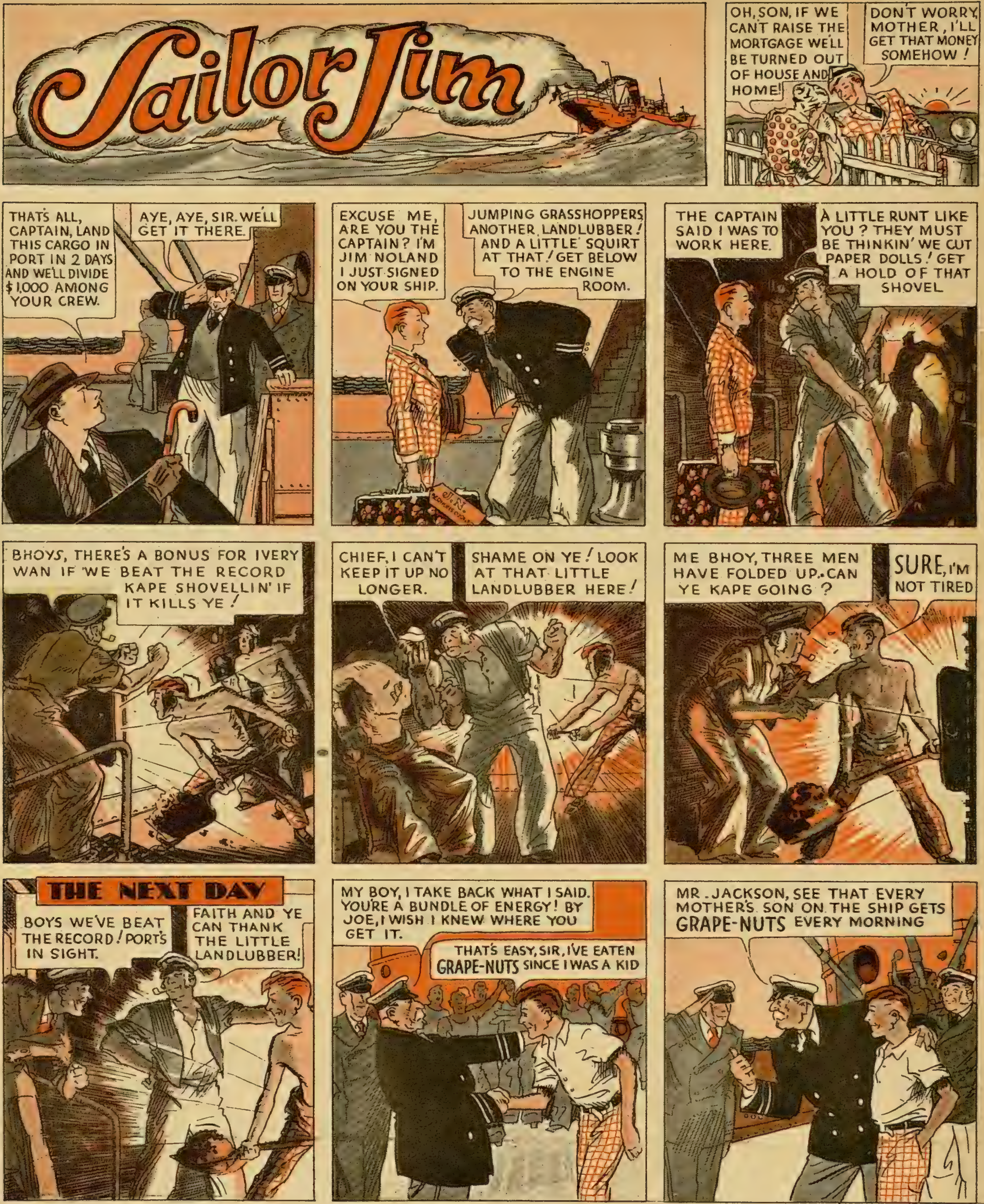
code
phot
ogra
phed

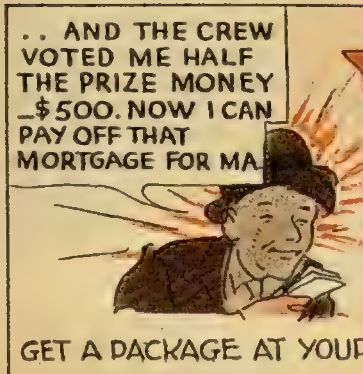
Crossle nodded his approval. "Boyd never failed us," he said.

"Were transposition ciphers used very much by the Germans?" Russell asked.

"Yes; that system was one of their pet methods of enciphering their messages. When they used German the messages were not difficult to solve because of the fact that H or K nearly always follows the letter C. By bringing the diagraph CH or CK together we could discover the number of columns without the trial-and-error method. When they used English our problem was more difficult, for in English there are no two letters that hang together except QU, but this diagraph occurs too infrequently to be of any value."

Another Yardleygram will appear in next week's issue.


Sailor Jim
OH, SON, IF WE CAN'T RAISE THE MORTGAGE WE'LL BE TURNED OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME!
DON'T WORRY, MOTHER, I'LL GET THAT MONEY SOMEHOW!
THAT'S ALL, CAPTAIN, LAND THIS CARGO IN PORT IN 2 DAYS AND WE'LL DIVIDE $1,000 AMONG YOUR CREW.
AYE, AYE, SIR. WE'LL GET IT THERE.
EXCUSE ME, ARE YOU THE CAPTAIN? I'M JIM NOLAND I JUST SIGNED ON YOUR SHIP.
JUMPING GRASSHOPPERS, ANOTHER LANDLUBBER! AND A LITTLE SQUIRT AT THAT! GET BELOW TO THE ENGINE ROOM.
THE CAPTAIN SAID I WAS TO WORK HERE.
A LITTLE RUNT LIKE YOU? THEY MUST BE THINKIN' WE CUT PAPER DOLLS! GET A HOLD OF THAT SHOVEL
BHOYS, THERE'S A BONUS FOR IVERY WAN IF WE BEAT THE RECORD KAPE SHOVELLIN' IF IT KILLS YE!
CHIEF, I CAN'T KEEP IT UP NO LONGER.
SHAME ON YE! LOOK AT THAT LITTLE LANDLUBBER HERE!
ME BHOY, THREE MEN HAVE FOLDED UP. CAN YE KAPE GOING?
SURE, I'M NOT TIRED
THE NEXT DAY
BOYS WE'VE BEAT THE RECORD! PORT'S IN SIGHT.
FAITH AND YE CAN THANK THE LITTLE LANDLUBBER!
MY BOY, I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID. YOU'RE A BUNDLE OF ENERGY! BY JOE, I WISH I KNEW WHERE YOU GET IT.
THAT'S EASY, SIR, I'VE EATEN GRAPE-NUTS SINCE I WAS A KID
MR. JACKSON, SEE THAT EVERY MOTHER'S SON ON THE SHIP GETS GRAPE-NUTS EVERY MORNING


.. AND THE CREW VOTED ME HALF THE PRIZE MONEY _$500. NOW I CAN PAY OFF THAT MORTGAGE FOR MA

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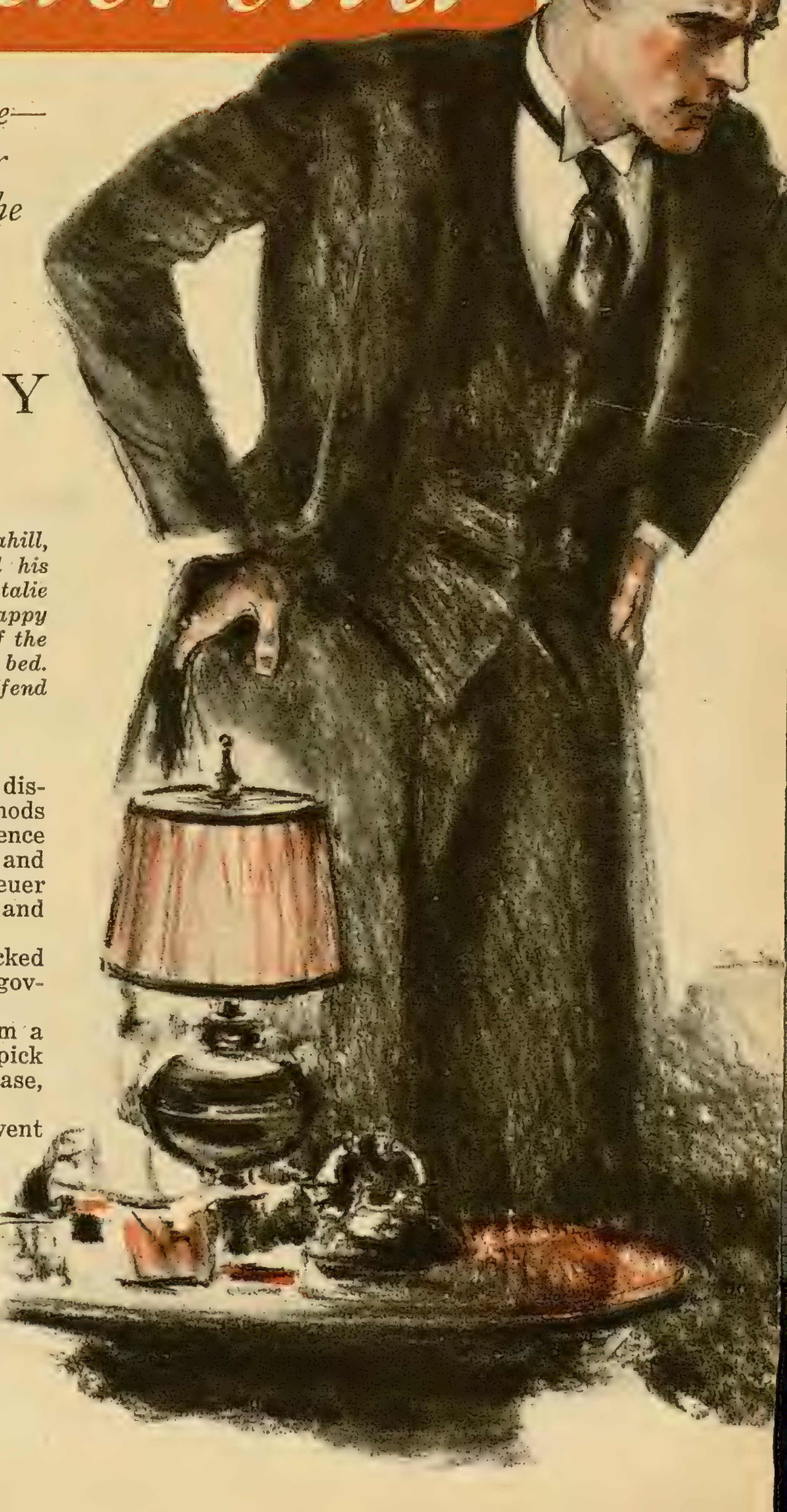
The Shackled Cinderella

What Shannon Would Do for Love—Teaching a Mother to Play Her Part—Iron Bars and Ecstasy—The Moment of Terror and Hope

By
EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by ROBERT A. CAMERON



(Reading time: 28 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the strange death of old Mike Cahill, multimillionaire, and of the events that followed his death. Mike, to spite his relations, had married Natalie Smith, a girl from the streets, desperate after an unhappy love affair with a bank clerk, Elmer Goss. The night of the wedding, Mike's dead body was found near Natalie's bed. She was held for murder. Bob Shannon, who agreed to defend her, and hoped for a hung jury, believed her innocent.

PART FIVE—THE CRUCIAL DAY

FOR over an hour Shannon and Whelan had been discussing the tricks of criminal lawyers: the methods of Charles Erbstein and Pat O'Donnell and Clarence Darrow of Chicago, Milton Cohen and Paul Schenck and Sid Hahn of Los Angeles, Sam Leibowitz and Max Steuer of New York; the ways of masters with witnesses and with juries.

"Wheatley will try his tricks again, the wry-necked old grampus," said Whelan. "He wants to be governor."

"Let him. If we beat him once we can beat him a dozen times. It would be too bad if he got a toothpick lodged in his throat and couldn't go on with the case, wouldn't it?

"It's a joke, this thing called justice," Shannon went on bitterly. "Justice is on the side of the cleverest lawyer, the most unscrupulous lawyer, the lawyer with the best political pull."

"Usually," Whelan amended that remark. He tipped back his chair, moved a screen, and spat into his private cuspidor.

"Justice is usually a blind old hag," he said. "Sometimes she's also deaf and dumb. Sometimes just dumb. Sometimes she can tell a nickel from a penny—and sometimes she can tell an honest man from a thief.

"You got to blame the jury system for the faults of justice. It's a rotten system. It's just a plain gamble. You put twelve boobs in a box, and one lawyer gives 'em facts with a few lies thrown in for coloring. And the lawyer on the other side gives them lies flavored with a few facts.

"Naturally the jury gets mental indigestion—even if they are intelligent and honest. And where are you going to get intelligent men to serve on a jury? And how can you find twelve honest men anywhere?

"Anyway, you've got just as good a chance as Wheatley has. He's as cunning as the devil himself, and you're just a cub—but you've got Fallon back of you, and Erbstein, and all these others I've told you about, and—"

"And no scruples," Shannon said, taking his feet off the desk and letting them fall with a bang. "Matt, when I first passed the bar exams and realized that I was a lawyer, I told myself I'd never do anything the least bit shady. But now—I'd bribe every one of the jurors if I thought it would do any good. I'd promise Wheatley the governorship if he'd lie down and go to sleep. I'd put the judge in the Senate, and give every witness his heart's desire to perjure himself."

"It must be hell to be in love," Whelan mused. "I'm glad no woman has ever hooked me."

He got up and spat again, and yawned.

"Well, see you in court tomorrow after I buzz that Bear baby. No use my waiting any longer. So long—and remember—don't take no whiskers on that jury. Spaniels won't do you any good. Get 'em young and foolish."

For a long time Shannon remained at his desk, looking out at the dark city and the lights that dotted it and the stars that overhung it.

"Wherever there's light there's life," he thought, "scrubwomen, janitors, clerks, brokers and their secretaries, dentists, people reading books to escape from life for an hour or two, mothers at the bedsides of children, people in cells.

"I suppose there are people on the stars. I suppose the earth and everything on it, men and women and skyscrapers and ships of the air and the sea—it's all just a little star to the people on Venus—a drab little star that isn't even named.

"What would they care up there if Natalie Cahill died in the electric chair? What would they care if she had never been born? What would they care if I bribed a jury to save her? What is a human life to them? What is it to the people of this state?

"Yet the state wants her life, and will spend thousands of dollars to take it!

"Life—what is it? Who knows that has ever lived?

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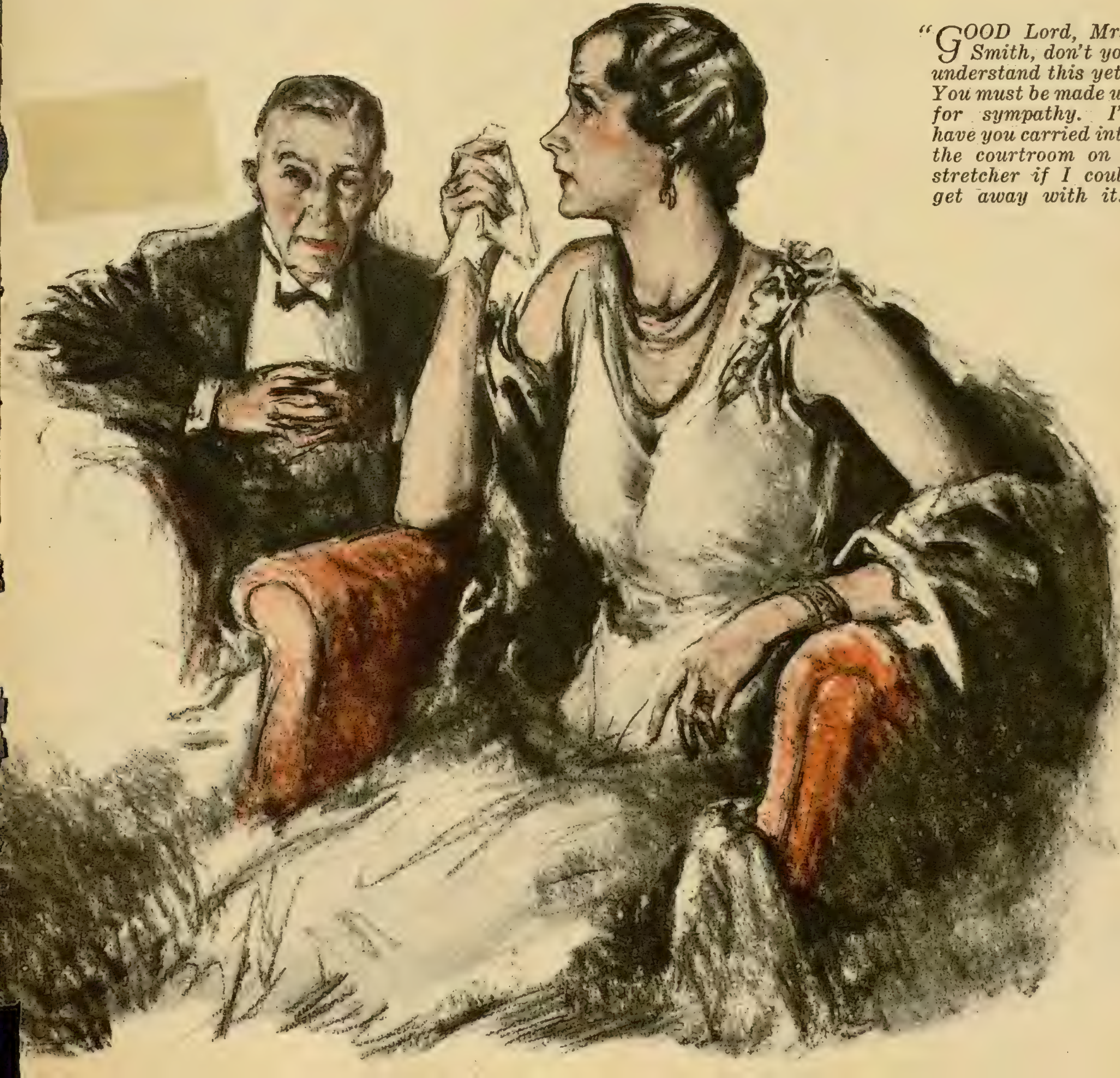


"GOOD Lord, Mrs. Smith, don't you understand this yet? You must be made up for sympathy. I'd have you carried into the courtroom on a stretcher if I could get away with it."

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-one

"And what is death? Perhaps not even the dead know that."

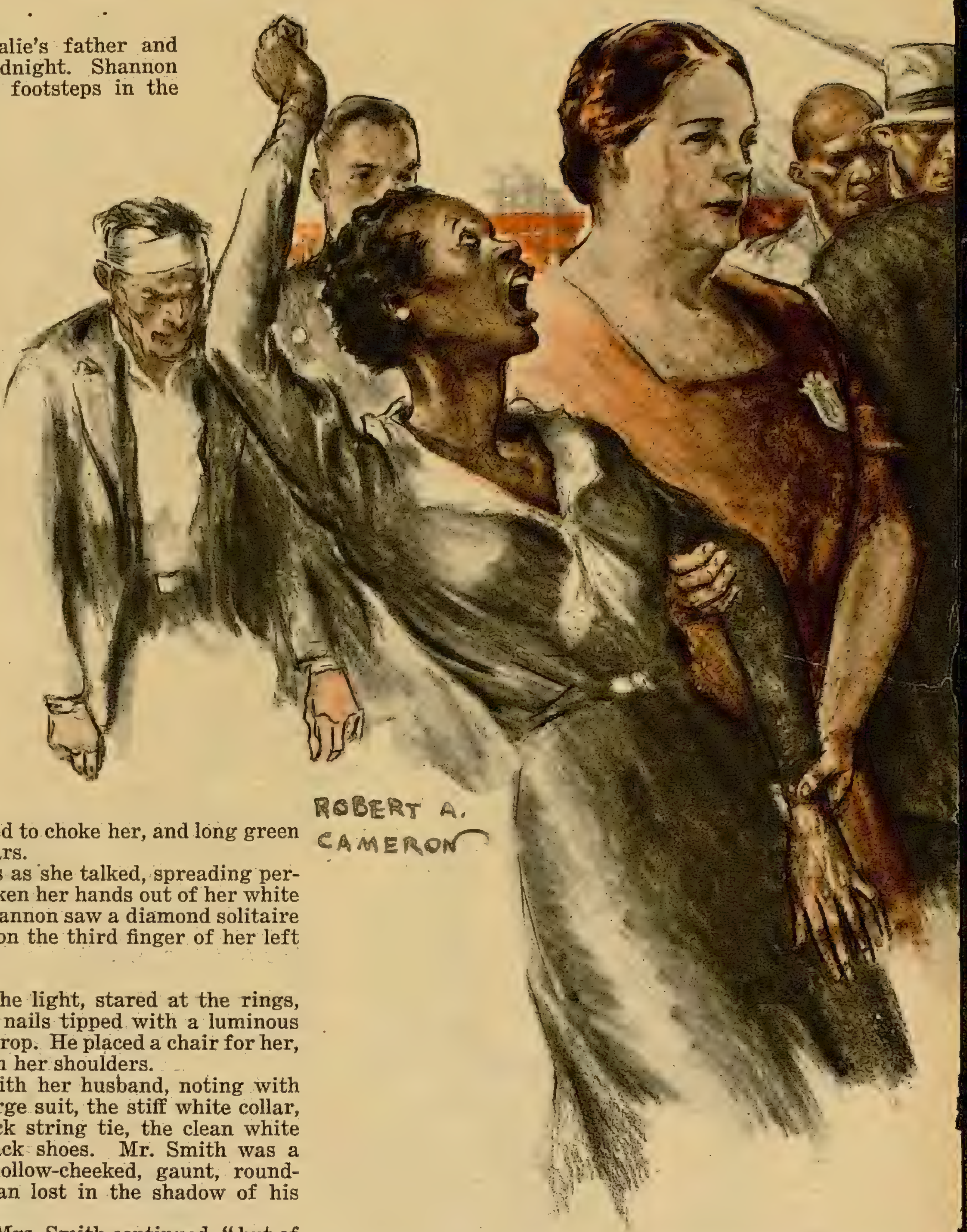
. . . . .

It was late when Natalie's father and mother arrived, almost midnight. Shannon had fallen asleep. Their footsteps in the corridor awakened him.

"I'm so sorry," Mrs. Smith greeted him. "I should have phoned you earlier this evening, but I didn't have a minute, really. I've been shopping all day since we saw Nat. We had dinner, and then went to the theater. And it's been such a nuisance getting here. The traffic was utterly miserable. It was the most wonderful show! Really, you must see it. Laugh? I haven't had a laugh like that in—oh, ages!"

She was a tall woman, big-hipped, full-bosomed, yet slim and pretty and youthful. She was wedged tightly into a dinner dress of green and white, over which was a loose new green opera coat with an imitation ermine collar. Her black hair, which was not covered, was waved in a "permanent." Imitation jade beads threatened to choke her, and long green octagonals fell from her ears.

She moved her shoulders as she talked, spreading perfume, and when she had taken her hands out of her white kid elbow-length gloves, Shannon saw a diamond solitaire and a circlet of brilliants on the third finger of her left hand.



HE raised the hand to the light, stared at the rings, stared at the crimson nails tipped with a luminous platinum polish, and let it drop. He placed a chair for her, and removed the wrap from her shoulders.

Then he shook hands with her husband, noting with pleasure the shiny blue serge suit, the stiff white collar, the carelessly knotted black string tie, the clean white shirt, the polished old black shoes. Mr. Smith was a little man, partly bald, hollow-cheeked, gaunt, round-shouldered. He was a man lost in the shadow of his wife's vitality.

"I just adore the city," Mrs. Smith continued, "but of course only to visit. I wouldn't live here if you gave it to me. It's too big, too noisy and smoky, too dirty. I'd go mad in a month. I always say I don't see how people stand the city when they have to live in it every day. I—"

"Where are you staying?" Shannon interrupted.

"The St. Jacques," Mrs. Smith said proudly. "I've heard so much about the St. Jacques, and I'd promised myself that if I ever had the money and the leisure I'd stay there. It's really quite all I expected. The service is exquisite. And the elevators! They just shoot you right up, and you don't even know the car is moving. But the prices of everything! My! Do you know that—"

"You'll check out as soon as you return there," Shannon ordered. "You'll go to the Farring House. It isn't fancy. It isn't gorgeous. But it's clean, and it's quiet—and the jury will be fed and slept there."

"But—" Mrs. Smith began.

"Mrs. Smith, you haven't come here for a good time. You haven't come to shop, to visit beauty parlors, to see shows—nor to show off. You've come to attend the trial of your daughter—a trial that may take her life! You don't seem to realize that."

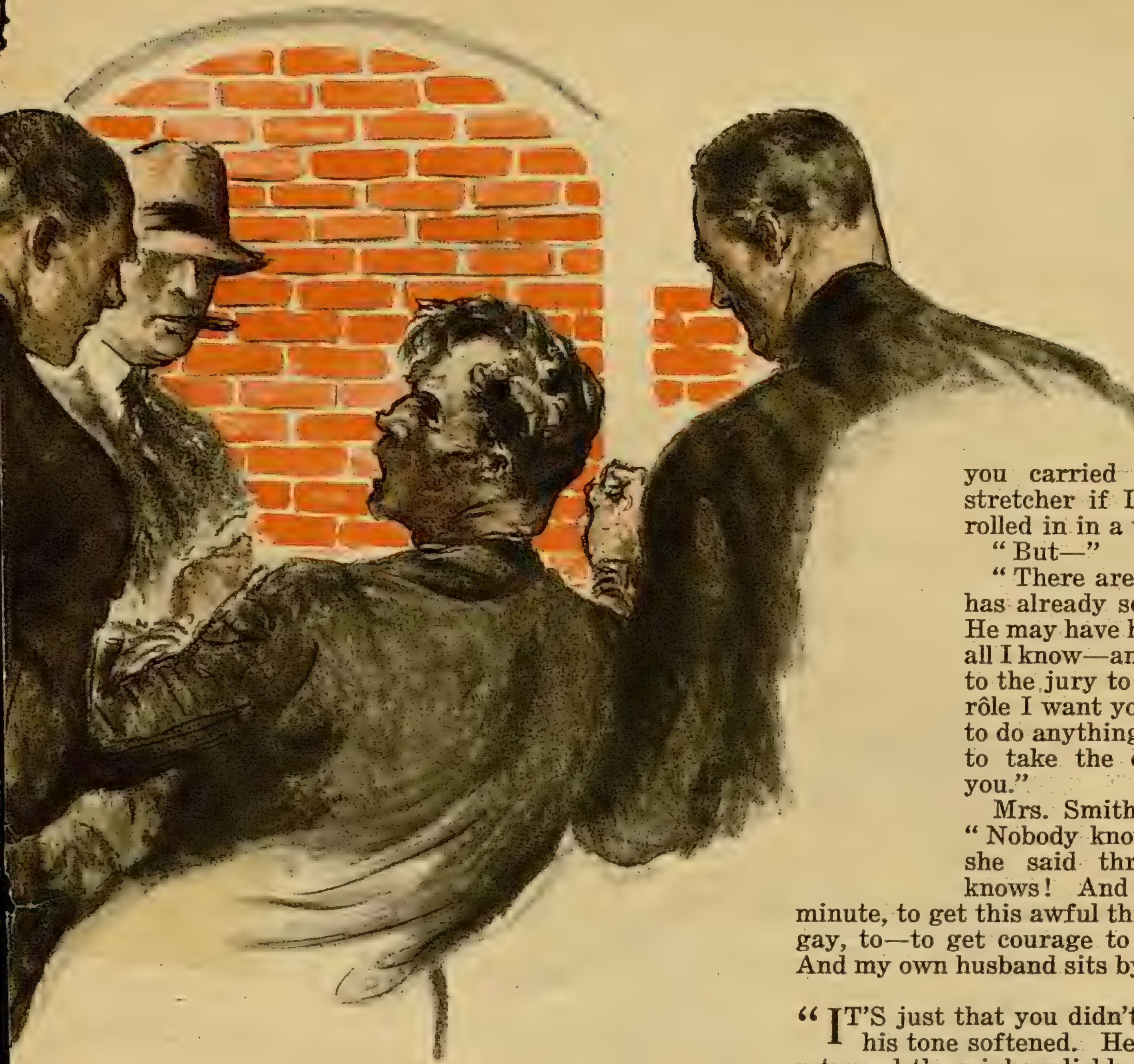
"But—"

"All night I've waited for you—and you were at the theater, dressed like a dowager duchess in a musical comedy. It isn't possible!"

Mrs. Smith's mouth stayed open. Her eyes grew wider. Her hands tightened. A flush came into her cheeks.

"Yes, a musical-comedy actress, when you're supposed to be playing in a tragedy.

"You're supposed to be worried to death, weeping, in absolute terror. You're supposed to be a pathetic figure in a black dress, with a cheap black necklace about your neck and a cross hanging from it. Your hands are supposed to be red, gnarled from work—the fingers red-



THERE, approaching the bridge of sighs, was a boy. His wrists were manacled to the wrists of two guards. A colored girl in the grip of a matron followed this trio.

dened, not the nails. I want you to have broken nails, if such a thing is possible, or nails manicured at home after the babies have been put to bed, and the dishes washed, and the stockings darned. Your hair is supposed to be done neatly—but not permanently waved. And your ears—"

"What sort of mother do you think I am, Mr. Shannon?" Mrs. Smith cried angrily. "Of course my daughter ran away from home and got into trouble, but—"

"Shut up," Shannon said quietly. Mrs. Smith jumped. Her husband looked up quickly, almost smiled.

"Shut up?" Mrs. Smith's voice was only a whisper. "Angus, did you hear that?" She turned to her husband, and—as if to prod him into activity—jabbed an elbow into his side.

"Shut up!" Shannon repeated. "I'm running this. Shut up and listen. I want a mother to sit in that courtroom beside Natalie. I want a human being. You'll put on black tomorrow; you'll wash that filthy stuff off your nails. You'll do your hair simply and take that wave out of it if you can. You'll put on old shoes and cotton stockings—and you'll not cross your legs!"

INVOLUNTARILY Mrs. Smith uncrossed her silk-clad legs and pulled down her skirt.

"I told you all this weeks ago. What good did it do? I told you I needed you and your husband as tricks, as props—character actors to sway the sympathies of the jury. You are not rich. You are not fashionable. You are not city people. You have no diamond rings, Mrs. Smith, nothing but a plain gold band. Remember that. You are all heart, not all show."

Mrs. Smith opened her ornate hand bag and took out a square of lace. She jabbed the lace against her eyes.

"And you'll have a plain white linen handkerchief tomorrow. Good Lord, Mrs. Smith, don't you understand this yet? You must be made up for sympathy. I'd have you carried into the courtroom on a stretcher if I could get away with it, or rolled in in a wheel chair."

"But—"

"There are no buts. Perhaps Wheatley has already seen you rigged out like this. He may have had pictures of you taken, for all I know—and he may show those pictures to the jury to prove you are a fraud in the rôle I want you to play. Well, it's too late to do anything about that now. We'll have to take the chance that he hasn't seen you."

Mrs. Smith bent her head and wailed. "Nobody knows what I've gone through," she said through her sobs. "Nobody knows! And when I try to let down for a minute, to get this awful thing off my mind, to be a little gay, to—to get courage to go on, I'm insulted, bullied. And my own husband sits by and—and does nothing."

"IT'S just that you didn't understand," Shannon said, his tone softened. He winked at her husband, who returned the wink owlishly. "This isn't the time to be gay, to relax, to have a good time. That time will come afterward—when we've hung the jury—if we do?"

"Hung the jury?" Mrs. Smith forgot to cry. She looked puzzled.

"That is—to deadlock them—to get them to disagree on their verdict. If the jury doesn't agree, the judge will have to declare a mistrial. Usually in such cases there isn't any more prosecution. But in this case Wheatley won't be stopped by any mistrial. He'll try your daughter until she's either acquitted or convicted. We'll be lucky if we get a hung jury—a mistrial. That will give us more time to run down the real murderer of Ebb-Tide Mike. It's up to you to help me all you can. Haven't you ever wanted to be an actress?"

Mr. Smith nodded his head sagely at Shannon and smiled, as though to say, "You're on the right track now; that's the way to get at her."

"But—"

"Exactly! I suppose every woman has. Now's your chance. You'll have to be an actress until the trial is over, and a clever one."

Mrs. Smith considered the idea for a moment, then she smiled. "I'm—I'm just thrilled to death," she said. "What were you going to say about my ears?"

"No earrings. You're not a siren now. You're just a mother."

"A mother and a grandmother," Mr. Smith said, speaking for the first time.

Mrs. Smith stood up. She preened herself and looked about her, as though to find a mirror. She began stuffing her fingers into her gloves.

"Mr. Goss will be wondering what's happened to us," she said.

"He came with you? He's at the St. Jacques?"

Mrs. Smith answered by nodding her head up and down half a dozen times and smiling.

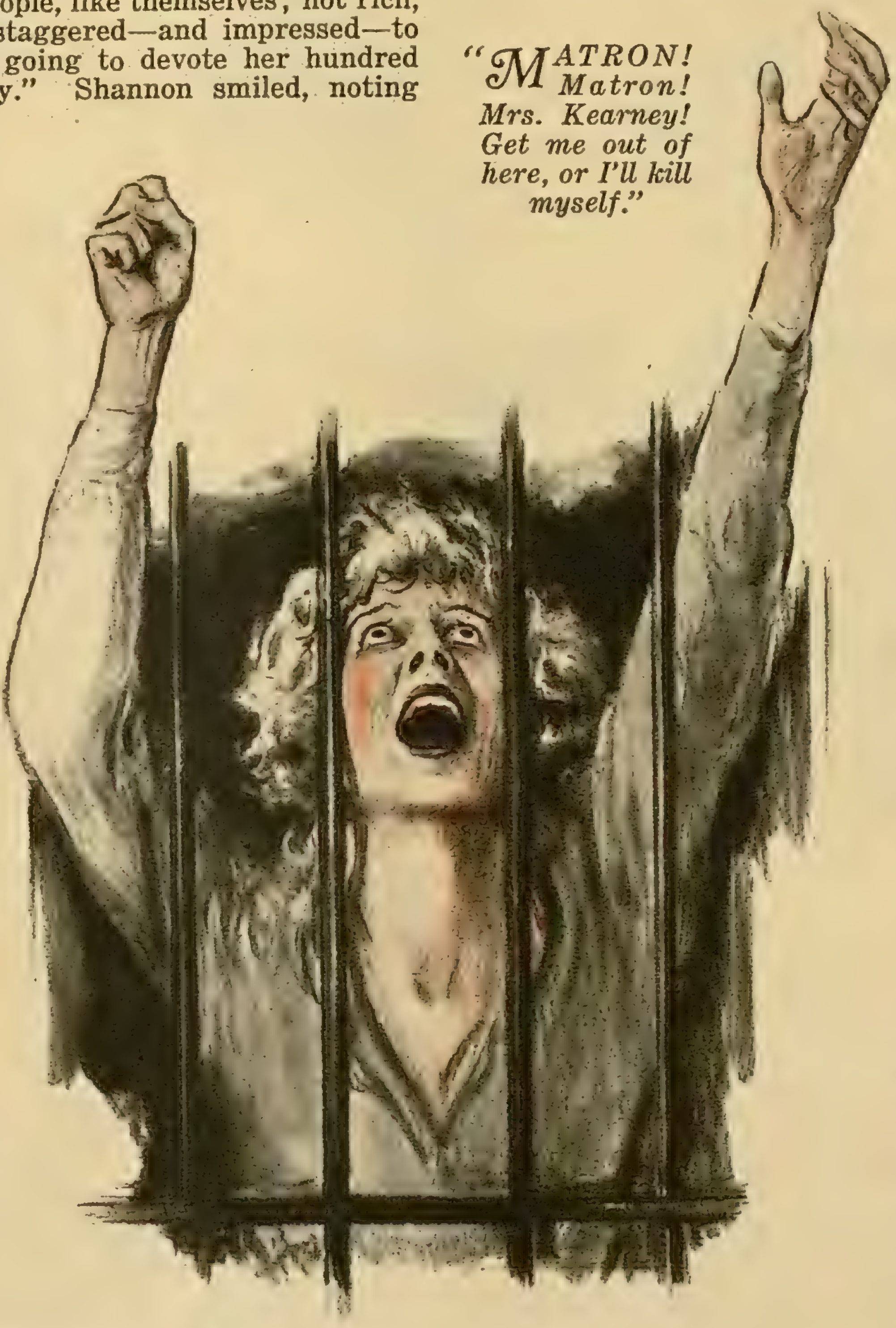
"Poor boy. It's been so hard for him. You know his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-three

mother died, and he feels it dreadfully. She died a month ago. One day she was well and bright and about, and the next day—well, of course she did leave him quite a lot of money—though, after all, money doesn't count much, does it?"

"Doesn't it? The jury of twelve good Americans will be glad to know the boy has money of his own. Funny—the way we regard money. The men who try Natalie will be typical Americans. They will want you and Mr. Smith to be common, ordinary people, like themselves; not rich, not poor. They will be staggered—and impressed—to realize your daughter is going to devote her hundred million dollars to charity." Shannon smiled, noting the expression those words brought to Mrs. Smith's face, an expression that said plainly, "She hasn't done that yet, and her mother will have something to say to her about it later on."



"MATRON! Matron! Mrs. Kearney! Get me out of here, or I'll kill myself."

"But," Shannon went on, "these same twelve men will be glad to know that if they acquit her she will marry well and live happily ever after. The old Cinderella theme. By the way, Goss is to remain at the St. Jacques. Tell him that. He is to talk freely to reporters. He is to make no secret of his love. This is the time for him to broadcast his emotions.

"The poor devil is to send flowers every day to the jail. He is to be in the courtroom every minute of the trial. He is to—but I'll arrange that the first thing in the morning. I'm sorry for him, very sorry. No matter what happens, it's going to be tough for him."

"But—if she's freed—and—and marries him?"

"She may be freed. But she'll never marry him."

Mrs. Smith laughed maliciously. "Well!" she exclaimed. "I see! You, too!"

She turned to her husband, giggling, and jabbed an elbow into his ribs.

"What a way to break the news! Angus, maybe Mr. Shannon will be our son-in-law!"

"Well, by hell!" Angus said, and offered his calloused, hard right hand.

II

NATALIE woke with the dawn and wondered for a moment why she felt so elated.

She closed her eyes, trying to recapture the ecstasy of the dream, trying to guess what it was that brought such rapture.

Was she at home in her room upstairs? Was something wonderful about to happen to her when she dressed and ran down to breakfast? Was someone waiting for her? Elmer?

She sat up, remembering Elmer, and found herself in her prison cell, the sun streaming through the bars of her window, falling on the gray dress that lay across the back of the chair.

The ecstasy of the dream returned. It was the day set for her trial; the day she would spend with Bob!

Today she could kiss him and feel no iron pressing against her face. Today she could sit at his side, be with him every minute except for the noon recess.

She began to put on her stockings. She noticed that her fingers trembled.

"Hey, Cahill. Cut that damn' warbling! What do you think you are? A canary?"

Natalie hadn't realized she was singing.

"Hello, Bear," she called back. "I'm being tried today."

"Well, for God's sake!" Leonie called. "And you start yodeling. What's the big thought back of that?"

"Just—happy!"

"Happy, hell! I get mine next week, but I ain't singing. I'm scared to death!"

Natalie stepped out of her nightgown and into new pink silk step-ins.

"It's bad luck to sing," Leonie shouted. "Cut it out. You give me goose flesh."

"Sorry. I can't help it."

SHE ran to the mirror and the hot- and cold-water faucets and the tiny shelf of cold creams and perfumes.

Leonie Bear's sharp voice came to her, cutting through the running of the water and the music of her own song.

"You must be in love!"

Ah, wasn't she in love?

"Oh, I am," she told herself. "I'm nothing but love. I feel as though I've never lived before. I feel as though I've just been born, and I'm going to the church to be Bob Shannon's bride, to hold him in my arms, tight, so tight, and to keep him in my arms and never, never, never let him go!"

She said his name over and over, loving the sound of it, making it music: "Shannon, Bob Shannon, Robert Lord Shannon, my Bob Shannon."

She was humming when the matron, Mrs. Kearney, opened the barred door and walked in.

"Good morning," Mrs. Kearney said. "My, but you're bright and gay this morning!"

Her hard face lightened for a moment.

"What would you like for breakfast, dearie? Strawberry jam, toasted muffins, a slice of melon, oranges, cereal, bacon, ham, eggs?"

"Why don't you ever ask me what I want?" Leonie called from her cell across the corridor. "'Would you have some hothouse strawberries, Miss Bear, some quail on toast, some humming-birds' wings, or some mush and a cup of sloppy coffee and a dirty look?'"

The matron's face flushed with anger.

"Listen to that one!" she said, lowering her voice, "and you paying for her meals and her cigarettes every day she's been here, and sending her candy and flowers till I'm worn out walking from your cell to hers with presents."

"Be patient with her, Mrs. Kearney," Natalie whispered. "She's all right, really."

"Huh! I don't care about her. But you—for the life of me, I can't make you out. Sure, I know you're in love with Mr. Shannon—oh, it's no secret. Anybody could see that that saw the two of you together. Your eyes shine every time I mention his name. But—you don't seem to mind being in jail. That's what I can't understand."

"It was here I found love," Natalie answered simply.

"That I know. That's what makes it all the crazier. You should want to be free and far away from here. I should think it would break your heart to be in love and to be in jail."

"But it doesn't."

"Ah, well—we're all made different, God knows."

TO MY
VALENTINE

The matron shook her head from side to side and jangled her keys. "You'll look sweet in the gray dress," she said. "You'll look like a nun. Well, I'm a gabby old woman, but I've said my say. I'll bring you your breakfast as soon as you tell me what to bring."

"Just bring me anything," Natalie said, "but do ask Leonie what she wants. Tell her today is a special occasion, an extra-special occasion. Tell her to ask for anything she can think of, and you'll get it for her. And—and tell all the other girls the same. I'll pay for everything—but, remember, they're not to know about it."

"Sure they all know about it, anyway. You can't keep secrets in jail. They're the only things not caged. Well, I wish you good luck, dearie." The iron door clanged shut behind her. She walked by Leonie's cell without looking at Leonie, and opened another door. That, too, clanged. She had left the wing.

There were only the two cells occupied in this wing of the jail. The girls waiting trial for murder never saw any other women prisoners except during the exercise period in the afternoon.

"The old jailbird!" Leonie said when the second door clanged. "I'd like to wring her neck."

Natalie didn't hear her. She was caressing the soft leather of her new gray shoes. Shannon had bought them for her. He had gone shopping for them. He had visited store after store. She imagined how he looked when the clerk had shown him this pair, how his face brightened, how his left eyebrow went up in that funny way, how his hands went out to them. She imagined him feeling the leather, even as she was doing now, leaving little caresses there for her to find.

She slipped her foot into the right shoe. It was a perfect fit. She put on the other one, and stood up and looked at them from every angle. Beautiful shoes, they were, comfortable, the exact shade of the dress. She felt she could not wait to put on the dress. But she must wait, at least until after breakfast.

"CAHILL! Are you deef?"

Natalie was startled.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Hell! For a minute I thought you'd bumped yourself. Was I scared! Didn't you hear anything I said?"

Natalie laughed. "I was looking at my shoes and thinking about my dress," she confessed.

"I was asking you about your mouthpiece."

Natalie ran to the cell door.

"What about him?" she asked, a catch in her throat.

"You think he'd take my case?"

"Oh! For a minute I thought you had bad news. Of course he will, if you want him to."

"Kid, if he's so good he can make you warble before you go across that damn' bridge of sighs, I want him bad."

"He's wonderful," Natalie assured her.

"He's probably got your jury fixed already. He's got to fix mine too. I don't have to tell you I killed that dirty bum. I got no more chance than a rabbit, and I know it. Unless I get a smart lawyer, I'm cooked. You're sure you can get him for me?"

"Don't be afraid," Natalie said gently. "Mr. Shannon will do everything he can for you. I know he will."

"I ain't got any money, kid."

"You won't need any."

"You're lying like hell, but I love it, kid. It makes me feel swell—for now, anyway. Say, I do hope you're sprung."

"And you, too."

"I'd give a million bucks, if I had it, to feel like you do now—to be so damn' certain of being sprung that I could sing."

"Oh, but I'm not certain," Natalie said. "In fact, I don't see how I can possibly be—be sprung."

"And yet you can sing like that? Don't kid me. You ain't that nutty, Cahill. You ain't nutty at all. I don't know. Maybe you are. Maybe I'm nutty too. Of course I'm nutty. We're all nutty. Everybody in the world is nutty."

She began to kick at the door of her cell, to scream, to grasp the bars and try to shake them.

"I don't want to die!" she cried. "I don't want to be put in the chair. Natalie Cahill's going to the chair, and she sings. Natalie Cahill's crazy and they're going to burn her. I'm crazy, and they're going to burn me. Matron! Matron! Mrs. Kearney! Get me out of here, or I'll kill myself."

Suddenly she sank from Natalie's sight, and Natalie knew she had fallen to the floor. She could hear her moaning there.

"Leonie!" she called.

Only the sound of sobbing answered her.

III

ECSTASY returned once more with the arrival of Shannon. Natalie was in the corridor, walking up and down between the cells, when the matron unbolted the outer door and ushered Shannon inside. "Five minutes," she said, and locked him in with his client.

The blood rushed into Natalie's cheeks, the glad light into her eyes. She could not speak to him. She could do nothing, for the moment, but look at him and adore him. Nor could he speak until his arms were around her and his lips on hers. He tried to talk to her even as he kissed her, and laughed at himself, and at her, and at everything.

"Oh, I love you!" she whispered.

"Little gray nun! You aren't afraid?"

"I'm glad, so very glad. I'll be with you all day."

"All day! Yet we'll be like strangers to each other, darling. We will sit side by side, but we'll be far away from each other."

"Don't talk. Just let me look at you and tell you how much I love you."

He caressed her cheek with the palm of his hand.

"If we could only do nothing else!" he said. "But there is no time. The stage is set. The curtain's waiting. The house is packed. The star must walk into the spotlight.

"Darling, you'll be frightened when you come into that courtroom, but try not to show it. Your father and mother will be at the counsel table, waiting. But you're not to see them first. Elmer Goss will be in a front-row seat about the center of the court. Smile when you see him as you smile when you see me. I want to get the idea over to the crowd that you love him."

"Bob!" The tone was a reproach.

"I don't like it either, Nat. But do it for me, please."

"Of course I will. I'll do exactly as you tell me."

"Good. You take a half step toward him. He's to get up and start toward you. And then you both realize that—though you love each other—it is impossible for you to have each other. You turn your head quickly, and run to your mother."

"It seems so—so cheap!"

"It may seem so, dear—but it will help."

"And he—if he still loves me—it will hurt him terribly."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-five

"No. He knows it's just a part written in the play. He couldn't feel half so miserable as I, loving you so, wanting you so, and knowing—"

"Poor dear!" she said. She kissed him.

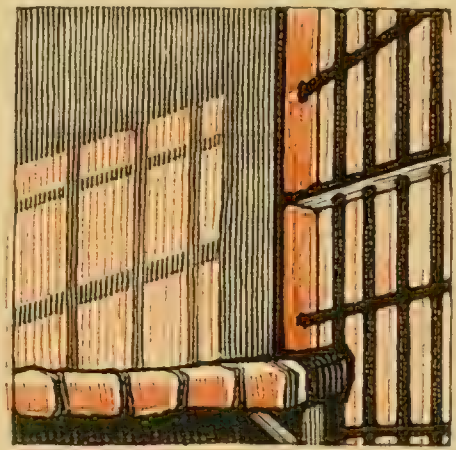
"Hold me tight for a minute, and shut your eyes, Bob. We're all alone. There's only you and I in all the world. We're free. We're in love. We'll always be free, always in love."

"Cahill!"

"It's Leonie," Natalie said, pulling away from Bob and running to the cell.

"What is it?"

Leonie sobbed.



"She cried herself to sleep this morning," Natalie explained. "I guess— Leonie, this is my lawyer, Mr. Shannon. He says he'll be glad to take your case."

"Of course I will," said Shannon. "Why, you shouldn't be afraid! I've already worked out a good defense for you. Haven't you seen my friend Matt Whelan yet?"

"I haven't seen anybody," Leonie said. "Give me a cigarette. Sure, I'm all right now. I must have had a nightmare. It's this damn' jail gets me. The ventilation's bad. That's all. You ain't kidding, are you, about—"

Shannon laughed reassuringly, holding the match to her cigarette. "I never kid. I was talking to Whelan just last night about you. I thought Paddy Cahill had got you a lawyer, but Whelan said he hadn't."

"Paddy Cahill? Oh, some relative of the kid's? Nope. Say, leave me a package of these pills, will you? I'm undressed and can't run down to the corner, and my secretary's late this morning."

"That's the stuff. I'll send you a carton of them as soon as I get to the corner. And from now on I'm your lawyer, and everything's all right."

Mrs. Kearney entered, dressed for court in her smartest tweeds. "Clear out now, Mr. Shannon," she said.

"At once. Good-by, Miss Bear. Mrs. Kearney, Miss Bear is now my client. See that she has everything she wants, and send the bill to me. And thanks again for those five minutes."

"Good-by," Leonie called. "Good luck. Say, Cahill, you're a peach. I'll never forget you. And say, Mrs. Kearney, where the hell's my breakfast?"

"Mrs. Burr will bring it up. What do you want?"

"Hurray! She asks me what I want. I want strawberries and cream. I want ham and eggs. I want a poached egg on toast. I want a gallon of coffee, with real cream in it. And make it snappy."

NATALIE felt, as she left the wing, that never again, though she lived to be a great-grandmother, would she ever know such happiness. But the feeling passed even as she realized it.

There, just approaching the bridge of sighs ahead of her, was a boy whose face seemed beaten out of shape. There was blood on his dirty collar and shirt, blood on his coat. His wrists were manacled to the wrists of two uniformed guards, and they were urging him along with their shoulders. He was cursing them.

A colored girl in the grip of a matron followed this trio. She was singing:

"O Lawd God o' Abraham,
Look down an' save dis
chile f'm hahm."

Her feet were unsteady, and her breath, as she passed Natalie, was foul with gin.

The ecstasy went out of Natalie. She felt limp and ill. Her legs seemed fettered. Mrs. Kearney looked at her in some surprise.

"You're not afraid?"

"It's so—so horrible," she answered.

They walked in silence over the bridge—to the detention room—"the bull pen"—in the court building.

This was a vile place. The dirty yellow walls were scratched, cut with knives, speckled with tobacco juice. The air was stifling with pent stale smoke, the fumes of drunken men and women, the smell of garlic breaths. It droned with the tongues of lawyers, bondsmen, policemen, bailiffs, court clerks, thieves, streetwalkers, petty politicians. It reeked of brutality, licentiousness, greed, and terror.

Natalie felt faint as she crossed it. She lowered her eyes. She tried to shut out the sight of all these people—prisoners and keepers—but she could not. Nor could she keep from hearing her name uttered in all parts of the room.

"Natalie Cahill! Natalie Cahill! Natalie Cahill! Murder! Murder! Murder! The girl that killed her husband—Ebb-Tide Mike. That's Natalie Cahill, and I hope she burns. She killed him. She killed Mike Cahill."

SHE felt debased, sullied. She wanted to scream. She wanted to fight.

Her head went up. Her chin stiffened. She walked proudly to the door of the court of the Hon. Max. M. Kishniff, and waited there until the matron said, "All right, now," and pushed it open.

The courtroom, noisy as she entered, quieted immediately.

A sea of people undulated before her, men and women sitting on benches, men and women standing in the aisles and back of the benches, sitting on the wide ledges of tall windows, standing in both doorways, people pushing against the line of policemen who blocked the doors, people standing on tiptoe and craning their necks, people clamorous and rude and hostile, people who hated her, people who pitied her, people who envied her the money Ebb-Tide Mike had left her, people who had come to judge and to condemn her.

She walked slowly toward her chair. She had forgotten Shannon's last instructions. She had forgotten Elmer Goss.

But suddenly she saw him, the one friendly being in all that great crowd beyond the railing. He was standing, looking at her, and there was love in his face, and gladness, and hope.

It was good to see him again.

She started toward him, and then she thought of the baby that was his and hers, the little life that had come and gone in a night. Sudden hot tears came to her eyes. She looked away from him, and ran into her mother's arms, felt tears falling on her hands, saw her father's face and kissed it, sat down beside her lover and reached for his hand.

It comforted her, strengthened her.

"I didn't dream it would be like this," she said. "I was afraid until I saw you here."

The courtroom was buzzing now. A man was rapping on the judge's bench and saying, "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye." Everybody was standing. A black-robed man was walking quickly to the judge's chair.

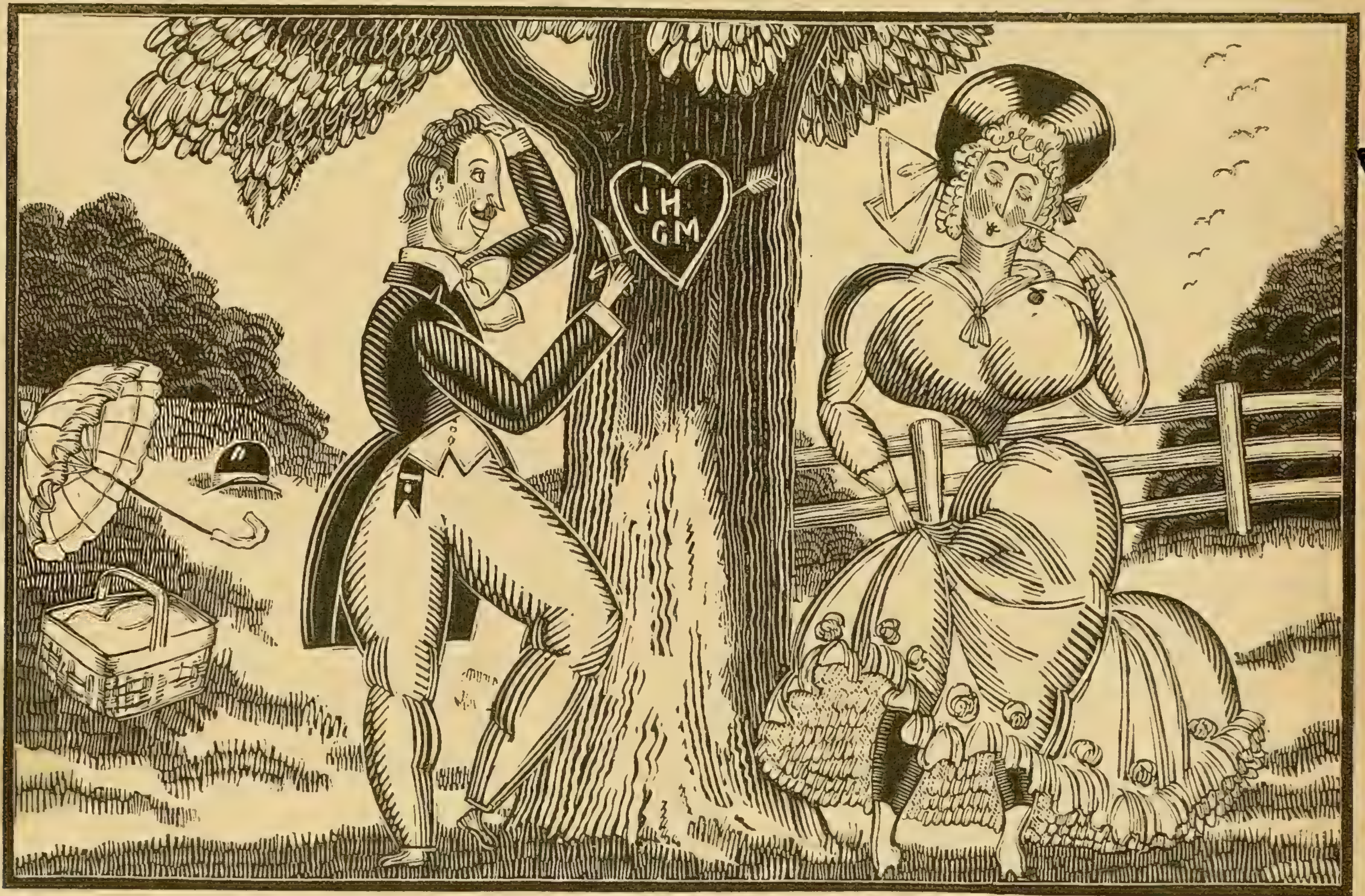
The trial of Natalie Cahill for the murder of her husband was about to begin, and Natalie could hear the beating of her heart.

You'll hold your breath, in next week's tense installment of The Shackled Cinderella, as one smashing surprise follows another.

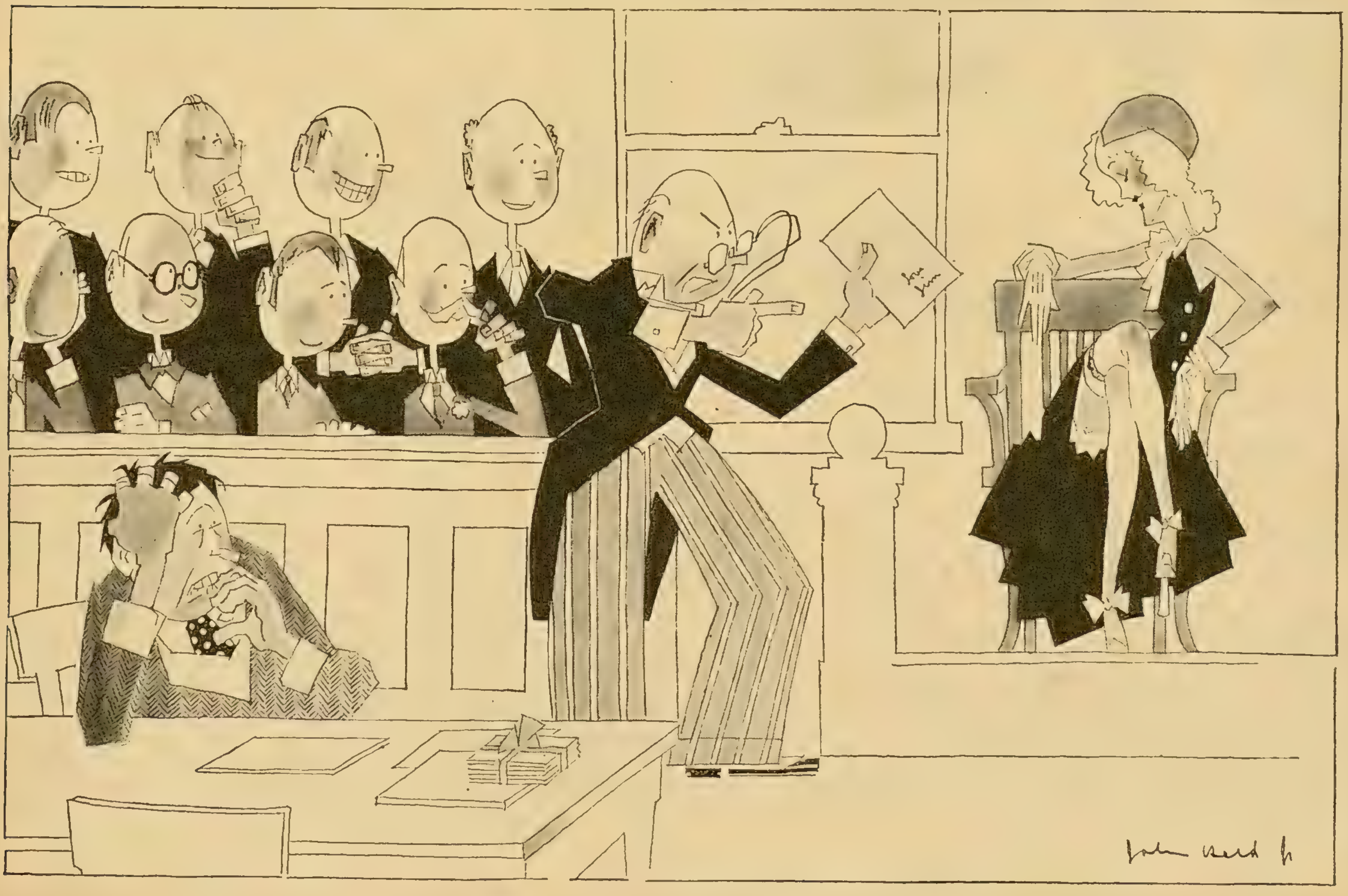
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—Frankfort.
2—Ostrich.
3—William J. Bryan, Robert Lansing, and Bainbridge Colby.
4—A network of nerves in the abdomen at the back of the stomach.
5—Dominicans.
6—A surgeon's knife.
7—Cervantes.
8—A jacket or short coat.
9—Bucephalus.
10—A pagan.
11—John Masefield.
12—Boston, Massachusetts.
13—1789 to 1797.
14—John Adams.
15—Hymn by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
16—An alloy of copper, antimony, and tin.
17—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.
18—The eye.
19—Hawaiian Islands.
20—A mingling of discordant sounds.

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



The message of love—In days of tender romance the swain carved his love eternal on the sycamore tree



The love message today—The swain defends a breach-of-promise suit

"When Curiosity Killed the Cat ~ *What Was It Being Curious About?"*

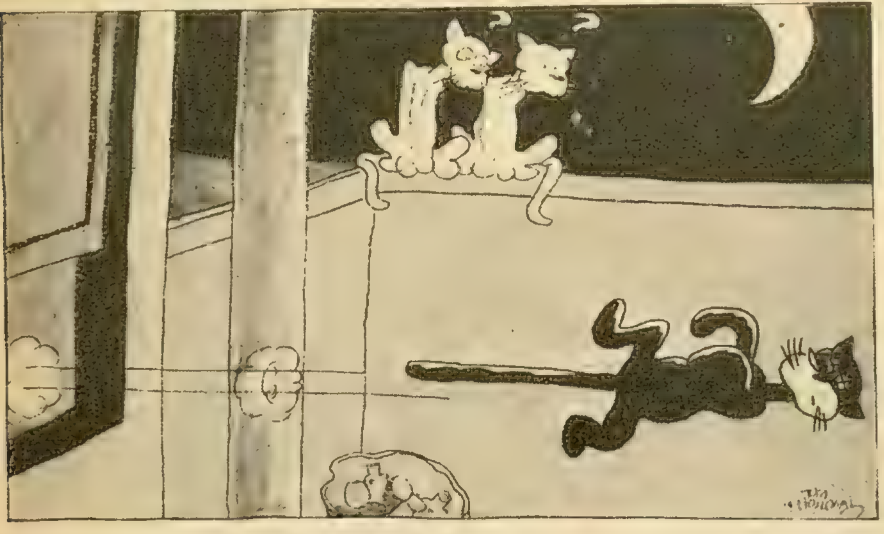
LIBERTY WILL PAY

$500 FOR WISE CRACKS

ANSWERING THIS QUESTION!

WELL, *mesdames et messieurs*—ladies and gents to you—here's your chance to let the cat out of the bag and put a prize check in its place! Liberty will pay $500 in cash prizes for the winning wise cracks written in reply to this week's contest question. We ask you: "When curiosity killed the cat, what was it being curious about?" Now *we're* being curious. But we don't expect to get killed—unless we die laughing at your wise-crack answers.

Write the answer in twenty words—or less. Suggest a question of your own. Send your entry as directed in the brief, simple rules. If you win first prize you'll get Liberty's check for $100. Second money will bring you $50. Third prize is $25 and you have 229 other prizes to try for. Let's go!



WEEKLY CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
Two FOURTH PRIZES, each $10	20
Seven FIFTH PRIZES, each $5	35
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each $2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each $1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	$500

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.

2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.

3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Answers in pencil will not be considered. Write on one side of your sheet of paper only.

4. The answer which, in the opinion of the judges, is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future edition of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.

5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Monday, March 14, 1932.

TENTH WEEK PRIZE WINNERS HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

$100 FIRST PRIZE

ANNA LEE FORTNER, Berea, Kentucky

$10 SECOND PRIZES

Mrs. Charles Brammer, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Edward A. Creswick, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Reese Davies, Youngstown, Ohio; F. Burr Joslin, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. H. W. North, Memphis, Tenn.; Cecile Reeves, Ridgewood, N. J.; Mrs. R. S. Scott, Bremerton, Wash.; Mary Lee Stoops, Morgantown, W. Va.; Helen Wood, Baltimore, Md.; J. E. Lawton, Minneapolis, Minn.

$5 THIRD PRIZES

John Barnet, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. John Brown, Birmingham, Ala.; Nick Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.; Mrs. O. S. Burr, Kokomo, Ind.; Mrs. A. Chapman,

$5 THIRD PRIZES (Continued)

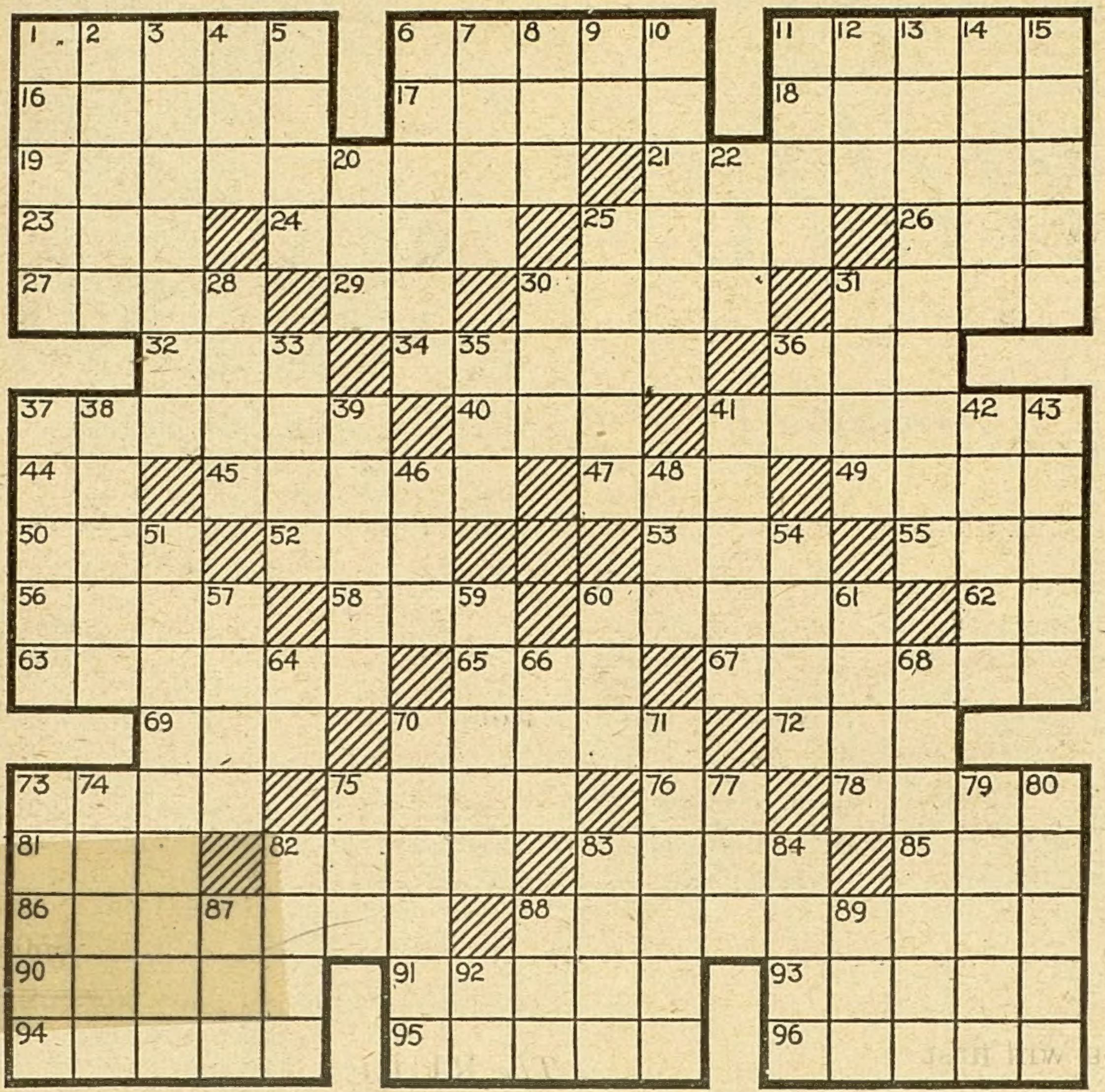
Cochrane, Alberta, Canada; H. Lloyd Churchill, White Plains, N. Y.; R. M. Clutterbuck, Honolulu, T. H.; M. C. Colburn, Des Moines, Iowa; C. J. Crandall, Onida, S. D.; Mrs. F. B. Davis, Utica, N. Y.; T. V. Edwards, Cocoa, Fla.; Florence Empson, Arthur, Ill.; Harold B. Fahnestock, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. C. B. Fletcher, San Francisco, Calif.; Roy I. Franklin, Urbana, Ill.

Bill Gibson, Pleasanton, Calif.; E. Gideon, Austin, Texas; Susan M. Hallowell, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Meral William Hinshaw, Pasadena, Calif.; Raymond W. Hogan, Staten Island, N. Y.; S. A. James, Takoma Park, D. C.; George D. Johns, Philadelphia, Pa.; P. A. Kinsey, Boyertown, Pa.; William F. Koch, Haverhill, N. H.; Ray Kuhn, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. J. F. Lanahan, San Gabriel, Calif.; Joseph H. Manley, Tacoma, Wash.; Samuel Manzi, Newport, Ky.; Dr. J. A. McAlister, Takoma Park, D. C.; Lavilla Perry, Salem, Ore.; W. R. Petrie, Villa Park, Ill.; Lily Schmidt, Grand Rapids, Mich.; John R. Schuck, Findlay, Ohio; Monroe Scoggins, Tulsa, Okla.; W. H. Smith, Durham, N. C.; Mrs. I. J. Springer, San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. M. Stundon, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. David Sweigart, Lincoln Park, Pa.; A. D. Wagner, Salem, Ore.; Anne M. Watkins, Stonehurst, Pa.

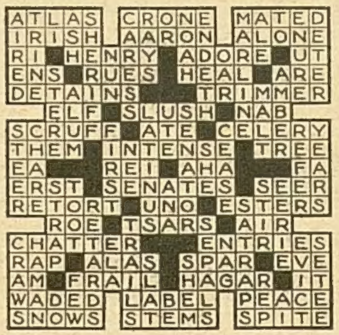
ANOTHER $500 PRIZE WISE-CRACK CONTEST QUESTION NEXT WEEK!

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 Cripples
6 Stores
11 Gross
16 Manifest
17 Of tones or sounds
18 Supposed emanations
19 Native of Bengal
21 Fragment
23 Silkworm
24 Clotted blood
25 Cavil
26 Insect
27 Sojourn
29 Brazilian measure
30 Part of the neck
31 Withered
32 Base
34 Stalks
36 Owns
37 Woven container
40 Sheep
41 Character in Macbeth
44 Jewish month
45 Alleviated
47 Row
49 Eviscerates
50 Evil
52 Fish
53 Pronoun
55 Greek letter
56 Utilized
58 Color
60 Miraculous food
62 For example (abbr.)
63 Sequence
65 Note in Guido's scale
67 In abundance
69 Eggs
70 Small hand shears
72 Parity
73 City in Russia
75 Native of Latvia
76 Element (symbol)
78 Stitched
81 Old money of account
82 Jackdaws
83 Hire; pay
85 Pronoun
86 Oatmeal cake
88 Short curls
90 Vapor
91 River in Germany
93 Inactive
94 Tries
95 Painful spots
96 Worms



ATLAS CRONE MATED
IRISH AARON ALONE
RI HENRY ADORE UT
ENS RUES HEAL ARE
DETAINS TRIMMER
ELF SLUSH NAB
SCRUFF ATE CELERY
THEM INTENSE TREE
EA REI AHA FA
ERST SENATES SEER
RETORT UNO ESTERS
ROE TSARS AIR
CHATTER ENTRIES
RAP ALAS SPAR EVE
AM FRAIL HAGAR IT
WADED LABEL PEACE
SNOWS STEMS SPITE

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Brain divisions
2 Prevent
3 Domestic servants
4 Measure of energy
5 Deer
6 Metric measures
7 Stocking
8 Pronoun
9 Greek letter
10 Fragments
11 Collection of huts
12 Conduct; manage
13 Kind of ornament
14 Mentally sounder
15 Long seat
20 Cut off
22 Sooner than
25 Gem carved in relief
28 Pair of oxen
30 Fresh
31 Intoned
33 Last under use
35 Man's nickname
36 Ejaculation
37 Hindu gentlemen
38 Reduce; humiliate
39 Autocrats
41 Fetch
42 Speak
43 County in Kansas
46 Watch narrowly
48 Exclamation
51 Detracts
54 Break suddenly
57 Prima donna
59 Small hollows
60 Chart
61 Interjection
64 Assyrian deity
66 Came to rest
68 Son of Agamemnon
70 Drains
71 Parts of a barrel
73 Perch
74 Ill-tempered
75 One hundred thousand
77 Since
79 Whither
80 Cozy abodes
82 Mother of a quadruped (plural)
83 Beveled edge of a board or plank
84 American Indian
87 Cat-o'-nine-tails
88 Tree
89 Politicians in power
92 Exclamation

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"I'll say
BLUE-JAY
DOES THE TRICK
WISH
I'D TRIED IT
SOONER"

FEET HURT?

For instant relief apply a Blue-jay, the medicated Corn Plaster. The pain stops right away; Blue-jay *cushions* the spot where agonizing pressure comes.

And then the mild medication loosens the corn for early removal. Soon you're on *easy feet!*

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CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK

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142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

To the Ladies!

By

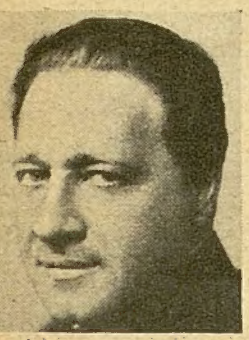
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 min. 5 sec.)

"WHEN the daughter of a wealthy family gets a divorce her rich parents should be obliged to pay part of her alimony."

This opinion comes from Arthur Garfield Hays, celebrated lawyer, defender of civil liberties, champion of women's rights. Mr. Hays and I were talking about the justice of alimony. He upholds the alimony laws in general, but takes some original views of the subject.



Arthur Garfield Hays

"Marriage is still woman's greatest opportunity in life," he said to me. "And when a woman marries she usually gives up her chances to do other things—follow other careers. She should therefore be compensated adequately if divorced from her 'marriage job.'

"She deserves the same comforts and luxuries she enjoyed as a married woman, or as a dependent daughter. If her ex-husband can't pay all her bills, and her parents have means, then they should share the expenses of her return to the single state, just as they paid her expenses before she married."

As a lawyer Mr. Hays has devoted professional study to the feminine mind. He has come to the conclusion that we are more adventurous than men—but more discreet, also.

CORN snakes are all the rage this year among people who go in for pet reptiles. The corn snake comes in fashionable beige with lovely crimson fancywork down the back. His appetite is simple enough for any depression budget. Two mice per week keep him fat and frisky.

You may not take this information seriously, but let me tell you, please, that Miss Nellie Louise Condon of the Reptile Study Society says that snakes make the finest of all house pets. She says they are very intelligent, clean, decorative.

On the other hand, Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, famous Bronx Zoo snake man, doesn't believe pet snakes are really affectionate. He says your own snake can't recognize you, and will make friends with perfect strangers if their hands are warm. That settles it, as far as I am concerned. No snakes for me!

ONE of the most charmingly youthful women I know told me the other day how she has trained herself deliberately to take an interest in everything that goes on around her.

"I have always had a great many interests, anyway," she said, "but to make sure that my enthusiasms don't give out, leaving me bored and slack-minded, I look for fresh ones all the time. When I read in the papers about a big game, or a race, or a contest of any kind, I always pick a side to win. I make myself a mental bet on the outcome. Then I follow the event with interest, even with excitement."

There's a splendid example!

Up-to-date doctors have learned that *enthusiasm* is enormously healthful. A woman I know has just been put on a strict health régime by her physician. He has prescribed not only diet and exercise, but theaters and lectures also. He tells her she must have mental stimulus to insure proper circulation. Take a tip from him. Keep *your* enthusiasms and you'll keep your health--and youth.

WE all know the women Thyra Samter Winslow writes about in her new book, Blueberry Pie. Fourteen splendid stories of real, everyday people. You'll enjoy it. (Published by Knopf.)

EVIDENTLY we women were not the most mysterious creatures on earth five thousand years ago. The oldest sphinx ever found has just been dug up in Mesopotamia—and it has the head of a man. Much later, scientists now say, came the female sphinx as a symbol of riddles unanswerable.

Isn't that nice! It breaks down one more masculine slant on us, doesn't it? For years and years men have been calling us *sphinxes* to convey the idea that our feminine ways defy all understanding. After which we discover at last that the sphinx was originally one of the boys. I guess a good many mothers, wives, and sisters have suspected as much all along. The sphinxishness of the male is nothing new to his mate.

BLUE and beige are the spring colors. This gives me a fine chance to say, "I told you so." My blue-and-beige forecast appeared some months ago, as you constant readers may recall. Now beige coats lined with blue are as smart as they can be. Wear a blue dress to complete the combination.

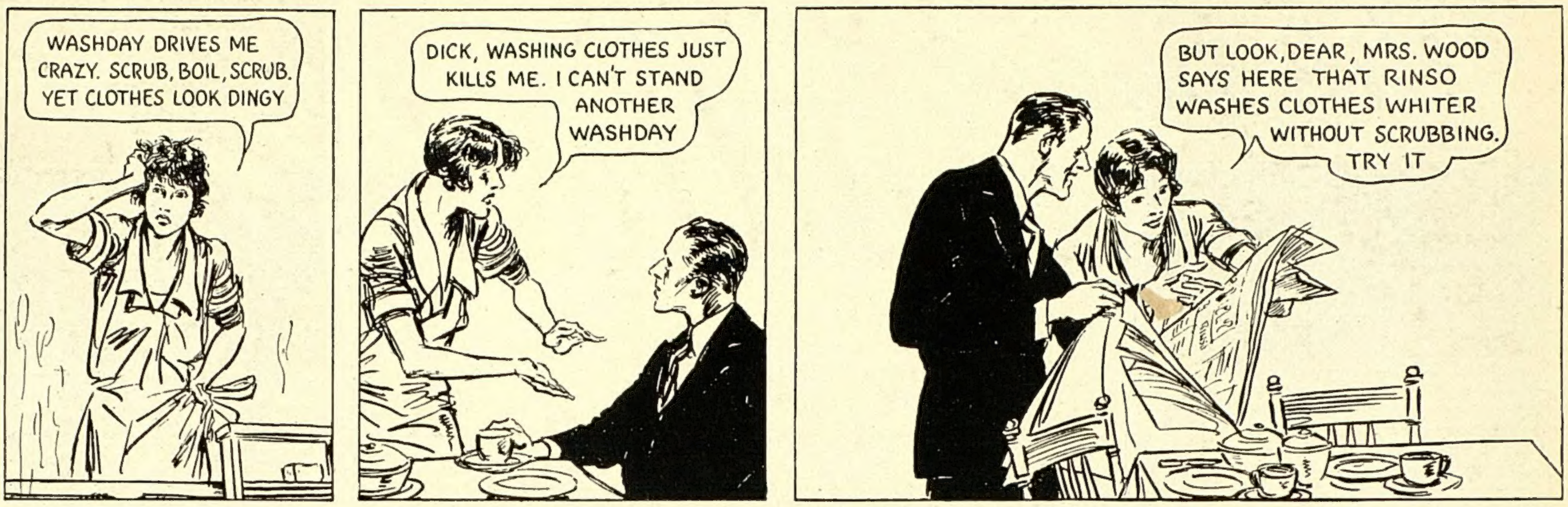
I think that blue worn with white or red will soon be out of favor. The scheme has become too popular. But some blue-and-white effects will remain. Most of the white blouses and gilets worn with blue are of linen, organdie, net, or muslin. The smartest ones are decorated with handmade tucks, hemstitching, or eyelet embroidery.

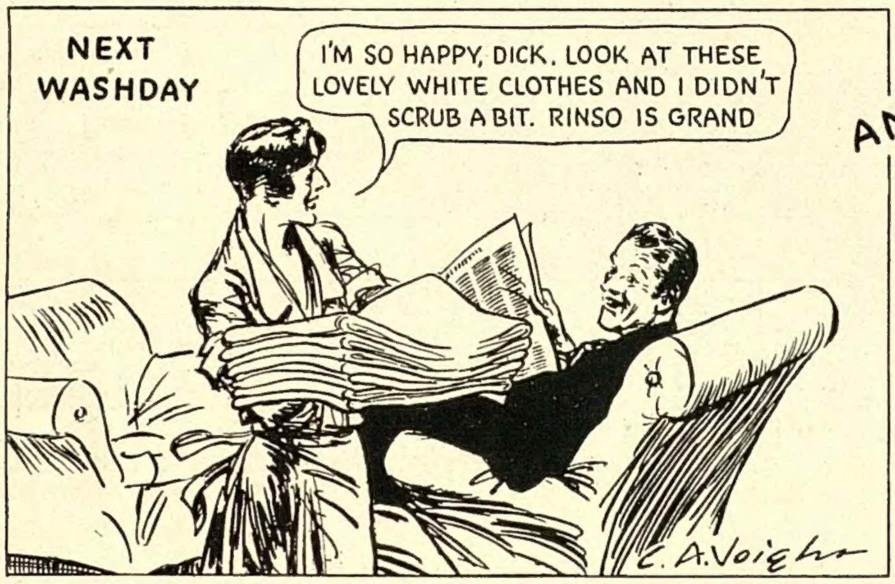
FIGS and dates should find a place in our diet more regularly than they do. Personally, I consider a glass of milk and a few dates ideal for a light luncheon. If you prefer something a little fancier, try this Southern candy pudding. It requires no cooking.

Through your meat grinder grind 2 cups pitted dates, 1 cup dried figs, ¾ cup raisins. Add ⅓ cup candied cherries and ⅓ cup candied pineapple finely shredded, also 1½ cups chopped pecan nuts, 2 teaspoons orange juice, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ⅛ teaspoon salt. Work the mixture into a solid mass with your hands, then press into a small bread pan lined with waxed paper. Put a weight on top and leave for 48 hours in a cool place. Cut in slices to serve.

FOR centuries the Belgian girls have been hippy, husky. Belgian gents prefer them that way. Now the girls are dieting to get thin, to be stylish, and their diet includes so much imported grapefruit that local fruit growers tell the Minister of Agriculture, "Stop them or we're ruined!"—while Belgian manhood is outraged. Defiant, the girls stick to grapefruit and slimness. Pity the poor Minister!

WASHDAY SECRETS — by C. A. Voight


WASHDAY DRIVES ME CRAZY. SCRUB, BOIL, SCRUB. YET CLOTHES LOOK DINGY
DICK, WASHING CLOTHES JUST KILLS ME. I CAN'T STAND ANOTHER WASHDAY
BUT LOOK, DEAR, MRS. WOOD SAYS HERE THAT RINSO WASHES CLOTHES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING. TRY IT


NEXT WASHDAY
I'M SO HAPPY, DICK. LOOK AT THESE LOVELY WHITE CLOTHES AND I DIDN'T SCRUB A BIT. RINSO IS GRAND
C. A. Voight

AND

See how bright colored clothes come . . . from these safe suds

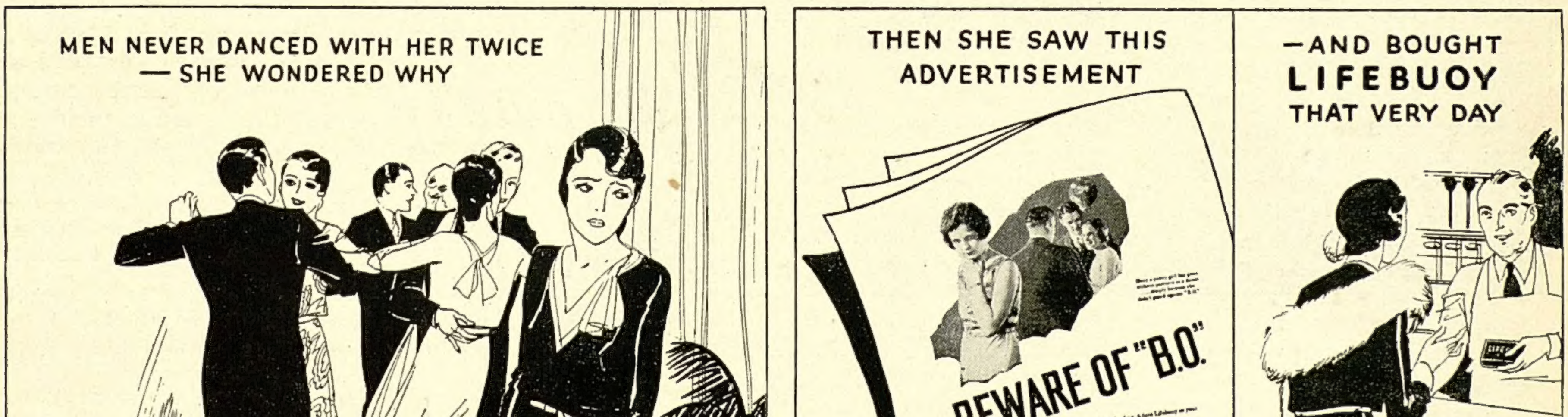
RINSO not only washes clothes fragrantly clean and white, but washable colored things come bright and new-looking—*safely.* Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps — *even in hardest water.* No bar soaps, chips or softener needed. The makers of 40 leading washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG package. Wonderful creamy suds for dishes and all cleaning.

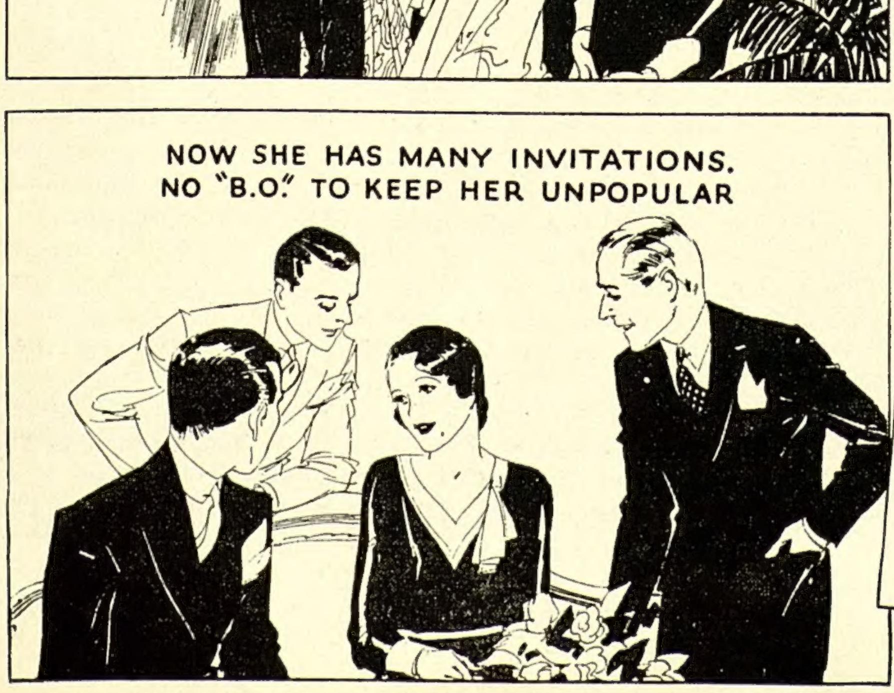
Valuable Illustrated Book—*Free.* Send for your free copy of "Whiter Clothes—Easier Washdays", packed full of information on every phase of home laundering. Just send your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 83, Cambridge, Mass.

Rinso
The Granulated soap

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

LOVELY YET LONELY UNTIL . . . by ALBERT DORNE


MEN NEVER DANCED WITH HER TWICE — SHE WONDERED WHY
THEN SHE SAW THIS ADVERTISEMENT
BEWARE OF "B.O."
You never know when you have it, and seldom will anyone tell you . . .
—AND BOUGHT LIFEBUOY THAT VERY DAY


NOW SHE HAS MANY INVITATIONS. NO "B.O." TO KEEP HER UNPOPULAR

END "B.O." DANGER!

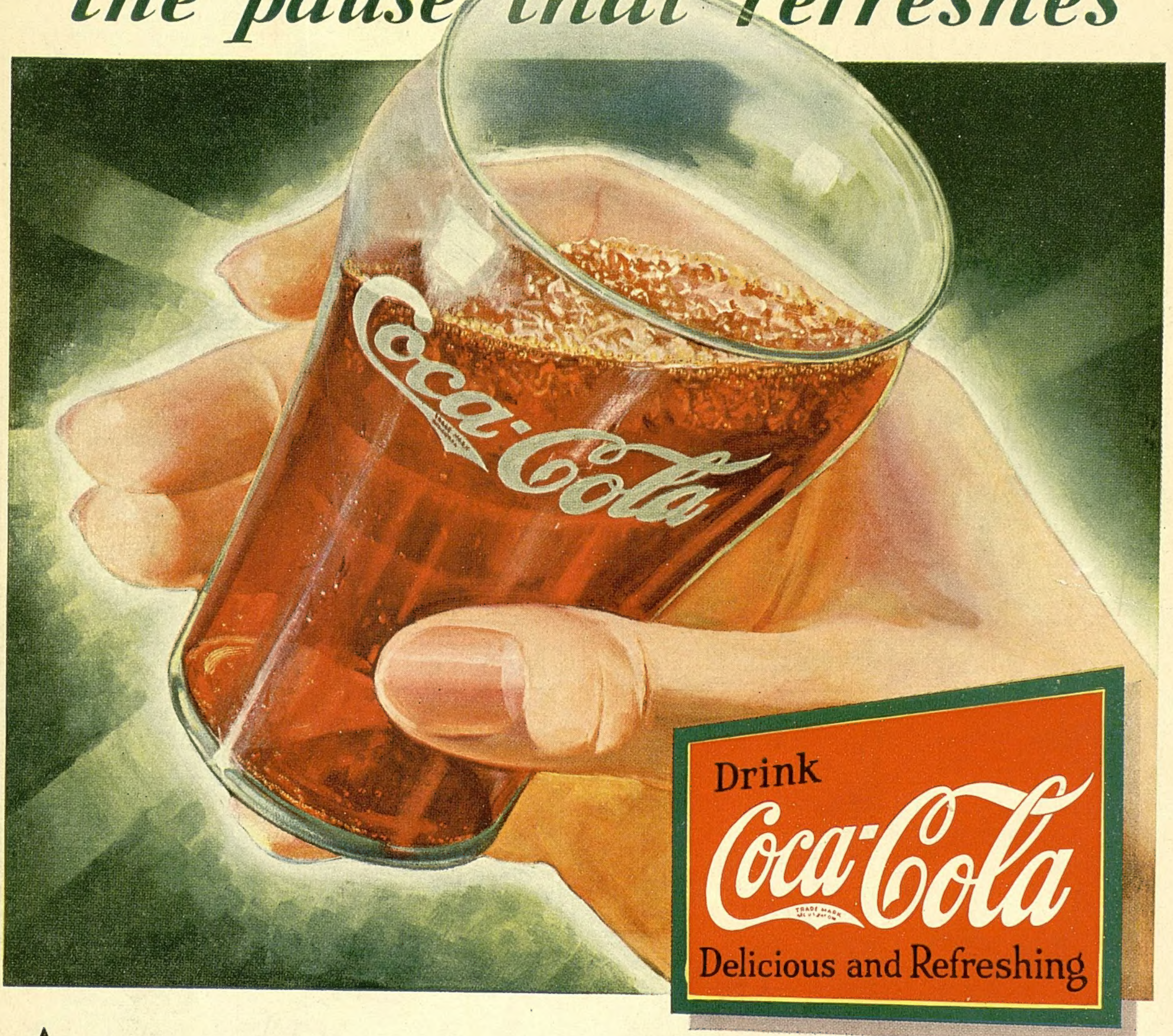
PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Unless we take some precaution we never know the moment "B.O." (*body odor*) may offend. Play safe! Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies* pores—removes all odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse — says, "No more 'B.O.' danger *now!*" Keeps complexions fresh and radiant. Removes germs from hands—helps safeguard health.

TRY LIFEBUOY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 443, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

THIS is *the pause that refreshes*



A hundred thousand cheerful fountains invite you . . . to make it yours

Drop in at a cheerful soda fountain—around the corner from anywhere. You relax. And ice-cold Coca-Cola imparts a tingling, delicious taste and a cool, wholesome after-sense of refreshment. Such is *the pause that refreshes.* You come up smiling and are off to a fresh start. , , Coca-Cola is *good things from 9 sunny climes poured into a single glass*—pure as sunlight. It fills such a natural want and such a natural need, an average for the whole year of over 9 million a day are served. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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Grantland Rice ~ Famous Sports Champions
~ Coca-Cola Orchestra.
Every Wed. 10:00 p. m.
Eastern Standard Time
~ Coast-to-Coast
NBC Network
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OVER NINE MILLION A DAY , , , IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS